



LITERARY ANECDOTES OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY





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LITERARY · ANECDOTES
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY:
CONTRIBUTIONS · TOWARDS · A
LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PERIOD

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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PREFACE.

THE work, of which this is the first volume, has been suggested by Nichols's well-known *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*. The editors hope to provide in it a considerable amount of fresh matter, illustrating the life and work of British authors in the Nineteenth Century. To a large extent they rely upon manuscript material, but use will be made of practically inaccessible texts, and of fugitive writings. While leading authors will receive due attention, much space will be devoted to the less-known writers of the period. It is intended to supply Biographies, Letters hitherto unpublished, additions from Manuscript sources to published works, together with a series of full Bibliographies of the writings of the greater authors. Every precaution has been taken to avoid the infringement of copyright, and the editors hope that they will be forgiven any involuntary transgression. Illustrations and numerous facsimiles will be provided in each volume. Only one thousand copies are to be printed, of which two hundred

and fifty are for America. The editors will not under any circumstances reprint the work, but they reserve to themselves the right to issue separately the various Bibliographies, or any other section of it.

They are greatly indebted to the kindness and courtesy of many friends, among whom is especially to be mentioned Mr. H. Buxton Forman, who has contributed extensively to the present volume.

The editors will gladly welcome any suggestions, corrections, or contributions of suitable material.

LONDON, *November 1st*, 1895.

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This portrait of William Blake is after the original finished oil sketch from the life, and not from the more highly elaborated picture which Phillips afterwards produced, and which is now in the National Portrait Gallery. This life-sized sketch was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club Blake Exhibition, and is now in the possession of a private collector, who has allowed the use of the plate etched for him by the late poet-painter William Bell Scott. This work is one of the strongest and most characteristic of Scott's etchings, which, for purposes such as the present, possess the unusual value of having been done on steel with the burin and not on copper with the point. Save through a few proofs circulated in Scott's lifetime, the plate is totally unknown.

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THE TRIAL
OF
WILLIAM BLAKE FOR SEDITION.

VOL. I.

B



THE TRIAL OF WILLIAM BLAKE FOR SEDITION.

IN August 1803, William Blake, poet, painter, and engraver, was the hero of a perilous adventure whereby his invaluable life might easily have been sacrificed on the gallows. The beginning of the story is vividly told by him in a letter to his friend Butts, printed at pages 190 to 193 in the first volume of Gilchrist's *Life* (edition of 1880); but Gilchrist found great difficulty in obtaining external details or data of any sort bearing on this episode. In the tiny, quiet garden of the cottage at Felpham, rented by Blake from the landlord of the Fox Inn, the visionary artist came into collision with a brutal and drunken trooper of dragoons, whom he ordered off the premises, and finally put out of the garden. To avenge himself, the fellow, John Scofield or Scholfield by name, trumped up a charge of sedition and treason, alleging that Blake had said, "Damn the King!" and used other treasonable expressions. No one supposes that he ever did anything of the kind; but, as it was a hanging matter, the adventure is one on which full details are particularly desirable. It is difficult to

believe in the authenticity of the circumstances in which Blake's friends are depicted as standing so staunchly by him. His own letter might well be one of his extravagant visions—sane as the method of narration is ; and the brief record of *The Sussex Advertiser* fails to help the sense of reality to any appreciable extent. The papers now given from contemporary manuscripts lift the episode once for all out of the land of dream. The sworn information of Scofield and the rebutting memorandum of Blake are as cogent now as they were to the lawyers in 1803 and 1804 ; and the traditional eloquence of Counsellor Rose passes from tradition to history when one peruses the speech for the defence as taken down in shorthand in the Court at Chichester. The documents would have been invaluable to Gilchrist, who would doubtless have included them in the *Life*, had he had them. It remains for students of Blake to read them into "Chapter XIX, Trial for Sedition," on their own account. Here they are : it is only necessary to premise that the "William" of Blake's memorandum was the ostler at the Fox, who was doing some work in the cottage garden ; and that Mrs. Haynes was a neighbour of the Blakes at Felpham.

I. THE INFORMATION OF JOHN SCOFIELD.

THE Information and Complaint of John Scofield, a Private Soldier in His Majesty's First Regiment of Dragoons, taken upon his Oath, this 15th Day of August, 1803, before me, One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, in and for the County aforesaid.

Who saith, that on the twelfth Day of this Instant August, at the Parish of Felpham, in the County aforesaid, one — Blake, a Miniature Painter, and now residing in the said Parish of Felpham, did utter the following seditious expressions, viz. : that we (meaning the People of England) were like a Parcel of Children, that they would play with themselves till they got scalded and burnt, that the French knew our Strength very well, and if Bonaparte should come he would be master of Europe in an Hour's Time, that England might depend upon it, that when he set his Foot on English Ground that every Englishman would have his choice, whether to have his Throat cut, or to join the French, and that he was a strong Man, and would certainly begin to cut Throats, and the strongest Man must conquer—that he damned the King of England—his country, and his subjects,

that his Soldiers were all bound for Slaves, and all the Poor People in general—that his Wife then came up, and said to him, this is nothing to you at present, but that the King of England would run himself so far into the Fire, that he might get himself out again, and altho' she was but a Woman, she would fight as long as she had a drop of blood in her—to which the said — Blake said, my Dear, you would not fight against France—she replied no, I would for Bonaparte as long as I am able—that the said — Blake, then addressing himself to this Informant, said, tho' you are one of the King's Subjects, I have told what I have said before greater People than you, and that this Informant was sent by his Captain to Esquire Hayley to hear what he had to say, and to go and tell them—that his Wife then told her said Husband to turn this Informant out of the Garden—that this Informant thereupon turned round to go peaceably out, when the said — Blake pushed this Deponent out of the Garden into the Road down which he followed this Informant, and twice took this Informant by the Collar, without this Informant's making any Resistance and at the same Time the said Blake damned the King, and said the Soldiers were all Slaves.

JOHN SCOFIELD.

II. BLAKE'S MEMORANDUM IN REFUTATION OF THE INFORMATION AND COMPLAINT OF JOHN SCHOLFIELD, A PRIVATE SOLDIER, &c.

THE Soldier has been heard to say repeatedly, that he did not know how the Quarrel began, which he would not say if such seditious words were spoken.

Mrs. Haynes evidences, that she saw me turn him down the Road, and all the while we were at the Stable Door, and that not one word of charge against me was uttered, either relating to Sedition or any thing else ; all he did was swearing and threatening.

Mr. Hosier heard him say that he would be revenged, and would have me hanged if he could. He spoke this the Day after my turning him out of the Garden. Hosier says he is ready to give Evidence of this, if necessary.

The Soldier's Comrade swore before the Magistrates, while I was present, that he had heard me utter seditious words, at the Stable Door, and in particular, said, that he heard me D—n the K—g. Now I have all the Persons who were present at the Stable Door to witness that no Word relating to Seditious Subjects was uttered, either by

one Party or the other, and they are ready on their Oaths, to say that I did not utter such Words.

Mrs. Haynes says very sensibly, that she never heard People quarrel, but they always charged each other with the Offence, and repeated it to those around, therefore as the Soldier charged not me with Seditious Words at that Time, neither did his Comrade, the whole Charge must have been fabricated in the Stable afterwards.

If we prove the Comrade perjured who swore that he heard me D—n the K—g, I believe the whole Charge falls to the Ground.

Mr. Cosens, owner of the Mill at Felpham, was passing by in the Road, and saw me and the Soldier and William standing near each other; he heard nothing, but says we certainly were not quarrelling.

The whole Distance that William could be at any Time of the Conversation between me and the Soldier (supposing such Conversation to have existed) is only 12 yards, and W—— says that he was backwards and forwards in the Garden. It was a still Day, there was no Wind stirring.

William says on his Oath, that the first Words that he heard me speak to the Soldier were ordering him out of the Garden; the truth is, I did not speak to the Soldier till then, and my ordering him out of the Garden was occasioned by his saying something that I thought insulting.

The Time that I and the Soldier were together in the Garden was not sufficient for me to have uttered the Things that he alledged.

The Soldier said to Mrs. Grinder, that it would be right to have my House searched, as I might have Plans of the

Country which I intended to send to the Enemy; he called me a Military Painter; I suppose mistaking the Words Miniature Painter which he might have heard me called. I think that this proves his having come into the Garden with some bad Intention, or at least with a prejudiced Mind.

It is necessary to learn the Names of all that were present at the Stable Door, that we may not have any Witnesses brought against us, that were not there.

All the Persons present at the Stable Door were, Mrs. Grinder and her Daughter, all the Time; Mrs. Haynes and her Daughter all the Time; Mr. Grinder, part of the Time; Mr. Hayley's Gardener part of the Time. Mrs. Haynes was present from my turning him out at my Gate, all the rest of the Time. What passed in the Garden, there is no Person but William and the Soldier, and myself can know.

There was not any body in Grinder's Tap-room, but an Old Man, named Jones, who (Mrs. Grinder says) did not come out. He is the same Man who lately hurt his Hand, and wears it in a sling.

The Soldier after he and his Comrade came together into the Tap-room, threatened to knock William's Eyes out (this was his often repeated Threat to me and to my Wife) because W—— refused to go with him to Chichester, and swear against me. William said that he would not take a false Oath, for that he heard me say nothing of the Kind (*i.e.* Seditious). Mr. Grinder then reproved the Soldier for threatening William, and Mr. Grinder said, that W—— should not go, because of those Threats, especially as he was sure that no seditious Words were spoken.

William's timidity in giving his Evidence before the Magistrates, and his fear of uttering a Falsehood upon Oath, proves him to be an honest Man, and is to me an host of Strength. I am certain that if I had not turned the Soldier out of my Garden, I never should have been free from his Impertinence and Intrusion.

Mr. Hayley's Gardener came past at the Time of the Contention at the Stable Door, and going to the Comrade said to him, "Is your Comrade drunk?" a Proof that he thought the Soldier abusive, and in an Intoxication of Mind.

If such a Perjury as this can take effect, any Villain in future may come and drag me and my Wife out of our House, and beat us in the Garden, or use us as he please, or is able, and afterwards go and swear our Lives away.

Is it not in the Power of any Thief who enters a Man's Dwelling, and robs him, or misuses his Wife or Children, to go and swear as this Man has sworn?

III. THE SPEECH OF COUNSELLOR ROSE.

*In Defence of Blake the Artist, at the Chichester Sessions,
January 11th, 1804, taken in shorthand by the Rev.
Mr. Youatt.*

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,

I perfectly agree with my learned friend with regard to the atrocity and malignity of the charge now laid before you. I am also much obliged to him for having given me the credit, that no justification or extenuation of such a charge would have been attempted by me, supposing the charge could have been proved to your satisfaction; and I must be permitted to say that it is a credit which I deserve. If there be a man who can be found guilty of such a transgression, he must apply to some other person to defend him, if a palliation of such an offence becomes part of the duty of his counsel. I certainly think that such an offence is incapable of extenuation. My task is to shew that my client is not guilty of the words imputed to him. It is not to shew that they

are capable of any mitigated sense. We stand here not merely in form, but in sincerity and truth, to declare that we are *not guilty*. I am instructed to say, that Mr. Blake is as loyal a subject as any man in this court: that he feels as much indignation at the idea of exposing to contempt or injury the sacred person of his sovereign as any man: that his indignation is equal to that, which I doubt not every one of you felt, when the charge was first stated to you.

Gentlemen, this is a very uncommon accusation—it is foreign to our natures and opposite to our habits. Do you not hear every day, from the mouths of thousands in the streets the exclamation of God save the King? it is the language of every Englishman's lip, it is the effusion of every Englishman's heart. The charge therefore laid in the indictment, is an offence of so extraordinary a nature, that evidence of the most clear, positive, and unobjectionable kind is necessary to induce you to believe it. Extraordinary vices, Gentlemen, are very rare, as well as extraordinary virtues; indeed, the term extraordinary implies as much.

There is no doubt that the crime which is laid to the charge of my client, is a crime of most extraordinary malignity. I choose the term malignity purposely, for, if the offence be clearly proved, I am willing to allow that public malignity and indelible disgrace are fixed upon my client. If, on the other hand, when you have heard the witnesses which I shall call, you should be led to believe that it is a fabrication for the purpose of answering some scheme of revenge, you will have little difficulty in deciding

that it is still greater malignity on the part of the witness Scholfield.

Gentlemen, the greater the offence charged the greater the improbability of its being true. I will state to you the situation of Mr. Blake, and it will be for you to judge whether it is probable he should be guilty of the crime alleged.

He is an artist, who tho' not a native here, has lived in your part of the country for two or three years. He is an engraver. He was brought into this country by Mr. Hayley, a gentleman well known to you, and whose patriotism and loyalty have never been impeached. Blake was previously known to Mr. Hayley. I think I need not state that Mr. Hayley would never have brought Mr. Blake into this part of the country, and given him encouragement if he conceived it possible that he could have uttered these sentiments. Mr. Hayley from his previous knowledge of him was certain that he was not the seditious character here represented.

Gentlemen, the story is very improbable if we farther consider Mr. Blake's situation. Mr. Blake is engaged as an engraver. He has a wife to support: that wife and himself he has supported by his art—an art which has a tendency, like all the other fine arts, to soften every asperity of feeling and of character, and to secure the bosom from the influence of those tumultuous and discordant passions, which destroy the happiness of mankind. If any men are likely to be exempt from angry passions, it is such an one as Mr. Blake. He had resided in this village for some time, when you have heard one

day the witness Scholfield came into his garden for the purpose of delivering a message to the ostler, there he continues for some time without any apparent reason. But I will just make this observation in addition to what I have said of the great incredibility of so infamous a crime being committed by such an individual; the proof adduced ought to be uniform, consistent and clear, so much as to leave no doubt of the veracity of those persons who come forward—not only so—it should proceed from characters of unimpeachable credit. Those who have acted in such a way, that you can be morally certain, no temptation whatever will induce them to speak what is not true. The first witness is in a different situation from what he has been; he was once in a superior, but now appears in an inferior rank. Now, Gentlemen, merit always promotes a man, misconduct degrades him; misconduct not only degrades him in his situation, but in the consideration of all men, who know the circumstances. This man was once a Serjeant, he is now a private. He says he was degraded on account of drunkenness. He is degraded, be it from what cause it may; and he certainly does not stand before you under the most favourable circumstances, nor is he entitled to that credit which you would have given him, if by his good conduct he had continued in his former situation, or raised himself to a higher. He tells you a story, which to be sure requires a great deal of faith in order to believe it, because it is an unaccountable story. He was in Blake's garden talking to the ostler; he came to tell him that he could not do the job he was to do, for he was ordered to march to

Chichester, that he had but few words to say, and no time to spare, yet we find him lounging about, leaning against the garden wall. That Mr. Blake came out and without any provocation, without one word being spoken on either side, began to utter these expressions (the words in the indictment). These expressions divide themselves into two classes. Some of them deserve the reprobation which my learned friend has bestowed upon them; others are so absurd and unintelligible, that he with all his ingenuity has not attempted to explain them as cut-throat for cut-throat. It does not appear what can be meant. If you are able to understand them I honestly confess, that after no small pains bestowed on the point, I cannot. The witness at one time asserted that these words were spoken to him, then he was doubting whether they were addressed to Mrs. Blake; at last he asserts again that they were spoken to him. Gentlemen, you will take notice that the ostler was all this time working in the garden. This garden I shall be able to prove to you did not contain above ten yards square: no words consequently could have been uttered without every person in the garden hearing them, especially when Scholfield acknowledged that they were talking rather high. The ostler is allowed to have been in the garden, he was in a situation to hear all that passed, and he will prove to you by and by that he heard no such expressions uttered by Mr. Blake. Here then, Gentlemen, is a charge, attended with circumstances of the most extraordinary nature. A man comes out of his house for the purpose of addressing a malignant and unintelligible discourse to those who are most likely to injure him for it

A person exerting such an art, tending to render him indifferent to the factions and disputes of the world, uttering this discourse without any inducement whatever, and stated by the witness to have been uttered in the presence of one who will presently tell you that no such words were uttered. All this as to the words which are represented to have been spoken to the soldier, and you will not forget that the man who has given you this testimony is a man who, so far from being thought worthy of reward, has been degraded.

The second witness states that there was a noise in the street, he was at work in the stable and came out in consequence of the noise, he saw Mr. Blake and Scholfield in the act of collaring each other and Mrs. Grinder separated them. That Mrs. G—— was as near to Blake as Cock was. He states that without any farther provocation or hearing any words from Scholfield or Blake, Blake uttered these words, "damn the king, damn the country, you soldiers are all slaves." Mrs. G—— I shall call to you, and she will state that she was as near Mr. Blake as Cock was, and heard no such words. I would observe, in order to shew that there is a small difference between the testimony of Cock and Scholfield, that when Scholfield was asked if anything had been uttered beside the words which were spoken in the garden, he replied "no." Scholfield confines himself to the words in the garden; the other says they were uttered before the public house. If they were spoken in the garden the ostler must have heard them. If they were uttered before the public house, Mrs. G—— must have heard them too. I will call these

witnesses and you shall hear their account, you will then agree with me that they totally overthrow the testimony of these soldiers.

Of incidents connected with this abominable business no further account is necessary. The appearance in Court of Blake's good friend and "patron," Poet Hayley, to give evidence as to the artist's character and habits, and that at the risk of his own life, for he was under his doctor's orders to keep quietly at home on account of a bad fall from his horse—the sudden illness with which Counsellor Rose was attacked on the day of the trial and from which he never rallied—the triumphant acquittal of the poet-painter—the grateful revival of his flagging friendship for the dear old bore, Hayley—his grief for the sickness and early death of Rose—and his recurrent allusions with pen and pencil to the drunken brute Scofield—are all to be found duly chronicled in Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

AS ADVOCATE OF

ALFRED AND CHARLES TENNYSON

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

AS ADVOCATE OF

ALFRED AND CHARLES TENNYSON.

FROM the 4th of September 1830 till the 13th of February 1832, Leigh Hunt was editing a "Daily Journal of Literature and the Stage" called *The Tatler*. Alfred and Charles Tennyson had come before the public as mere boys in 1827, when the *Poems by Two Brothers* had been purchased and published by Messrs. Jackson of Louth. In 1830 those same two brothers came again before the high court of critics, but this time separately. *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, by Alfred Tennyson, appeared in London, with the imprint of Effingham Wilson, while *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces*, by Charles Tennyson, Trin. Coll., with its modest motto from Wordsworth—

The Sonnet's humble plot of ground—

came out at Cambridge—"published by B. Bridges, Market Hill." Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian, was also at Trinity College, and in intimate friendship with the brother poets. Born in 1811, he was the junior of Charles

by three years, and of Alfred by two. Nature had destined young Hallam for far other greatness than that reflected from the illustrious names of a man's companions ; but the gods also loved him, and signified the same in the usual manner. He "died young," in 1833, and was wept by the poet whose greatness he so clearly saw and so nobly set forth on more than one occasion. As the gods reckon, to be enshrined in *In Memoriam* is a higher guerdon than long life filled with pleasure and success. For us of the end of the 19th century, looking back on all these men and their doings, it is an open question whether the gods did best for us in taking the man and leaving the occasion for the immortal Song of Songs which is Tennyson's. Tennyson in all circumstances must have sung greatly to us : Arthur Henry Hallam might have lived and served his race better than he served it by dying.

It was a friendly act to the Tennysons, to Leigh Hunt, and to posterity, to send those two delightful volumes with the following admirable letter, which the Editor of *The Tatler* fortunately preserved. The letter which follows that, again, records in a fresh way an episode of Cambridge life already familiar to the lovers of Shelley, and known as the Revival of 1829 ; but it ends on the key-note of Tennyson, "as is most fitting, just, and due." In November 1832, the volume of *Poems* bearing date 1833 was about to appear with the Moxon imprint so long familiar to the millions of Tennyson's readers, and associated with times when the words "poetry and an honourable poverty" no longer described the material condition of

the last Laureate. In one respect it is pleasant to think that that far-seeing young man whom the gods loved carried his twenty-two years' experiences into their conclave in an erroneous belief: the entry of Charles Tennyson into the Church did not wholly alienate him from the Muses. His *Sonnets* (1864), *Small Tableaux* (1868), and *Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations* (1873), were all published under the name of "the Rev. Charles Turner"; but, although he had changed his name, he had not changed his nature; and when, in 1880, the volume of *Collected Sonnets, Old and New*, by Charles Tennyson Turner, was published, his name was once more wedded with that of his great younger brother by the publication of that exquisite copy of verses in which he is apostrophized as

True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best—

and again as

True poet, surely to be found
When truth is found again.

The present Lord Tennyson, in a graceful biographical note prefixed to that volume, records the verdict of his illustrious father that "some of the sonnets have all the tenderness of the Greek epigram, and that he ranks a few of them among the noblest in our language." The letters which follow are both hitherto unpublished.

LETTER I.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Tatler*.TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.*Tuesday, January 11th [1831].*

WILL you excuse the liberty that a perfect stranger to you takes in sending you two little volumes of Poetry, with which I cannot but think you will be pleased? They are the compositions of two brothers both very young men, and both intimate friends of mine. The larger volume was reviewed in the last number of *The Westminster Review* (I believe by Dr. Bowring), and the high praise bestowed upon it by the reviewer is not higher in my opinion, and I hope in yours, than its merits demand. I flatter myself you will, if you peruse this book, be surprised and delighted to find a new prophet of those true principles of Art which, in this country, you were among the first to recommend both by precept and example. Since the death of John Keats, the last lineal descendant of Apollo, our English region of Parnassus has been domineered over by kings of shreds and patches. But, if I mistake not, the true heir is found: "if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance, that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle and the jewel about the neck! The letters whose character is known! The majesty of the creature in re-

semblance of its father, the affection of nobleness, and many other evidences proclaim him, with all certainty, to be the king's son."

The other, and smaller, volume, written by his brother, contains poetry of a very different character, but sterling, I think, and shewing a mind capable of noble thoughts, although inferior in depth and range of powers to that which I first described. Should you agree with me to any extent in my judgment of these volumes, you will not perhaps object to mentioning them favourably in *The Tatler*, which I believe you at present conduct.

I do not suppose that either of these poets is likely to become extensively or immediately popular: they write not to the world at large, which "lieth in wickedness" and bad taste, but to the elect Church of Urania, which we know to be small and in tribulation. Now in this church you have preferment, and what you preach will be considered by the faithful as a sound form of words. Should you after all, Sir, not like these books, I can only hope you will pardon the liberty that has been taken by one who has derived pleasure and benefit from your writings, and therefore subscribes himself as

Yours in gratitude and respect,

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

*Leigh Hunt, Esq.,
4, Catherine Street, Strand,
London.*

LETTER II.

67, WIMPOLE STREET,
LONDON.
November 13th [1832].

ALLOW me, Sir, to return you my sincere thanks for the copy of Shelley's *Masque of Anarchy* you have presented me through Mr. Moxon. I have read it with great interest both for the author's sake, and the editor's.

While at Cambridge I partook largely in the enthusiasm which animated many of my contemporaries, and indeed formed us into a sort of sect in behalf of his character and genius.

If I have since somewhat tempered that enthusiasm in so far as it extended to some of his peculiar opinions, I have not ceased, and shall not, to regard him as one of the most remarkable men and greatest poets whom this country (rich though it be in such) has produced. I happen to possess a memorial of Shelley to which I attach some value—a copy of Spinoza's *Ethics*, said to have belonged to him, and which probably did so, if I may judge from the pencil lines of approbation in the margin of several passages.

For the courteous manner in which you have spoken of my remarks on Rossetti, in a note which Mr. Moxon has shewn me, I must also express my thankfulness. I had thought you might be pleased with them on account of

the subject, so conversant as I know you to be with the sunny literatures of the South.

I am afraid, however, my little pamphlet has many more faults than you are willing to find with it. I wrote it too hastily, and with few books at hand. One or two inaccuracies there are, which a slight degree of attention might have rectified—such as a foolish slip of the pen about the date of Augustin. In your remark on the usual failing of critics too fond of metaphysical refinement, I entirely agree: in my own instance I endeavour to guard against the temptation, but perhaps with little success.

I hope soon to have the pleasure of presenting you a second collection of poems by my friend Alfred Tennyson, much superior in my judgment to the first, although I thought, as you know, highly of those. His brother, the author of the *Sonnets*, has entered the Church,¹ and is, I fear, lost to the Muses. Alfred has resisted all attempts to force him into a profession, preferring poetry and an honourable poverty.

Believe me, Sir,

Very truly yours,

A. H. HALLAM.

*Leigh Hunt, Esq.,
York Buildings.*

¹ Perhaps this expresses rather an intention than an accomplished fact. The dates given by the present Lord Tennyson do not confirm the statement in the text. In the biographical note already mentioned it is stated that Charles Tennyson was born at Somersby on the 4th of July 1808, graduated in 1832, was ordained in 1835, married Louisa Sellwood in 1837, and died at Cheltenham on the 25th of April 1879,—followed in less than a month by his wife.

MIDNIGHT:

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,

BY

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

MIDNIGHT :

5-6 OCTOBER, 1892.

*The laurel greener from the brow
Of him who uttered nothing base.*

MIDNIGHT! and feebly comes his breath
Whose breath was ever fraught with song.
The life that was so whole and strong
Treads hard upon the heels of death.

And all the Land he loved so well,
The Land to which his golden tongue
Gave forth such songs as no man sung,
Is listening for the passing bell.

An hour and half an hour are past :
Hush! can we hear his breathing yet?
Nay, Death and he have clasped and met
The mellow voice is mute at last.

And through our lands in every clime,
Where'er his English speech is heard,
A thousand wires have flashed the word
That he has passed beyond our time.

The wreath that Wordsworth left so green
He leaves all bright with magic flowers ;
They fall on his dead head in showers,
And kiss the lips where song has been.

O Laurel, greener from the head
Of him who uttered nothing base,
Hang thou for ever in thy place
Above the great old poet's head!

For he whose soul, both young and old,
Was ever minted into verse,
Bequeaths his country nothing worse
Than mintage of the purest gold.

So be it thine, O Laurel Crown,
Fitly to mark the resting-place
Of him the last of all his race ;
For who so bold to take thee down ?

AN
OPINION ON TENNYSON.

BY
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AN OPINION ON TENNYSON.

BY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TOWARDS the close of 1843, Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning, was assiduously helping Richard Henry Horne in writing the two volumes of critical essays published in 1844 under the title of *A New Spirit of the Age*. In 1877 were published two volumes of *Letters of Elizabeth Browning, addressed to Richard Hengist Horne . . . with Comments on Contemporaries*.¹ In this work much information is given as to the authorship of various parts of *A New Spirit of the Age*, as for example that the article on Tennyson was partly by Miss Barrett. In a letter extending from page 186 to page 193 of Vol. I., the poetess says that a certain proof is returned "to-day, because I foresee that even if I detain it till to-morrow I shall not have time to write about Tennyson. So my words about him must follow instead of accompanying it." Mr. Horne annotates the passage thus: "This refers to the article on

¹ London, Richard Bentley and Son. Horne's second name was Henry: the substitution of Hengist was a latter-day fancy of his.

Tennyson which was written by me, and sent in proof-sheets for Miss Barrett to interpolate." And certainly the article is mainly Horne's, though with great indebtedness to his coadjutor, and probably a good deal more than can be demonstrated. It is doubtful, however, whether there was much, if any, "interpolation" on proof-sheets in this case. What she proposed to write and did write was a substantive small essay—which she called "An Opinion," and sent to Horne with the following letter :

My dear Mr. Horne,—I send you "an opinion" on Tennyson. Use it or do not use it. He is a divine poet ; but I have found it difficult (in the examination of my own thoughts of him) to analyse his divinity and to determine (even to myself) his particular aspect as a writer. What is the reason of it ? It never struck me before. A true and divine poet nevertheless.

Have you a portrait of him ? I hope so.

Ever yours,

E. B. B.

Mrs. Orme is better.

The "Opinion" was written upon post 8vo paper on one side only ; and the leaves were numbered in a business-like manner. How many there were, cannot now be stated with certainty ; for Horne cut most of them up for convenience of intermixture with his own copy,—fastening the heterogeneous mass together with wafers. The manuscript thus produced is in the library of Mr. Buxton Forman. It starts with five pages of Horne's "copy" ; and then comes the

first leaf of Miss Barrett's "Opinion," unaltered, and reading as follows :—

"The name of Alfred Tennyson is pressing slowly, calmly, but surely,—with certain recognition but no loud shouts of greeting,—from the lips of the discerners of poets, of whom there remain a few even in the cast-iron ages, along the lips of the less informed public, 'to its own place' in the starry house of names. That it is the name of a true poet, the drowsy public exerts itself to acknowledge ; testifying with a heavy lifting of the eyelid, to its consciousness of a new light in one of the nearer sconces. This poet's public is certainly awake to him,—although you would not think so. And this public's poet, standing upon the recognition of his own genius, begins to feel the ground firm beneath his feet,—after no worse persecution than is comprised in those charges of affectation, quaintness and mannerism, which were bleated down the ranks of the innocent "sillie" critics as they went one after another to water. Let the toleration be chronicled to the honor of England. And who knows?—There may be hope from this, and a few similar instances of misprision of the high treason of poetry, that our country may conclude her grand experience of a succession of poetical writers unequalled in the modern world, by learning some ages hence to know a poet when she sees one."

It would have been worth while to rescue this relic connected with the names of three poets, if only to establish that an inapposite epithet which appeared in the foregoing passage as printed in *A New Spirit of the Age* was not chargeable to Mrs. Browning. In the book we read "the

stony house of names": what she wrote was "The starry house of names." Horne would not have misread the adjective, had he copied his correspondent's manuscript; but his printer did; and the error was not discovered. The last eight words of the passage are not of positively certain origin; but it is hardly to be doubted that Mrs. Browning finished the sentence as shown. The final word on the leaf, however, is "learning," the words "some ages hence to know a poet when she sees him" being on different paper in Horne's writing. He then goes on for about nine pages of his manuscript till he reaches the following passage:

"But Tennyson and Shelley, more particularly, walk in the common daylight in their 'singing clothes'; they are silver voiced when they ask for salt, and say 'good morrow to you' in a cadence. They each have a poetical dialect; [here come in two more pieces of the poetess's 'Opinion,' viz.] not such a one as Wordsworth deprecated when he overthrew a system; not a conventional poetical idiom, but the very reverse of it—each poet fashioning his phrases upon his own individuality; and speaking as if he were making a language thus, for the first time, under those 'purple eyes' of the muse, which tinted every syllable as it was uttered, with a separate benediction.

"Perhaps the first spell cast by Mr. Tennyson, the master of many spells, he cast upon the ear. His power as a versifier is remarkable. The measures flow softly or roll nobly to his pen; as well one as the other. He can gather up his strength, like a serpent, in the silver coil of a line; or dart it out straight and free. Nay, he will write you

not such a one as Wordsworth deprecated, when he over-
-took a system; not a conventional poetical idiom,
but the very reverse of it - each poet fashioning his
phrases upon his own individuality; & speaking as if he
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master of many spells, be cast upon the ear. His
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flow softly, or roll nobly to his pen; as well one as
the other. He can gather up his strength, like a serpent,
in the ^{gliding} coil of a line; or dash it out straight
& free. Nay, he will write for a poem with nothing
in it except music: and as if its music were
everything, it shall ^{charm} fill your soul. Be ^{this} said, not
in reproach; but in honor of him & of the highest
language, for the learned sweetness of his numbers.
The Station ^{Cypriote} ~~Genoese~~ may take counsel, ^{on a more} ~~of a more~~
'Ouse Claribel ^{low-} ~~low-~~ best.'

PART OF MRS BROWNING'S OPINION ON TENNYSON.

REVISED BY R. H. HORNE.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

a poem with nothing in it except music; and as if its music were everything it shall fill your soul. Be this said, not in reproach; but in honor of him and of the English language, for the learned sweetness of his numbers. The Italian poets may take counsel and envy

‘Where Claribel down-lieth.’”

From the fact that Mrs. Browning wrote “down-lieth” for “low-lieth,” it seems clear that she adopted the rash plan of quoting from memory. Horne was on the alert here, at all events; for, on these two portions of the manuscript of his correspondent, besides making one or two other verbal changes, he corrected the quotation. After this he goes on by himself for some twenty pages. Though the following paragraph commences in his writing, it is probably all hers:—

“Tennyson seldom uses the *ego* of poet-dom; and when he does you generally find that he does not refer to himself, but to some imaginary person. He permits the reader to behold the workings [the sentence ends in Miss Barrett’s writing, two more pieces of her dismembered essay following here] of his individuality, only by the reflex action. He comes out himself to sing a poem and goes back again; or rather sends his song out from his shadow under the leaf as other nightingales do; and refuses to be expansive to his public and open his heart on the hinge of music as other poets do. We know nothing of him except that he is a poet; and this, although it is something to be sure, does not help us to pronounce distinctly upon what may be called the mental intention of his poetry.

“Whatever he writes is a complete work; he holds the unity of it as firmly in his hands as his *Cenone’s Paris* holds the apple—and there is nothing broken or incomplete in his two full volumes. But for all this unity of every separate poem produced by him, there is or appears to be some vacillation of intention, in his poetry as a mass. To any question upon the character of his works, the reply rises obviously,—they are from dreamland; and of the majority of those which he has since produced, the same answer should be returned. The exceptive instances are like those of one who has not long awakened from his dreams. But what dreams these have been, of what loveliness of music, form, and colour, and what thought—our foregoing remarks have every faintly expressed and declared. In the absence of any marked and perceptible design in his poetical faith and purposes, Tennyson is not singular. It would be equally difficult to decide the same question with regard to several others; nor perhaps is it necessary to be decided. As the matter rests in this instance, we have the idea of a poet (these volumes in our hands) not in a fixed attitude; not resolute as to means, not determined as to end—sure of his power, sure of his activity, but not sure of his objects. There appears to be some want of the sanctification of a spiritual consistency. We seem to look on while a man stands in preparation for a noble course—while he tries the edge of his various arms and examines the wheels of his chariots, and meditates full of youth and capability down the long slope of glory. The figure occurred to us suddenly, as an eagle might fly to our left hand; and, as admirers of Mr. Tennyson, we accept

the omen. One thing is sure. He has lived long enough for the world not to let him die ; and to good purpose enough already, to secure the perpetual vibration of the silver chord of time, under the hand of another English poet."

Horne's writing reappears in the words "they are from dreamland" and extends to "as the matter rests in this instance we have," after which there are two more pieces of Miss Barrett's copy, forming what was probably the close of her "opinion."

The chances are that, whether she "interpolated" a proof or not, she saw one ; for either she or Horne rejected after all the concluding words of the foregoing passage, which do not appear in *A New Spirit of the Age*. There is little doubt that a good deal of what is in Horne's autograph is really hers, gathered either from her letters or copied from those pieces of the manuscript "Opinion" which were not subjected to the wafering process. The whole essay is a perfectly legitimate example of collaboration ; Horne acted with full authority from his colleague ; and if, on the whole, we would prefer to have her undiluted "Opinion," we must remember that in 1844 Horne was eminent as a man of letters, while Miss Barrett was by no means the fixed star in public estimation that she has since become under the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THOMAS WADE :
THE POET AND HIS SURROUNDINGS.

BY

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

THOMAS WADE :

THE POET AND HIS SURROUNDINGS.

WITH the sole exception of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, no nineteenth century English poet whose merit equals that of Thomas Wade has been so liberally neglected. In this position, be it observed, no comparison is instituted as to the merits of Beddoes and Wade, but merely as to the neglect of those merits. On the whole the neglect of Beddoes must be deemed the more flagrant ; for Beddoes has been twice edited within some fifty years. When that can be said of Wade, there may be another tale to tell. Meantime it is a pleasant duty to give some account of his doings, and offer to readers at this close of a great commercial century some solid and trustworthy samples of his wares. Start with the Sonnets, and read one,—you will want to read the rest. Do so,—and you will go on with the longer poems. If at the close Wade attempts to slip through your fingers, and you exclaim with an oblique eye on the Rev. Mr. Chadband, “ You sent me forth to see a poet—lo ! the pages are barren—I have seen but an eel,” some reader whose perceptions are truer will rebuke you,

with a direct eye on Chadband, in the memorable words "This is not the Ter-ewth!"

Thomas Wade was born in 1805, so that, in 1825, when his first volume of poems issued from the press, he was still a minor. What was the literary situation into which the book was ushered?

The death of Keats in 1821, of Shelley in 1822, and of Byron in 1824, extinguished, practically, for the time being, that light of English song that had burned with such astonishing brilliancy since it burst forth in its fulness scarcely ten years earlier. It is true that, as early as 1770, a contemned and solitary boy of Bristol had cast forth certain sparks of a keenness and intensity which served to show that the old lyric spirit was not dead in England but only slumbering, and having done this had hurled himself madly into the abyss of death,—true that in 1782 the real commencement of modern English poetry had issued from the hand of Blake in a mere pamphlet called *Poetical Sketches by W. B.*,—true that, still on the other side of 1800, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, had lighted up the flame of renovated verse in the very Bristol which had cast out the "parent spark"; but it was not until the three younger sons of song had reached such maturity as they might, that the full glory of the flame burst forth; and after the last of these three had sung his latest note, there was a calm. Coleridge still lived; but he did no more such work as he had put forth before the death of Keats. Wordsworth still lived; but he was organizing another order of things in the domain of song,—“trying his hardest not to be a poet,” though unsuccessfully. Wells, the comrade of Keats, whose

Joseph and his Brethren bears date the very year of the extinction, still lived; but he uttered no audible note till 1876, when his remodelled poem was again offered to the public; and we have no lyric work from him, though it is a sad fact that he produced and destroyed a good deal. And yet the very next year after the death of Byron there issued from the press the 'prentice work of a youth, who, with "fit audience," might have kept alive, almost single-handed, the fire that slept and smouldered through the eighteenth century, and went out at the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth. But men had refused to listen to Keats and Shelley,—had only listened so attentively to Byron because of a certain leaven in his works that somehow suited their complaint,—had ignored Wells, and were ignoring even Wordsworth and Coleridge; and no spirit less than Keats and Shelley might rise in the highest flights of song without something like an appreciable human sympathy. Thomas Wade, the youthful *débutant* of 1825, was a strong and hardy spirit enough: he sang on manfully for a time; but audience failed, and he withdrew from public appeal,—working on in a quiet way, known only to a few intimates and specialists.

In *The Examiner* for the 16th of January 1825, appeared an extract of thirty-six lines of verse, with half-a-dozen preliminary lines of notice, to the effect that "a slight volume of *Poems by Thomas Wade*"¹ had just been published, the work of an author who, according to law,

¹ *Tasso and the Sisters: Tasso's Spirit: The Nuptials of Juno: The Skeletons: The Spirits of the Ocean.* Poems. By Thomas Wade. London: John Letts, Jun., Cornhill. 1825.

had not reached the years of discretion." The critic adds, "His powers, however, are anything but puerile; and his poems teem with passages which prove him to be a true son of Apollo." Nor was this reception of Wade's first book isolated: for in *The Literary Gazette* for the 15th of January in the same year the little volume was noticed in terms of some civility. "There is taste, talent, and feeling in these poems," said the reviewer; "a garden, often unweeded, here and there injudiciously laid out, but still well situated, and with both flowers and fruit. . . . We would advise Mr. Wade against classical subjects; their poetry is a model by itself, and their interest is exhausted; and we think he has enough of imagination to discover a mine, and live upon its resources."

It is strange that the implacable enmity of *The Literary Gazette* towards all the higher forms of poetic art should have slept on this occasion without even one eye open; for Editor Jerdan need have been at no great pains to discover that the young poet he was welcoming so condescendingly was decidedly of the abhorred school of advanced thought. Only six months before that time had Jerdan performed one more indecent editorial war-dance on the grave of Shelley, then lately deceased, and openly insulted his widow by casting doubts on the sincerity of her grief; so we cannot assume that Wade escaped through any cause but editorial ignorance of the plumage of the new song-bird. That Wade *had* "enough of imagination to discover a mine and live upon its resources," the event showed,—the mine, by no means such an one as the carrion creatures of the *Gazette* would have stamped with their worthless approval,—the life

drawn from its resources that of intellectual and imaginative exaltation and contemplation, and not of bread-winning drudgery. And yet it was not altogether to be wondered at that people like Jerdan, blind leaders of the blind, perpetually wallowing in the ditch of envy, hatred, malice, inanity, and vulgarity, should have found something to praise in this little book; for to tell plain truth, with all its unmistakable qualities of the higher order, it had, as an inalienable annex to its immaturity, enough of the commonplace rhymester to make it pass muster with commonplace reviewers. There is exuberance, brusqueness of transition, laxity of form, and meretriciousness of action, enough to deceive a Jerdan or so into the belief that this fledgling was to be a bird of gaudy plumage with the mediocre vocal qualities characteristic of such birds; and when the *Gazette* was so polite, it no doubt ran its empty head against the notion that, if this young man persevered, he might arrive at some standard of excellence midway between the fluent enthusiasm of Mrs. Hemans and the exuberant levity and thin melody of Moore,—whose “toad-faced cupids” pleased even the *élite* of the British public in the days when George IV. was king.

But although there may be excuse for a Jerdan welcoming a juvenile Wade on mistaken grounds, it is a wonder that the book in question should have been allowed to disappear so wholly; for in it, as in later books, though in a less degree, the true ring of poetry is to be found. *The Nuptials of Juno* is a rambling poem, written with great ease in a difficult metre (*ottava rima*), and with much strong feeling for the beautiful;

but its beauties are still the barbaric beauties of a wilderness.

There is nothing very original in its excellence, nothing very heinous in its obsolete eighteenth century brocade; but the intermixture of these two elements shows at once the true lover of beauty and the undisciplined youth. It is the same with each of the five poems in the book. In the longest of them, *The Spirits of the Ocean*, a chaotic imagination enough is adorned with truly beautiful narrations of sights and sounds and scents; we even get a sustained panoramic description of lovely objects, done with an ease and perspicacity, and felt with a rectitude, that would not have discredited (in his fresh youth) "Mr. Morris of Parnassus."

The next trace we have of Wade is three years later: in 1828 he made his first contribution to the drama,¹ and that before the names of Horne and Darley, Stephens and Tomlins, were prominently associated with it, and the genius of Browning and of Taylor was but obscurely at work. The subject chosen by Wade for his first play was the old story of patient Griselda, the names and scene being of course altered to suit dramatic purposes. *Woman's Love* was first performed at Covent Garden on the 17th of December 1828; and two editions of it were published in 1829. It was followed at an interval of little over a year by a farce in two acts called *The Phrenologists*,² put

¹ *Woman's Love; or, The Triumph of Patience*. A Drama, in Five Acts. First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Wednesday, December 17th, 1828. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1829.

² *The Phrenologists*. A Farce, in Two Acts. By Thomas Wade, Author of *Woman's Love*, a Drama; &c. First Performed at the Theatre Royal,

upon the boards at Covent Garden on the 12th of January 1830, with a cast including Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keeley, Blanchard, and Bartley. Although not of very high merit, it was a success: slight and sparkling, it is deficient in real wit and humour; but at the same time it is no doubt broad enough in allusion to have appealed fairly well to the groundlings of 1830 with the aid of the drolls who were employed upon its representation. If the little book published in the course of 1830 were as excellent as it is rare, it would be indeed a treasure. So hard is it to find that Wade's widow was unable to say whether it had ever been printed or not. After the farce Wade brought out a Tragedy, *The Jew of Arragon*,¹ the motive of which was to exalt the Jews to heroic stature and reprove the Christian persecutions to which they have been subjected not only in Arragon, but throughout Christendom. The shrewd Mrs. Charles Kemble declared from the first that in England—in the land of Rebecca and Rowena—a tragedy so motivated must be a crashing failure; and her misgivings were but too well founded; for this really fine play was literally howled off the stage—to be printed with a dedication to the Jews of England and a defence in which the Deputy Licensor, who had caused several passages to be expunged, was attacked with that courage

Covent Garden, on Tuesday, January 12th, 1830. London: Sold by J. Onwhyn, 4, Catherine-street, Strand: and may be had of all Booksellers, 1830.

¹ *The Jew of Arragon; or, The Hebrew Queen*. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Thomas Wade, Author of *Duke Andrea; or, Woman's Love*, a Drama. Performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Wednesday, October 20th, 1830. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1830.

of his opinions that always characterized Wade. Fanny Kemble, who advised and encouraged the ambitious young author, recorded in the spring of 1831 how bravely he "took his damnation."

In truth *Woman's Love* and *The Jew of Arragon*, produced in Wade's twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth years, are both full of admirable qualities; and, though they serve to indicate that drama was not the *forte* of the poet, they yet show a notable dramatic capacity, dominated as it is by those idealistic qualities which mark Wade out as serving under Marlowe and Shelley rather than under Shakespeare and the realists. The necessities of such a plot as that of *Woman's Love* are wholly ideal. The unflawed patience of Bianca (the Griselda of the drama) under such protracted and intense torture as was inflicted upon her beautiful and sensitive spiritual nature is a very far flight into the purely imaginative region; and we have some satisfaction in reflecting that Duke Andrea, the suspicious and exacting husband who wantonly deprives his wife of her child for sixteen years, is a monster bred of the poet's brooding over possible causes and effects, and not even remotely from real experience. A less protracted trial than the unremitting torture of sixteen years might have been inflicted and borne within the limits of the realistic school of drama; but when we consider that Duke Andrea's only cause for this monstrous infliction is the suspicion that the peerless woman he has raised from a humble station to that of Duchess loves his state and not his person—when we consider that the hapless Duchess

endures for sixteen years not only this strange barrier between herself and her lord, but also the far more dreadful one of suspecting that he has had their child murdered on the imputation that it was not his—we need hardly go further to find the conviction that Wade's bent was radically idealistic. Keen observance of human nature, and brilliant draughtsmanship in the minor details of character and speech, we get ; but all is dominated by this ideal puerility of exaction on the Duke's part, this ideal patience and imperturbable wifeliness of the Duchess. Indeed, if Bianca ever comes up for judgment before "the new woman," she will not escape without some such epithet as "canine," used in the sense of a fawning subserviency.

The Jew of Arragon, equally with *Woman's Love*, is on the idealistic model, with its motive of an absorbing desire on the part of a Jew, descended from Israel's kings, to exalt his race at the expense of the tyrannical Christians of Spain among whom he is living. His daughter being conveniently enamoured of the Christian monarch, the plan of action is that she should petition the King in person to recall an edict just passed against the Jews. Of course their success in this scheme involves their ruin and death ; for the Spaniards, goaded by the subserviency of the King to the Jew and his daughter, and by the arrogance of these, revolt, and massacre every Hebrew in Arragon except these two, who kill themselves. The Jew, Xavier, whose end is thus tragic, is clearly intended to be thought something of a hero ; but neither he nor his daughter, Rachel ("The Hebrew Queen"), is so

drawn as to enlist the reader's warmest sympathies; and, though the tragedy is far superior to such a fate as it met at the hands of its Covent Garden audience, it was not to be expected that it would be so well received as *Woman's Love*. Which of these two works was written first is uncertain; but, except for the evidence of prior publication, *Woman's Love* might well be a later work than *The Jew of Arragon*. The tragedy is less perspicuous, less organic in construction than the drama, less replete with fine thought, and less excellent in style. But even *Woman's Love* is somewhat wanting in ease of development towards the close; and Wade would probably never have risen so high, relatively, in drama as he afterwards did in lyric poetry.

The beauty-worship of Wade's volume of 1825 was deficient in "high seriousness"; but it is not so with his later works. In these he is thoroughly serious from beginning to end. The beauty-worship was still there; but the allegiance was divided between beauty and truth. Indeed, in *Woman's Love* and *The Jew of Arragon* he is almost in revolt against his first idol, through a reaction, not in the least abnormal in poetic development, supervening when the age of thought gradually supplants the age of mere feeling, to be supplanted in turn by the age of blended thought and feeling in due balance.

Wade is said to have written a historical drama entitled *Elfrida*, which may or may not be extant in manuscript. Another history play from his hand certainly exists, to wit, *The Life and Death of King Henry II., a Historical Tragedy in Five Acts (as it will be Acted at the Royal*

Utopian Theatre). The period of its composition is uncertain; the paper it is written on being water-marked 1827, and the sarcastic manuscript title-page dated 1837. It is a better play on the whole than either *Woman's Love* or *The Jew of Arragon*; and the subject of "Fair Rosamund" is dealt with in a manner at once powerful, tender, and dignified. Wade's bent, besides being too idealistic for modern playgoers, was pre-eminently lyric and contemplative. In 1835 he collected the lyric poems he had been scattering freely through the numbers of *The Monthly Repository*, and, adding others to them, issued them in a volume of rare beauty and full of precious qualities, such as should have grown with due encouragement to something better still.

There is much in the choice of a title; and Wade did himself an injustice by selecting one that would be a stumbling-block to booksellers, and would only suit a narrow circle, even had there been in 1835 any approach to an audience for poetry such as his. *Mundi et Cordis: de Rebus Sempiternis et Temporariis: Carmina*;¹—so leads off his title-page; and, though these words are followed by the explanatory *Poems and Sonnets*, nothing could redeem from neglect a book with such a name. *Songs of the Universe and the Heart* might have had a doubtful chance; that name, indeed, Wade adopted on later title-pages when referring to his authorship of this work; but to the few who care for the book it has been known by its

¹ *Mundi et Cordis: de Rebus Sempiternis et Temporariis: Carmina.* Poems and Sonnets. By Thomas Wade. . . . London: John Miller, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. 1835.

short Latin title of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*; and that will be its designation in the future. Wade will not be forgotten in the records of nineteenth century song, though at the present moment he has been allowed to drop almost below the horizon of that firmament so full of stars that now and again one dips and is lost to our ken, not so much because of inherent weakness as from defect of vision in the observer. Even that keen and appreciative critic on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, missed in his *Victorian Poets*¹ a good opportunity of telling the truth about this nearly lost poet, and devoted only some nine lines to him, from which we learn that the critic, writing with a copy of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina* before him, considers it "is marked with the extravagance and turgidity which soon after broke out among the rhapsodists, yet shows plainly the sensitiveness and passion of the poet." The contents are also characterized as "in sympathy with, and like, the early work of Shelley." Surely Wade has nothing in common with the "Rhapsodists," if by that expression Mr. Stedman meant the group of poets generally known as the "Spasmodic School," or the "Spasmodists"; and his sympathy with Shelley, and likeness to him, run right through the Shelley chronology. Indeed this is the most obvious and noteworthy feature observable in the series of Wade's works at a first glance.

Even in the dedication of *The Jew of Arragon* there is a passage on liberty of conscience and against the civil

¹ London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly, 1876; and Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1887.

disabilities of the Jews, written in the very spirit of Shelley, and ending with a quotation from Shelley's *Liberty*: and that Wade was in advance of his time in that particular is sufficiently shown by the fact that he lived to see a Jewish Prime Minister. It is doubtful whether any poet of like powers was ever as open in his devotion to another poet as Wade to Shelley: not only does he betray throughout the series of his works a close study of the supreme lyrist, but he writes on texts from him, and even addresses him explicitly as

“ Holy and mighty Poet of the Spirit
That broods and breathes along the Universe !”

It has been urged against Wade that he follows too obviously the forms and expressions of his great model and master ; but this simply means that he did not care to disguise his discipleship,—that he saw nothing shame-worthy in the debt which he, in common with all English poets of note since Shelley's career began in earnest, owed to the contemned and self-exiled singer : if he found a thought or a phrase of Shelley's that struck out a line of poetic thought in his own mind, he saw no need to hide the source of his inspiration ; we love him the better for his frank devotion to Shelley and Keats, even when it makes him angry, as in the sonnet *Shelley and Keats and their “ Reviewer ”* :

Two heavenly doves I saw, which were indeed
Sweet birds and gentle—like the immortal pair
That waft the Cyprian chariot through the air ;

And with their songs made music, to exceed
 All thought of what rich poesy might be :
 At which, a crow, perch'd on a sullen tree,
 Dingy and hoarse, made baser by their brightness,
 Would fain be judge of melody and whiteness,
 And caw'd dire sentence on those sweet-throat turtles ;
 To which his fellow flock of carrion things
 Croak'd clamorous assent : but still the wings
 Of those pure birds are white amid the myrtles
 Of every grove, where cull they nectared seed,
 Whilst still on cold, dead flesh, those carrion creatures
 feed.

No doubt there may still be found a crow or two
 perching on "sullen trees" and judging "melody and
 whiteness" to much the same result as that one of Wade's ;
 and it would be well indeed if the crow genus could be
 brought to feel the reality of a true and nobly uttered
 word of Wade's about poets generally :

"Bitter and strong and manifold the strife
 Which shakes them on that voyage ; every wave
 Of feeling dashes o'er their weltering heart ;
 And all the thunder and the flash of thought
 Volleys and lightens round their fitful brain ;
 And their high power, by which the world is wrought
 To mightiest sympathies, is grasp'd in pain."

Of course Wade had faults of style and construction ;
 nor would it be hard to find instances of technical defect
 if that were the object ; but it is not. The aim here is

to show what has been lost, not what has been gained, in the neglect of Wade ; and his technical imperfections are comfortably swallowed with the thought that even the greatest poets are open to censure on the score of all kinds of imperfections. Men of repute have, indeed, been found whose work is like Maud herself—

“ Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null ” ;

but these have never been the great among the sons of song—and the works of Wade’s own master show to the instructed eye flaws and irregularities, almost inherent in the very ardour and rhapsody of the highest forms of lyric utterance. The *instinct* of Shelley, indeed, is almost unerring—his inaccuracies and irregularities seldom if ever, offend the inmost sense of perfection—and though he, in common with most rapid and impetuous writers, is specially beset with that bugbear of English composition, the relative, he hardly ever uses the relative with absolute gracelessness. In truth, however, this is one of the points in which Wade is a faithful disciple, perhaps without knowing it. Probably he had never observed the defectiveness of English arising from the constrained and constant use of relatives into which it runs, unless the greatest watchfulness be exercised ; and, much as Shelley must, for all his reputation for carelessness, have considered various minor details of composition, one feels pretty sure that he also was never forcibly struck by the relative bugbear. But so gracious is his composition both in prose and in verse, that, even when

crammed full of relatives, as it often is, this defect is not obtrusive. In Wade the same defect *is* occasionally obtrusive.

Wade's ardent discipleship of Shelley is illustrated by compositions on texts taken from his master, such as the two sonnets written on titles taken from the lovely passage :

"Daisies those pearly Arcturi of the Earth,
The constellated flower that never sets."

The sonnet *To the Constellated Flower that Never Sets* is a really poetic enlargement on the suggestion of Shelley's few words ; and the fact that its existence would be unaccountable without Shelley does not detract one whit from its beauty or its merit. It is full of a sentiment of respect for flower-life, thoroughly in the spirit of Shelley ; it is not an imitation, not even a conscious assimilation of idea or sentiment : an innate relationship of natures, a special personal proclivity and predilection, led Wade not merely to take a text from his master, and to love what his master thought and said, but also to feel on any given subject much as one would imagine Shelley feeling. The profound humanness of the address to the animal creation in *Alastor* finds its echo in Wade's sweet and tender love for flowers, especially in a poem called *The Life of Flowers*, where he works out more elaborately this same sentiment, going so far as to appeal to his listener to believe in the sentient being of flowers, "For Love's, if not Truth's, sake"—that is to say, for the sake of respecting their existence. The

sonnet *To the Pearled Arcturi of the Earth* is one of the choicest of these Shelley tributes in the *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*.

In one other Shelley-study Wade, perhaps, challenged comparison a little indiscreetly, by attempting a very difficult and exacting metre, in which the master had written one of his most popular poems, and one, too, of triumphal perfection. The stanzas *To a Glow-worm*, first printed in *The Monthly Repository*, and afterwards in the *Carmina*, are in the metre of the poem *To a Skylark*; and, though this of Wade's has spiritual charm and melody, the metre is so remarkable that one cannot get away from the impression of those heights and depths, those raptures of aspiration, which are the despair alike of imitation and of criticism. Wade deserved to fail for this piece of daring; and that he did fail, the artificial concluding stanza is evidence enough:

"Ne'er on leaf and blossom
Do thou shine again,
Till this weary bosom
Sleeps, beneath them lain;
Then nightly on my grave for epitaph remain."

But this small failure was almost nothing to set against the general excellence of the whole volume, and was indeed only a relative failure by constraint of an over-exacting comparison. Such a model was enough to make any one write artificially.

The neglect of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina* is much less intelligible than that of the poems issued subsequently.

That was a substantial and elegant volume, and should not have been lost sight of: *they* were thin pamphlets, intended, it is true, to be bound by those who cared to preserve them together; but whether six people were wise enough to do this, is doubtful. One set of these poems so preserved has been seen by a living eye; but it is with great difficulty that any of them can be found.

*The Contention of Death and Love*¹ is certainly one of the most treasurable of all Wade's poems for lyric intensity, graciousness of thought and interest of association. It, again, was written on a text from Shelley, and in a metre comparable only to that of the *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*. The subject is, as in most of Wade's mature poems, the thinnest possible thread of connexion; but the clear personality of the imagery is thoroughly Italian; and the poem abounds with beautiful thoughts. It must have been written in much personal sadness; but the happiness of touch in many passages will be clear to all sympathetic readers. The allusion to Wells, and the poet's note on him, will be found peculiarly interesting. Wade just lived long enough to see the genius of Wells wake up to receive its applause; but whether he did see this awakening,—the republication and reception of *Joseph and his Brethren*,—is not recorded. To disarm criticism beforehand in regard to the seemingly imperfect rhythm of one line in the beautiful passage where Wells's name comes in, it is suggested that Wade pronounced the

¹ *The Contention of Death and Love*. A Poem. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street. 1837.

name Coleridge in three syllables (Co—ler—idge) as it is recorded that one of the illustrious companions of that illustrious poet invariably did.

But of all these pamphlet-poems, the most beautiful is *Helena*,¹—this time, in form and subject, a clear study after Keats, not Shelley, though the story of a young mother whose baby was taken from her immediately after its birth, only to be discovered dead, at the roots of a rose-tree sent by the father, and tended with great care, is to some extent racy of both soils. The image of Cythna's madness after the birth of her child comes to the mind perforce; and, though the tender madness of the bereaved mother of course recalls in its *differentia* rather that of Isabella in *The Pot of Basil*, the intense flow of her maternal impulses in the guardianship of flowers again brings us back upon the dominant influence of Shelley,—for here we trace the lovely lady in *The Sensitive Plant*. The treatment of a happily-chosen variant of the Chaucerian stanza combines vigour and delicacy, and marks Wade's highest point in metrical attainment: throughout the poem the style is rich, mellow, and felicitous.

*The Shadow-Seeker*² is thinner and less tangible, because almost wholly ideal; but it has beauties of a high order, and is given as issued, with *Helena*. The last of the series, *Prothanasia*,³ is in every way remarkable. It is written in

¹ *Helena*. A Poem. By Thomas Wade. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street. 1837.

² *The Shadow-Seeker*. A Poem. By Thomas Wade. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street. 1837.

³ *Prothanasia; and Other Poems*. By Thomas Wade. London: John Miller, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. 1839.

blank verse modelled after the *Alastor* of Shelley; and in several passages it shows the influence of that admirable poem,—as well as in the general treatment of the subject,—that of a beautiful young woman who, influenced by the eloquently expounded doctrines of a man of striking powers, puts an end to her life rather than preserve it and submit to the decay of youth and beauty. It need hardly be said, however, that the poet does *not* inculcate this doctrine in his poem, which may probably be printed in a later volume of this miscellany.

After Wade had ceased to issue in book or pamphlet form his unregarded poems, he still appeared occasionally as a contributor to magazines; and his brother-in-law, W. J. Linton, god-fathered many of these fugitive pieces—including the *Monologue of Konrad* from Mickiewicz. But, chiefly, Wade devoted himself to reforming the periodical press in Jersey, where such reform was badly enough needed; and during one of the subsequent years of his life he made a translation of the *Inferno* of Dante, still unpublished. It is done in the English equivalent of the original metre, *terza rima*, without the dissyllabic line-end which Wade naturally found nearly as unfit for such a purpose in English as the monosyllabic rhyme would be in Italian. Wade was led to this task by the consideration of Wright's failure at a time when Cayley had not issued either of his four volumes. The manuscript of Wade's version is inscribed on the first page, "commenced on or about 16 July 1845"; and the last page is dated "July 8, 1846." Cayley's *Inferno*, in the

same metre—the *terza rima* without the dissyllabic rhymes (or with only such a proportion of them as comes naturally) —was not published till 1851; and it is possible that its appearance may have prevented Wade from completing and issuing his version. But, undeniable as are the beauties and the value of Cayley's work, there is still room for this translation of Wade's, which has at least as high poetic qualities as the other, and, while less erudite, is freer from antiquated eccentricities. Here is Wade's version of the end of *The Inferno*:

Remote from Beelzebub, there is a place
 As far as downward doth the Tomb extend,
 Which not by vision, but by sound hath trace
 Of a small brook, that thither doth descend
 Along a hollowed rock which it hath worn
 In its winding course, that gently doth impend.
 My Guide and I upon that way forlorn
 Entered to greet again the world sublime;
 And, holding all repose but as in scorn,
 He first, I following, did we upward climb,
 Until I saw the gracious heaven unfold
 Its beautiful things, thro' a round opening dim:
 And thence we pass'd, the stars to re-behold.

There is a misfortune which would doubtless have been removed if the translator had proceeded with his work, and rendered *The Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*. The last word in each of the divisions of the *Commedia* is *stelle*: it is a pity, even in rendering *The Inferno* only, that this significant

arrangement should not be followed ; and, in rendering the three divisions, it must have become obvious that *stars* should be the last word of each. A very simple change would have compassed this in the foregoing version. If we read the last line but two thus—

Until I saw where gracious heaven unbars,

we could read the last line thus—

And thence we pass'd to re-behold the stars.

Some such change would doubtless have been made ; and it would have left Wade's version at least as admissible as that of Cayley, who imports into the three final lines two separate and original images, thus :

Until some splendours, borne by heaven's cars,
Across a rounded crevice kist our sight ;
We issued thence to re-behold the stars.

Wade while allowing himself that measure of paraphrase without which it is impossible to translate, or rather transmute, poetry of one language into poetry of another, is far less lavish than Cayley in the importation of new imagery.

In the Lecture *What does 'Hamlet' Mean?*¹ he showed himself also an able and subtle critic and exponent of

¹ "*What does 'Hamlet' Mean?*" A Lecture. Delivered before the President and Members of the Jersey Mechanics' Institute. By Thomas Wade, Author of *Songs of the Universe and of the Heart, Prothanasia, &c.*, &c. Printed at the Office of *The British Press*, Jersey ; and to be had of Mr. John Miller, Bookseller, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

Shakespeare; and no doubt a file of *The British Press* for the period of his editing would yield much good prose criticism, both social and literary, from his own pen.

A late prose *jeu d'esprit* remains among his unpublished manuscripts,—*What the Pentateuch (the Five Books) of Moses, and the Book of Joshua, teach us to believe, by a Zulu (Authorized Translation)*; and this and other writings mark him as an advanced liberal in religion and thought. He married Mrs. Bridgman (born Eager), the well-known pianist, whose first husband had died in somewhat tragic circumstances. Lucy Eager was the daughter of a musician, had entered the musical profession at the age of fifteen, and remained in it till almost the end of her long life. As shown in some of the sonnets, Poetry and Music formed a really vital bond between her and Wade, to whose memory she was strongly devoted. They dwelt at Jersey till the day of his death, which took place on the 19th of September 1875. His widow lived to complete her eighty-first year, and died in the spring of 1882.

Of the Fifty Sonnets here published consecutively, some have been gathered in from such outlying sources as rare periodicals and the almost introuvable tract *Prothanasia, and other Poems*. The rest are now printed for the first time, and are given from the poet's manuscripts.

TO CERTAIN "CRITICS."

Dear Critics! Gentle Judges! Why so prone
In my song's "mingled yarn" to note the worse alone?
Clear-sighted for all specks; to brightness blind!
Nosed to pick one ill scent from out a flower-fed wind!
Ear'd for one discord, sounding casually,
In a long breathing-while of tender harmony!
Learn'd readers of the gravure o'er the porch;
But, of th' esoteric ritual of the church
Untutor'd neophytes! If not for heed
Of him whose passive soul is but a chosen reed,
From which the Universal Pan, soft-breathing,
Makes gentle music swell and soar, like incense
wreathing;
Yet, for the sake of all the love he sings,
He prays ye—learn to sigh; and grow less loveless things!

T. W.

FIFTY SONNETS

BY

THOMAS WADE.

Birth and Death.

Thinks the soul within the body held
Is as a little babe within the womb,
Which flutters in its antenatal tomb,
And stirs and heaves the prison where 'tis cell'd,
And struggles in strange darkness, unspell'd
By all its strivings toward the breath and bloom
Of that aurean being soon to come —
Strivings of feebleness, by nothing quell'd:
And even as birth to the enfranchis'd child,
Which shows to its sweet senses all the vast
Of beauty, visible and audible,
Is death unto the spirit undefil'd;
Setting it free of limit, and the past,
And all that in its prison-house befell.

14th August /38.

FIFTY SONNETS.

I.

BIRTH AND DEATH.

Methinks the soul within the body held
Is as a little babe within the womb,
Which flutters in its antenatal tomb,
And stirs and heaves the prison where 'tis cell'd,
And struggles in strange darkness, undispell'd
By all its strivings towards the breath and bloom
Of that aureorean being soon to come—
Strivings of feebleness, by nothing quell'd :
And even as birth to the enfranchised child,
Which shows to its sweet senses all the vast
Of beauty, visible and audible,
Is death unto the spirit undefiled ;
Setting it free of limit and the past,
And all that in its prison-house befell.

17th August 1838.

II.

WHO MAY SAY ?

When the so-gracious frame of her whose heart
Obeys of mine the gentle monarchy,
Veils with itself its own sweet counterpart ;
Living like that, altho' invisibly,
And to appear hereafter, and expand
To human grace and glory ; who may say,
That that Great Whole which doth from eyes demand
Infinite adoration—the Vast Round
O' the Visible Universe—doth not enfold
A Second Self, which, on some destined day,
May into vision-startling being bound ;
And, in the vast of ages, wide unfold
Magnificence, to kindle and to live
After the model of its Primitive ?

30th August 1838.

III.

THE NEAR ADVENT.

Now that the little fabric of our loves
Waits, at the very portal of the world,
The moment in which first shall be unfurl'd
The banner of its being ; and it moves,
With cadence gentle as the alight of doves
Toward light and breath ; be perfect peace upcurl'd
In thy deep heart, Dear ! and thy thoughts impearl'd
All, with the dews of joy ! For it behoves
That which creates to temper its creation
With balmiest elements of blessedness,
After great Nature's visible dictation ;
Who, when she teemeth with delicious spring,
Doth tend the coming birth with sunshining
And with bright rains and blandest airs caress.

25th October 1838.

IV.

A WARNING.

In the great work of Human Good, sweet Child!
Be thou a new Messiah to the earth!
Much thought and love made prelude to thy birth,
And passion by no violence defiled;
Kindness and care upon thy coming smiled,
And brooded o'er thy helplessness and pain:
And, if intent by fate be made not vain,
Thou shalt be rear'd within all influence mild.
Ye who have children, hear!—The mind of ages
Is in your hands, to fashion as ye will—
Ancillary to Nature and to God:
The distant future, waiting on your nod
For good perpetual or continuous ill,
Will stamp your praise or shame on its eternal page.

15th December 1838.

V.

THE CHILD.

Germ of a world of thought! that shall create
Thought-worlds, or else belie thy parentage—
What full profession doth thy spirit engage
Of all of which thine elders make debate,
And yet know nothing? What they contemplate,
Is it even now thy fresh mind's heritage
To know and feel, without that surplusage
Of reasoning which doth reason agitate?
There is no childish touch about thy look;
But seriousness and seeming thought-result—
A still-unwritten, but arrangéd book,
Which we are all too eyeless to consult:
But it assures us, as the heavens do,
Of infinite beauty veil'd by that we view.

18th December 1838.

VI.

TO MY CHILD.

Oh! sink not from us, as a drop of dew,
From life's fresh rose to the obstructive sod,
Where ear may hear thee not, nor fond eye view;
But our hearts strike against the sullen clod
For ever, till they break. On morning new
Never came instant night: and dearest God
Grant that to thy sweet dawn of human day
A glorious noon and placid eve be fated,
And that to whither goes poor dust alway
We may descend before thee!—O, created
Of divine love and joy! do not forsake us
In this thy bud of being; but disclose
The fulness of life's flower, and therewith make us
A garden all of sweets, thou folded rose!

22nd January 1839.

VII.

THE FEAR.

The way this Child doth creep into my heart
Even fills my inmost being with alarm ;
For fears, which from my soul I cannot charm
By any aidance of hope's rainbow-art,
Oppress me yet, that we are doom'd to part,
And all his pretty looks and breath of balm
Hear requiem'd by the grave-wind's winter-psalm,
And childless to the home of love depart !
But God is with him in his little ways,
His smiles and murmurs, cries and sufferings ;
And if he be retaken to the springs
From whence all being flows, we yet will praise
The All-Disposer with a grief serene,
And o'er our dead bud fold its memory's fadeless green !

27th March 1839.

VIII.

THE ENTREATY.

But, do not die! Sweet Cherub! do not die:
Yet fold within their human chrysalis
Thine angel-wings! We cannot yet let fly
The spirit from our gazing and our kiss:
It is a new and life-essential bliss
We've reap'd from thine existence; and the sky,
And all it girdleth, would but seem amiss
Without thy smile and little plaintive cry.
We've much to do with thee on earth, dear babe!
To see thee stagger on thy tiny feet;
To teach thee worded language—and so teach,
That thou hereafter may'st be as a stab,
Fatal, to wrong and woe. Live! We must reach
The grave ere thou, Love-Incarnation sweet!

28th March 1839.

IX.

THE RETURN.

Smile, Baby! for thy Mother home is coming,
Again to clasp thee to her yearning heart ;
Both memory and hope her way illuming
To the calm nook wherein thou nestled art.
Thou canst not run to meet her, Baby dear !
Nor hast sweet worded music on thy tongue
But thou the music of her voice canst hear,
And o'er thee see her tender gazings hung :
And little recollections, fond tho' dim,
Enkindled in thy soul thro' ear and eye
Shall lend thee graces of the cherubim
Saluted by the breath of deity :
Stir all thy tiny limbs, and softly trace
Sweet love-assurance on thy pretty face !

31st March 1839.

X.

THE BARRIER-BOND.

I have seen flowers against each other's heart
Fearfully beaten by the sudden wind ;
Until, as if toward instant death declined,
Low they have hung, and mournfully, apart—
By one green blade alone from earth protected ;
Which, as they rose from out their state dejected,
Has with them risen, and a bond innected
Between them which no storm could unembind !
Thus be it with our loves, my more than wife !—
Too often sever'd by convulsive strife :
This gentle Infancy shall grow between
Our bosoms, as a bar 'gainst temper-harms ;
And oft as passion threatens our peace serene,
We'll seek reproof within his little arms.

8th June 1839.

XI.

HIGH-SPEAKINGS.

In the still vacancy of common hours,
We need these stirrings from the Universe—
High-speakings to us from Superior Powers,
Which of remote existences rehearse
And in dream-regions all the spirit immerse ;
And when they cease, or interlapse devours
The wonder of their utterance, our soul's sense
Frets, straining with divine impatience :
Most like a stepless and a wordless child,
Which listens to a sweet-toned instrument,
Touch'd by its mother's fingers, till beguiled
All into smiles and gestures eloquent ;
And the loved music ceasing, pines and cries
For still-renewal of its harmonies.

8th June 1839.

XII.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE FOURTH YEAR.

Best celebration, next to that most dear,
Of this memorial day of chainless union,
Is the plain falling-off of such as wear
The mask of truth in their most false communion :
So, let them go!—The fields and trees appear
Of fresher beauty, for the thoughts within us ;
And all that speaketh unto eye or ear,
Not of itself, but through our hearts, doth win us.
Rich were we *then* beyond all worldly store ;
But *now* that wealth is by comparison
From heap'd abundance made but seeming poor—
A Cræsus meagred to a beggar's-son!—
For there at home our little Willy lies
With our earth-paradise in his sweet eyes!

17th August 1839.

XIII.

TO BABY.

Thou art thy father's Soul, I do believe,
My golden-hair'd and radiant-visaged Child!
Projected into light, and undefiled
By the dull flesh which makes it ache and grieve
Thro' thy brief scene, where shadow doth deceive,
Until by substance we are more beguiled:
With the strange thought I have both wept and smiled—
As one men suddenly from death reprieve.
O, speak to me of past and future things!
Of whence thou camest into this worn clay,
And whither thou dost tend in its decay.
Almost I seem to see cherubic wings
Ope from about thee, for swift heavenward flight;
And I grow dust in their departing light!

17th January 1840.

XIV.

THE RESULT.

From depths unfathomable that desire
Which gave us being, sprang ; and fathomless
The sources of that being. We were born,
To meet and gaze and mingle. From the morn,
And noon, and eve, and night, did we inspire
The spirit of a gradual consciousness,
And from the visage and the voice and hand
Of human minist'rings : and grew and grew—
Imbibing from the skies and stream and land,
With every straining sense, that sacred dew
By which the roots of Thought are nourishéd,
And Feeling into bud and fruit is fed :
And hence the love in which our hearts exult,
And this divinest Child, its full and last Result.

17th January 1840.

XV.

Dear Lady mine! in whose sweet company
I walk at morning, noon and eventide ;
Under cool trees, or placid streams beside ;
Smiling on all fair things with loving eye :
The pleasant grass beneath ; the leaves on high ;
The tender flowers, in all fair colours dyed ;
The glittering insects, in their sunshine pride ;
And the glad birds, singing melodiously !
The thought of that drear hour when we must mingle
With dark dust under-ground, is solemn-sad,
And well might drive a human creature mad :
Yet e'en thro' that doth the quaint fancy tingle,
That our rechaos'd and soul-parted clay
Shall be the quiet nurse of such bright things as they !

18th May 1836.

XVI.

THE BURIED BUTTERFLY.

What lovely things are dead within the sky,
By our corporeal vision undiscern'd—
Extinguish'd suns, that once in glory burn'd ;
And blighted planets, mouldering gloomily
Beyond the girdle of the galaxy ;
And faded essences, in light inurn'd,
Of creatures spiritual, to that Deep return'd
From whence they sprang, in far Eternity—
This e'er to know is unto us forbidden ;
But much thereto concerning may we deem,
By inference from fact familiar :
Beneath those radiant flowers and bright grass hidden,
Withers a thing once golden as a star
And seeming unsubstantial as a dream.

XVII.

MUSIC AND LOVE.

Ah! Music in an atmosphere of Love
A portion of the soul of Love becometh ;
The heard deep-blended with the harmony
That is unheard, but to the touch and eye
And innermost spirit of sweet life reveal'd :
But in an atmosphere of Music, Love
Is lost, and wilder'd from the simpleness
Of its most silent bliss—a murmuring dove,
In the dim woods which have its joys conceal'd,
By the loud chant of flocking birds invaded ;
A calm wildflower, that in soft fragrance bloometh,
By morn and eve divinely dew'd and shaded,
In art's strong perfumes drench'd. Ah! strangely less
Doth Love sweet Music serve, than Music Love.

XVIII.

THE MIST OF FAMILIARITY.

In this Eternal, Universal Wonder ;
Of which we are part, and should percipient be ;
We move, indifferent, God's Blue Arch under—
By that dull mist, Familiarity,
Begirt, and sodden into apathy!
Astonishment, nor dread, nor admiration,
Nor panting love, nor trembling adoration,
Our Life from its lethargic courses waking ;
Its little self of all things centre making,
Tho' need and death its sole circumference!—
Even as the Savage Fisherman, when drew
Men from far lands, of speech and aspect new,
And of strange state, within his scope of view,
Fish'd on ; nor turn'd his head ; nor question'd—What ?
or, Whence ?

XIX.

VOLITION.

“The object of volition is not the cause of volition.”—HAZLITT.

God will'd Creation ; but Creation was not
The cause of that Almighty Will of God,
But that great God's desire of emanation :
Beauty of Human Love the object is ;
But Love's sweet cause lives in the Soul's desire
For intellectual, sensual sympathies :
Seeing a plain-plumed bird, in whose deep throat
We know the richest power of music dwells,
We long to hear its linked melodies :
Scenting a far-off flower's most sweet perfume,
That gives its balm of life to every wind,
We crave to mark the beauty of its bloom :
But bird nor flower is that Volition's cause ;
But Music and fine Grace, graven on the Soul, like laws.

XX.

THE NOLLEKENS.¹

Ah! Vision fixed and substantialised
Of the Old Sculptor's youth!—The one thing dream'd,
Which all his waking life antagonised
And from dull Hell his gasping age redeem'd!—
Lord! how she clings unto her lover there!—
As sentiently and indissoluble
As his own veins unto the flesh they wear,
When thro' them pants the hot blood voluble!—
Oh! In such wondrous god-embracing fashion—
When first the Uncreated Soul Intense
Breathed love and life into Primeval Matter,
And melted it to form and grace and passion—
Clung the fond Universe to her Creator,
And taught Him all the powers of his own Effluence.

· 1839.

¹ The subject of this sonnet is a statuette by the sculptor Nollekens, formerly in the possession of "Orion" Horne.

XXI.

THE WHEEL OF TIME.

The Wheel of Time revolveth restlessly ;
From morn to night, from night to weary morn :
We kindle in the womb, and then are born,
And look upon the pauseless world, and cry ;
And then the ether-light of Infancy
Youth flushes with the purple of its morn ;
And then hot Manhood's noon is soon o'erworn,
And Age's eve comes on, and then we die.
The old world changes : valley becomes hill,
And mountain vale ; land sea, and ocean land ;
And cities deserts, deserts peopled be ;
The stars are failing, tho' they twinkle still ;
And nothing in all space doth firmly stand—
But round that Mighty Wheel all things whirl ceaselessly.

XXII.

A THOUGHT IN THE PRESENCE OF A DEAD
CHILD.

The aspect of sweet life ; and yet, not life !
If thou, dear Child ! art dead ; and yet dost bear
Such vital hues upon thy visage fair ;
Showing calm living bliss, without the strife
Of being's pain and passion, and so rife
With sweetness, grace and love, that we not dare
To think that death dwells in corruption there—
How know we, that the clear and gorgeous Vault
With all the light of its star-studded azure,
Which to the Eternal doth our thought exalt,
Is not, this moment, but one glorious frame
That hath the hue of life without the flame ;
Death at the core of all, and dim erasure
Ready to overpall its glory-without-measure ?

XXIII.

THE SILENCE.

Hush'd Nature, like a sweet soul slumbering,
Seems smiling thro' her dreams ; smiles of calm glory
That can but issue from a dream of God,
Her perfect Lover ! By that transitory
Here-and-there flitting of a ghost of sound,
Silence remaineth in her peace profound
Inviolate as death ; and from the sod
The little stir that still is issuing,
From busy movements of an atom life,
Doth testify of that extreme repose
In which such motion is made audible,
And heard almost the drooping of the rose
Unto its twilight sleep resemblative,
And the soft fall of dews invisible.

XXIV.

THE HALF-ASLEEP.

O, for the mighty 'wakening that aroused
The old-time Prophets to their missions high ;
And to blind Homer's inward sunlike eye
Show'd the heart's universe, where he caroused
Radiantly ; the Fishers poor unhoused,
And sent them forth to teach divinity ;
And made our Milton his great dark defy,
To the light of one immortal theme espoused !
But half asleep are those now most awake ;
And, save calm-thoughted Wordsworth, we have none
Who for eternity put time at stake,
And hold a constant course as doth the sun :
We yield but drops, that no deep thirstings slake ;
And feebly cease ere we have well begun.

XXV.

ON HEARING SOME FINE MUSIC ILL-PLAYED.

Not in the noting, or the instrument
Fine Music's sweet sufficiency doth live ;
But in the sight and touch executive
Of harmony's soul-active president,
Learn'd, and instinctive to her element.
How dull is Poesy which, read, doth give
Naught of its meanings clear-exemptive—
The poet lost, the reader evident !
I have heard Spenser, Shakspeare, and sage Ben,
Made Sternhold, Hopkins, Watts, by mouths ungifted,
Which spake untutor'd by the heart and brain :
And thus it is how Weber, Beethoven,
Whom hearing, I have been to heaven lifted,
Now steep me in a discord-hell of pain.

XXVI.

THE FACE.—I.

The "joy for ever" of a beauteous thing
Is effluent from its beauty's memory :
Itself and all its loveliness take wing,
And only fixed in the thoughts they lie,
A worshipp'd, but unseen, Divinity
Like God himself! I never shall forget
That lucent face, but for a moment met :
Itself and all its loveliness must die
In death, or deathward life's maturity ;
But, ever young and beauteous, in my dreaming
It shall contend for immortality,
Till o'er my dust the grass and flowers are teeming :
Nor perish then, if aught in this true page
May feed a dream thereof from age to age.

XXVII.

THE FACE.—II.

It was a face that on the eyesight struck
Like the clear blue and starry arch of night,
When suddenly we quit a narrow chamber,
From the world's dust to teach our thoughts to clamber
To that invisible ether of delight
Which atmospheres the planets in their flight!
With lips, and brow, and eyelids that did pluck
The gaze from all the circling flash of faces,
And fix it on its beauties' combination;
So interflexed, that, star by star, its graces
Were noted not; but still, in constellation,
A harmony of grace, such as embraces
The innermost spirit with its concord fine
But which sense cannot note by note define.

XXVIII.

POETRY AND SCIENCE.

A revelation of the essence of God
Is Poetry; Science, of his effluence:
This, a revealing of the power of God;
That, of his being is a vision intense:
This, a disclosure of the acts of God;
That, God himself reveal'd to evidence.
The Spirit of all things felt before he knew;
And from his feeling was his knowledge drawn—
Effect divine of a diviner cause!
So from the heart the head hath its prime laws;
For Poetry's noon-hues our souls imbue
Ere Science breaks on them with her cold dawn.
O, self-proud Head! bow down thy Science high
To the creator Heart and its great Poetry!

XXIX.

COMPANIONSHIP.

God cannot feel alone; for unto Him
The Love of All Things is companionship—
Whether express'd by human hand and lip,
Or quivering wing within the forest dim,
Or silent gaze of flowers; or which o'erbrim
Doth not in act or look, but lieth deep
Folded in brain and bosom, like a sleep,
And singing to itself a dreamy hymn!
And thus should Man of heavy solitude
Break the dead clasp; and of all living creatures
Make the enjoyment and the love his love
And glee and dear associates: there be features
Of tenderness and joy in things endued
With plainest aspect, the dull'd spirit to move.

XXX.

THE FALLERS-SHORT.

When Great Men are not great, we needs must mourn,
More than for all the pranks of Littleness;
For that short-falling doth increase the weight
Our spirits bear beneath this dust forlorn.
Great Men are solid harbour-holding banks
Bounding the weltering waves of Life's distress;
And when they sink and fail us, we are left
Upon a shoreless ocean, hope-bereft.
O ye of lofty souls! what is there here,
In this poor antepast to the Eternal,
To lure ye to the glory-wrecking shoals
That should but tempt the idler voyager?
Your spirits in a Timeless mould are cast,
And should disdain to shrink within the mean Diurnal.

XXXI.

THE SWAN.

O, blended majesty and grace of motion !
Majestic as a billow of the ocean ;
And graceful as a matron's bosom heaving !
At the first coming of the twilight wan,
The crystal of the river whitely cleaving,
O'er his fair shadow floats a state-proud swan !
His wings upreared and curved ; his fine neck arching ;
His eyes to either shore intently peering ;
His progress silent as the mighty marching
Of earth and all the planets round the sun !
He naught divergeth from his forth-careering
Till the far haven of his rest is won ;
Where her close-nestled young his fond mate tendeth,
And her upraised neck to greet his coming bendeth !

XXXII.

When we behold the air-suspended sword
O'er human joy for ever pendulous ;
And see the earthly pitfalls 'waiting us
Thickly along life's way ; of act or word
We grow incapable, and fain would wait
Stirless and speechless for the coming state,
Wherein the millions of the past abide—
Their dust, their deeds, and their recorded pride :
And our vow'd spirits (like the devotees
In attitudinal monotony
Transfix'd in Indian forests, till the trees
O'ergrow them, and the wild birds build thereon)
Seem stricken to their place eternally,
And no more vital than a stock or stone.

XXXIII.

The life continual, the fast flow of things,
That welters round about us ; every year
Bearing the next upon its changing wings,
And disappearing but to reappear
Like-visaged, tho' transfigured ; rise and setting
Of sun and moon, planets, and starry crowds ;
Coming and going of the solemn clouds ;
Wild play of storms and streams, and billows, fretting
The ever-shifting girdle of the ocean ;
The bursting of green buds, and fall of leaves ;
The unfolding and decay of gracious flowers ;
The music and the silence of the hours,
Still alternating : 'tis all this reprieves
Our spirits from their trance, to sweet commotion.

XXXIV.

THE "POETRY OF EARTH."

"The Poetry of Earth is never dead,"
Even in the cluster'd haunts of plodding men.
Before a door in citted underground,
Lies a man-loving, faith-expression'd hound—
To pastoral hills forth sending us; to den
Of daring bandit; and to regions dread
Of mountain-snows, where others of its kind
Tend upon man's, as with a human mind:
A golden beetle on the dusty steps
Crawls, of a wayside-plying vehicle,
Where wending men swarm thick and gloomily—
We gaze; and see beneath the ripening sky
The harvest glisten; and that creature creeps
Upon the sunny corn, radiantly visible!

XXXV.

THE SERE OAK LEAVES.

Why do ye rustle in this vernal wind,
Sere Leaves ! shaking a drear prophetic shroud
Over the very cradle of the Spring ?
Like pertinacious Age, with warnings loud,
Dinning the grave into an infant's mind,
And shadowing death on life's first imaging !
Why to these teeming branches do ye cling
And with your argument renascence cloud ;
Whilst every creature of new birth is proud,
And in unstain'd existence revelling ?
Fall, and a grave within the centre find !
And do not thus, whilst all the sweet birds sing,
The insects glitter, and the flower'd grass waves,
Blight us with thoughts of winter and our graves !

XXXVI.

THE SWAN-AVIARY.

A thousand swans are o'er the waters sailing,
And others in the reeds and rushes^v_x brood,
And some are flying o'er the sunny flood ;
And all move with a grandeur so prevailing,
That long we stand without a breath-inhaling,
In admiration of their multitude,
And the majestic grace with which endued
They float upon the waves, their pride regaling.
The sky is blue and golden ; clear as glass,
The sea sweeps richly on the glowing shingle ;
All vernal hues in the near woods commingle ;
And exquisite beauty waves along the grass ;
But these things seem but humbly tributary
To the white pomp of that vast aviary !

XXXVII.

SPIRIT SOLACE.

Perpetual moanings from the troubled sea
Of human thought, and wail from the vex'd wind
Of mortal feeling, fill our life's wide air:
Yet, let thereof the breather not despair:
For wind and wave obey a high decree,
Which we perceive not in this transit blind
From body unto soul. Oh! the clear calm
Of that wild ocean, and its sunlit splendours,
And even the rainbows of its tempests fierce,
Beget a tranquil spirit-trance, which renders
Its terrors dreadless: and the flower-fed balm
Of that wind, lull'd to zephyr, doth so pierce
The immortal senses with an odorous hope,
That earth seems verged on heaven, and all heaven's
portals ope.

XXXVIII.

DECEMBER—MAY.

“So sweet a day it is, that even December,
On the strange freshness of whose alter’d lip
I drink this balmy breath—despite the bare
And silent trees, and meadows flower-forsaken—
Seems beating with the pulse of joyous May!”
Thus said I, with a feeling all of May,
One gentle daytime bland of late December,
On the strange freshness of whose alter’d lip
I breathed mild airs of spring: and lo! the bare
And silent trees, and meadows flower-forsaken,
Grew leaf’d and musical, and flower-adorn’d;
And near and far spake out the cuckoo’s soul!—
“Ah, God!” methought, “these things are in the soul;
And from Within is the Without adorn’d.”

XXXIX.

THE SUN AND THE DAISY.

The temper'd Sun, down-verging to the West,
Shone full upon one Daisy's lonely bloom ;
Of a bleak bank the solitary guest,
And only spirit risen from Winter's tomb !
But fair and bright and perfect-orb'd it gleam'd ;
And, as the Sun the cold encircling sky,
To gild the barrenness around it seem'd,
And claim'd as constant tribute from the eye.
And worthily : for that vast globe of fire,
Unto the vision which no space controll'd,
Would show minute, compared with glories higher,
As unto ours that little disc of gold :
'Tis our poor faculties make large and small,
Where the same boundless wonder mantles all.

XL.

THE ACCOMPANIMENT.

The lark, as I did read her sweetest letter,
Sang heavenward in divine accompaniment ;
And as its gentle meanings ceased to fetter,
At intervals, all sense o' the outward ear,
I heard that loud bird-music piercing clear
The freshness of the morning element,
Descending as its minstrel made ascent
And timed to the soft written argument.
In Love is all-embracing sympathy :
All accents of the song of that high bird,
All modulations of its melody,
Were answer'd by that letter's spirit and word ;
And the far bird re-echoed, tone for tone,
The love-notes which my tranced eye trembled on.

XLI.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

*To an illustrious teacher of men; upon his non-vindication
of Shelley from the aspersions of a common-place babler.*

All his pain'd life was nail'd and crucified
By selfish men, of hearts conventional :
And since his death, he many deaths hath died
On dull men's tongues ; his godhead full denied,
His memory scourged, and rudely vilified,
And pierced by ruffians in its holy side.
Then should'st thou not, thou Man Imperial !
Whose thoughts do govern thought amidst us all,
Be worse than Pilate ; in not being the thrall
Of place, as he, and yet abandoning
The sacred name of Shelley, deified,
To vulgar mockery, without championing
His spirit divine. O, marvel, shame and loss :
Our Pilate is turn'd Jew, and strains the Cross !

XLII.

THE MAN—"GOD."

It cannot last—this story of a manger
Being the Godhead's cradle!—"Miracles,"
Dealt upon fish and swine and jars-of-water!
Which, to the ceaseless Miracle that wells
Forth from th' unfathom'd Universe, are folly,
By Man the Knave to Man the Fool made holy.
Should we not laugh to know that flies and worms
Fabled that Godhead in their atom forms?
And what are we, but insects of an hour?—
Yet deeming that the Eternal God could cower
In our vile flesh his Omnipresent Fire!
It cannot last!—The Prophets of the Lyre,
And all men of great thought, do make it stranger
To brain and heart. God's "Son"!—Why not God's
"Daughter"?

AN ADORER OF JESUS THE MAN; BUT
A CONTEMNER OF CHRIST THE "GOD."

XLIII.

TRACES.

Thy name upon the sands, my Spirit's bride!
Lo! I have writ; and the fast-coming sea
Advances, that will sweep it utterly
Out of all mark and meaning: but the tide,
And the sleek shore o'er which its waters glide,
Newly configurate and changed shall be
By that impessure, though invisibly,
And ever with the touch thereof abide:—
And thus, thy name, thy beauty, and thy love,
Whose traces Time's obliterating ocean
Hath wash'd from out my action-smoothéd mind,
Shall, with a fix'd effect, be intertwined
Therewith eternally, and deep inwove
With Time's own everlasting voice and motion.

1845.

XLIV.—XLV.

BEETHOVEN'S "SONATA WITH THE FUNERAL
MARCH."

I.

Man is a noble animal: in ashes
"Splendid, and pompous in the grave; nativities
"And deaths with equal lustres solemnizing;
"Nor ceremonies, in his nature's infamy,
"Of bravery omitting."—Thus, in majesty
Of words like pyramids o'er death-bones rising,
Spake he¹ who saw things from their cloud-acclivities,
Where light from high above blinds and abashes:
And thus this mighty music speaks sublimely,
The dark scene it proclaimeth glorifying;
Evolving the Eternal from the Timely;
And seems attending, as its death-note rolls,
An awful army of triumphant souls,
Toward Eternity in thunder flying.

¹ Sir Thomas Browne.

2.

And, from the instrument it seemeth not
The grandeur of its harmony ariseth,
Which life in death with more than life surpriseth ;
But from the soul of her who, like a thought,
Sits there entranced ; herself and all forgot
That lives and moves around her ; and compriseth
Within herself the marvel she deviseth—
A music upon music's self begot !
It cometh from her like to shrouded light
From the great Sun, eclipsed ; like echoes loud
From billow-beaten rocks, when in the night
The struggling elements wage starless war ;
Like solemn thunder from a midnight cloud ;
Or awful winds from caves oracular.

1845.

XLVI.

CHRISTMAS 1866.

He stopp'd beneath the mistletoe, and kiss'd
Imaginary lips—and then he wept ;
Lips which an everlasting silence kept
Within a far-off grave, but did exist
For him most livingly in memory,
With love and music that could never die,
Save with himself : and then, this weakness fled,
If weakness were it, he the revel sought ;
Its joyous spirit in his spirit caught,
And only sadness in some minor thought :
“ Why did I weep ? ” unto himself he said ;
“ Youth, beauty, love, are all renascent here,
“ Making a spring time of the dying year ;
“ And what is gone, I do not think is dead.”

XLVII.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING GREAT MUSIC.

Pianoforte! ne'er before, perchance,
Thy alien name with English verse was blent ;
But now 'tis meet thou to that place advance,
As rival to whatever instrument :
This Priestess of thy spirit-mysteries
Makes thee oracular ; and harmonies
Soar from beneath her touch, which sing aloud
Of things imagined, but not seen nor known :
The rush of angels' wings ; the flit of elves' ;
The creatures of the rainbow and bright cloud ;
And the loved Dead, who in our dreams appear :
Cramer and Hummel, 'tis believed, are gone ;
Yet in this heaven-of-sound we seem to hear,
Not echoes of them, but their living selves.

ST. HELIER, 31 *March* 1869.

XLVIII.

WRITTEN AFTER HAVING RECEIVED A
PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

I do not know, but (such is Fantasy!)
I could believe these flowers are musical,
However silent unto our *deaf hearing*:
At least they speak to me of Music's crown,
And tell of great Musicians whom men name —
Mozart, Beethoven, at the height of fame,
And others, gifted but of less renown,
And their Interpreter, accomplish'd high,
Whose power compels their thoughts to reappearing,
And their clear inspiration doth recall,
In its rich eloquence ethereal,
And beam it bright around us! Flowers must die;
And so must we, and all things; yet there seems
Still, something deathless amid all our dreams.

17 April 1869.

XLIX.

A TRIBUTE TO THE PRESENT, AND A
REMINISCENCE OF THE FAR PAST.

*Written after having heard a Lady Play B[eethoven]'s * * **

Sovereign Creatrix of the World of Sound
 Which vibrates on the raptly-listening ear,¹
 Thou breath'st a meaning subtle and profound
 Through every note whose beating pulse we hear :
 Of One Beloved we *feel* the end of life,
 The suffering, fear and hope, and then the death,
 And next the tears and sobs and wailing strife
 Of those who mourn the cease of that dear breath ;
 Then the black funeral from whose clouding rolls
 The dark at length, until the adoring eye
 Sees radiant armies of triumphant souls
 In thunder pacing towards eternity.
 Beethoven's spirit shines englass'd in Thine,
 Which mirrors all its depths and effluence divine !

26 November 1869.

¹ The Sonnet headed "The Rivalry," at page 255 of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*, is built up from the same opening theme as this, but with a difference :—

Ah ! Sweet Creatrix of that World of Sound
 That vibrates on my ever-listening ear,

and for a thought almost identical with that of the last couplet but one, see the final couplet of Sonnet No. XLIV in the present series.

L.

TO THE PIANOFORTE.

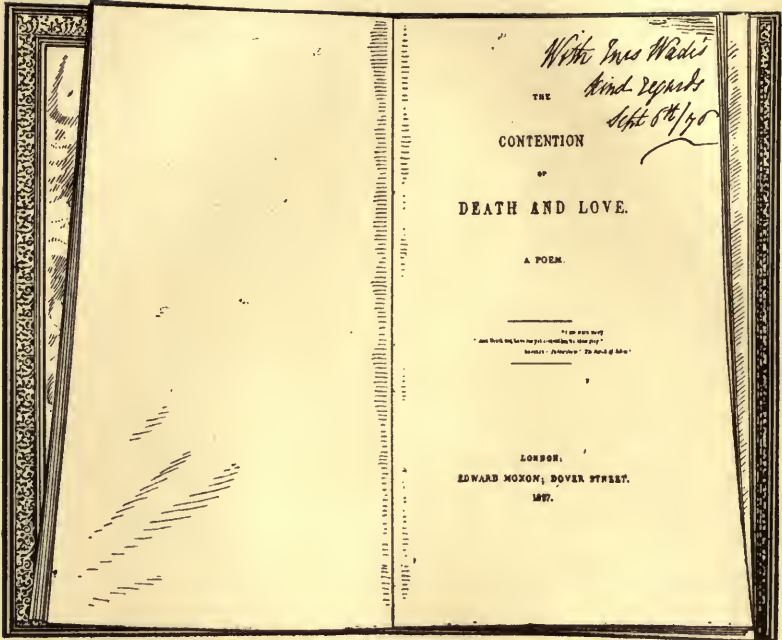
Nobly, Piano! hast thou held thy place
(Inspired by brain-and-heart-enkindled hands)
In strength, in sweetness, majesty and grace,
Beside the Frame loud bruted in the lands,
In which it higher laud than thine commands:
Unjustly, seems it: I would rather hear,
In the rapt stillness of this peopled room,
From thy roused depths—when, even as now, inform'd
(Thy coldness into passionate utterance warm'd)
By this High Priestess of thy Mysteries—
Beethoven's Pathos and dread March of doom,
In their great melodies and harmonies,
Than from all sound-shrines, gather'd to one sphere,
In Palace, or in full-throng'd Theatre!

13 *February* 1871.

THE CONTENTION OF DEATH
AND LOVE.

BY

THOMAS WADE.



Wade's Contention of Death and Love.

From the rare original in the Library of Mr. Buxton Forman.

THE CONTENTION OF DEATH AND LOVE.

“I am worn away ;

“And Death and Love are yet contending for their prey.”

SHELLEY.—*Dedication to “The Revolt of Islam.”*

IN a serene leaf-latticed chamber
A Dying Poet calmly slept ;
And dreams about his brain did clamber,
Which, like his waking thoughts, o’erswept
The narrow Present, and flow’d far
Into the Unceasing and the Boundless,
With stir and voice oracular—
Whilst round him all was still and soundless.

He dream’d not of the common things
That make the joy or woe of breath
To one whose spirit hath no wings
To leave the common world beneath ;
But, as the Vast and the Eternal
Fill’d all his vision’d Phantasy,
It peopled them, in pomp supernal,

With Incarnations, livingly,
Of Power and Beauty, Strength and Grace,
And Love and Hope and Ecstasy,
And Sorrow, with her twilight face :
And Men, the Lights of History,
And Women, crown'd with gather'd fame,
Glode in procession beamingly
Through his all-seeing Soul ; and, then,
Creations of Immortal Pen,
Pencil and Chisel—each a name
To wing the heart with plumes of flame!—
Frequent and flashing, fast and bright ;
Like meteors through electric night.

Around his dying-couch were stooping,
With burthen of their sorrow drooping,
Five stricken Creatures, weepingly.
One was a Matron old and grey,
In all whose wrinkles agony,
Like a writhing serpent, lay ;
And whose pale eyes, suffused and dim,
Grew death-film'd as they look'd on him.
And Three were sweetly fair and young ;
And they around each other clung,
And so together o'er him hung—

As three chill'd roses faintly glow
O'er the white winter's shroud of snow ;
Or, as three cluster'd stars on high
Gleam on the pale air tremblingly :
And those four bewailing Creatures
All wore the Dying Dreamer's features ;
And every change death wrought in his,
Grief mirror'd in their semblances.
The Fifth was clad in robes of mourning ;
But not for him for whom she mourn'd—
That Dying Singer there, adorning
His dreams with her, so song-adorn'd !
Her soul breathed in that failing Glory,
Whose life was the lone promontory
From which her love and fond hopes all
Gazed on Life's waters, and the sky—
Lit with star-dreams majestic—
Of Love's far immortality.
She stood apart ; her madden'd eyes
Terribly glaring with great wo,
And flashing, like tempestuous skies,
Upon that pale, calm earth below.

He heard no sound of their lamenting,
Unless their speech and sobbings low,

And that Intense-One's stifled venting
The pangs of hope's last overthrow,
Did mingle with the Voices sweet
Which his dreaming sense did greet ;
And real with unreal sound
Blent in his cavern'd brain profound,
Went circling through its mystic cells,
And issued thence in oracles ;
And spake unto his vision'd ear
In accents eloquently clear,
Whose silver'd music did impart
Speed to the faint blood in his heart ;
And his soul imbibed all
Its melodies ethereal—
As the ether, therewith ringing,
Drinks the sweet lark's matin-singing.

And, oh ! might they have heard, as he,
That converse of his dying dream,
They could have borne most tranquilly
The widowing of their loves supreme :
Learning from that talk divine,
That the subtle fire which feeds
Souls whose words are their great deeds
Cannot perish ; therefore, he,

Whose spirit was its radiant shrine,
Must endure immortally !

Before his dreaming vision floated
Two Forms serenely feminine ;
Intent upon him, and devoted
To that bright spirit's dim decline.
One, was robed in a white shroud—
Such as haunted eyes may see,
Through their drops of misery,
In the fresh-closed sepulchre
Of a love-slain virgin dear—
Like the pale moon in pallid cloud,
When the sleeted winds on earth are loud
And the dull sky is winter-brow'd :
Pale were her cheeks, and pale each hand,
And her forehead very pale ;
And her eyes, by thin brows spann'd,
Moved not in their low-lidded spheres,
Where gleam'd they like two frozen tears,
Or transparent ice-struck dews
Reflecting winter's dead-leaf hues :
Her white lips did no breath exhale,
Even when they spake ; and her words all

Seem'd wandering echoes mystical.
The other, was a rosy thing ;
But the pallor mirroring
Of her unlike sister there,
Half that pale aspect she did wear,
Though her warm native-colours play'd
Through it, as the sun through shade.
She robeless was, that lovely Form ;
But her bright tresses mantled warm
Adown her throbbing beauties all,
And mazily around them curl'd—
As might a gentle waterfall
Down marble rubied and impearl'd.
Her eyes—like those blue flowers serene
Which constellate on banklets green
When the spring's bland touch invokes
Breath in all which winter chokes—
Seem'd dim with their own radiancy ;
Whilst tears flowed from them silently,
And o'er her tresses dripp'd and river'd :
And wild words from her curved lips quiver'd—
Like tones from a wind-finger'd lyre ;
Till e'en her ghastly Sister shiver'd
And burn'd with their all-vital fire.

This like-and-unlike sisterhood,
Were Death and Love.

The Poet's blood

Gather'd around his heart, as Death,
Within her shrouded arms to wreathe
His weak limbs, stoop'd unto his rest :
But Love thrust her sweet face beneath
Death's coming hands, and fondly prest
Them upward from her Dear-One's face,
And fenced him with her strong embrace ;
That Death did still at distance stay—
But near'd, alas ! and near'd always.
Then, ere the Poet waked to die,
He heard this spectral colloquy :—

“What wouldst thou with this sacred breath ?
Even I do almost loathe thee, Death,
Though oft thou bringest soothing balm
To my deep wounds, and blessed calm
Unto that rude sea, tempest-tost,
Where still my sailing hopes are lost.
O, is there not exhaustless prey
Awaiting thee on earth's highway ;
Where the rushing common crowd

Seek the workshop and the trough,
And at all things holy scoff
With laughter and blasphemings loud?
Many a palace, many a den,
Is there, in the haunts of men,
Whence thou mayst pluck each denizen;
Nor leave, with all thy gorged food,
One gap in human grace or good;
Nor from Life's clod one drop o' the leaven
Steal, that makes it swell with heaven!
Why com'st thou, then—pale, dismal Death!
To suck this music-hallow'd breath?
To whelm these eyes in dark eclipse,
Which beam'd joy through the heart of pain;
And set thy seal on these sweet lips,
That they may never sing again
Songs that are wing'd things of light
Burning through Life's vapory night?
To sting the bliss of all these hearts,
In which, through him, thy poison darts;
And all their panting multitude
Of hopes, drown deep in tears and blood?
O, tarry, pallid sister Death!
Let Age come for my Dear-One's breath!
And not until his Fame be wed

To Time, and full-accomplished ;
And not until this Matron old
Turn peacefully to ashes cold ;
And not until these Sisters Three
Toward their graves tend peacefully
And, oh! not till this Mourner dim
Be ready to depart with him.
I pray thee, Death! sweet sister Death!
Let Age come for my Dear-One's breath!"

"O, why direct the mission'd dove?
His hour is come, sweet sister Love!
Upbraid me not! I cannot err;
Being the fated minister
Of Fate, in whose most sovereign eye
Each human thing moves equally.
The common throng which thy displeasure
Loadeth, with such onerous measure,
Bear sparklets of that fire divine
So starlike in this Child of thine:
And he and they are nothing more
Than little glow-worms on a shore
On which the billows everlasting
Of Time their mighty wrecks are casting,

And on which o'erarched Space
Still looketh with eternal face.
Sister! thy spirit magnifies ;
And to thee two cherish'd eyes
Do seem as glorious as the skies,
And dower'd with as great destinies :
But 'tis not so. Be meek and dumb !
I tell thee that his hour is come :
And as for Sorrowers, what are they
But dust beneath my trampling way ?
And, say, if Song were aught to me,
Thinkst thou that I, whose strong decree
Swept Homer from Ionian air
When his allotted years were run,
And Dante from Italia's sun
When all his griefs accomplish'd were ;
Down-looking Chaucer from his theme,
And Spenser from his Faery dream,
And Shakspeare from his own great world,
And Milton from his starr'd-throne, hurl'd,
Ere their fames were half-unfurl'd :
I, who in later days have driven
Sweet Bards in earliest youth to heaven—
Shelley and Keats ; and crash'd the bridge
That bore the life of Coleridge

Over my gulfs: that I, who still,
Upon his Thought's sublimest hill,
Tarry for Wordsworth—he who won
Renown from out Detraction's jaws;
Who wait for sweet-lipp'd Tennyson;
And prepare my shapeless cells
For the coming dust of Wells,
Whose genius sleeps for its applause:
Think'st thou that I, whose mission strong
Hath reach'd these mighty spirits of Song—
Or soon will reach—can pause for him?
Amid these suns a taper dim;
A mortal babe 'mid Seraphim!"

At this, Love wept a passion-dew,
And ghostly as her Sister grew;
And made a wreck of her bright hair,
Tress by tress, with sobs, unzoning—
As winds the golden sun-clouds tear,
With a melancholy moaning:
Till very Death felt pain for her,
And masqued thus as a comforter—
Alas for Love, when Death to her
Is last poor solace-minister!—

“O, be thou solaced, wailing Sister!
Of his Essence, charm'd resister
Of my subtlest poisons all!
That which in his deep brain wrought
All those glowing forms of thought
Which people his sweet Poesy,
Nothing know I: funeral
And the grave my knowledge bound;
And a trust in Destiny
May be thy firm assurance-ground
That 'twill not perish utterly.
But picture not his mortal clay
As a loathsome thing alway
Festering in my clammy cells:
Life will reclaim its particles,
One by one, and spread them wide
O'er the fresh earth glorified:
The green o' the grass, the blush o' the flower,
Shall draw from them their lustrous grace
And thrilling sun and kindly shower
Visit their calm biding-place;
And odors from their beauty freed
Shall the bland airs of springtime feed;
And evening and morning-dew
The sweetness where they dwell imbue:

The butterflies their gladness sunny,
And burnish'd bees their luscious honey,
Shall suck from them ; and vernal singing,
From ecstatic bird-life springing,
For ever be around them ringing ;
And, in perpetual rebirth,
Still shall they smile a light on earth !
And if all this not comfort thee,
Bethink thee that his Memory
Shall not droop its soaring pinion,
For ages, to my black dominion ;
And, haply, not till my vast robe
Wrap this total under-globe,
And all its breath and stir and thought
Refold into primeval Naught !”

“ His Memory ! his Memory !”
Cried starting Love, far echoingly :
“ It shall not die, it cannot die—
His song-embalmed Memory !
His throbbing Verse, his burning Verse,
Shall breathe it through the Universe
With a ceaseless spirit-pant,
Love's divine arch-ministrant !
It shall speak in all sweet things ;

And with it I will load my wings,
And waft it thorough skies and waters,
And over earth's green hills and plains,
And through her caverns, rocks and woods,
And her most desert solitudes ;
And into human hearts and brains,
And the blood of human veins !
And even these, my wailing daughters,
Shall hear its music deep and holy,
And list away their melancholy !
It shall bloom in every flower,
And mantle green o'er ancient trees ;
The rainbow-winged insectries,
And birds and rills, shall sound its power ;
And the mighty bass of seas,
And the wind's wild harmonies !
It shall float in every cloud ;
And thunder in the tempest loud,
And glitter in the tempest-light ;
And it shall look from heaven, through
The unfathom'd depths of ether blue !
And the Sun—artificer
Of that pomp magnificent
Of golden-vapor'd mansionry
In which are far involved and blent,

With complication infinite,
Structures piled and broad and high,
That seem, to the used eye of man,
Sky-cities metropolitan—
Shall be to Space a minister
Of its glories, burningly!
And the ever-fainting Moon
Shall smile it from her silver swoon;
And in every circling Planet
Shall the eye of Passion scan it;
The Constellations, radiantly,
And the belting Galaxy,
Shall arch it, with a splendid grace
O'er the awful brow of Space!—
His Memory! His Memory!
Fed by his Song eternally:
His Song, which shall a music be
Amid the Earth's grand vocalings
As round the golden Sun she swings,
With solemn-sounding melodies,
And harmonious chorusings
Of earthquake, thunder, winds and seas,
And voices of all living things!"

THE END.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

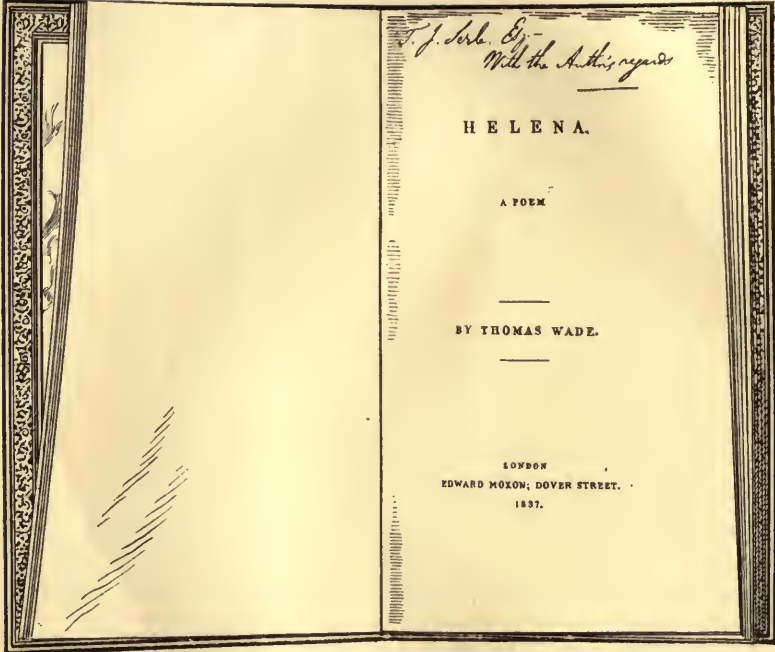
THE name of Wells illustrates this Lyric. That it should be needful here to state, that Mr. Wells is the author of a great Poem, in the dramatic form, entitled "Joseph and his Brethren," and published many years since, is a disgrace to our best and leading Reviewers, whose most holy duty it should be to dispel the clouds which veil genius from the public eye: "bis dat qui citò dat;" but these gentlemen ever tarry till the force of its own fire has done the work; and then they sedulously hasten, one and all, to assure the world that a new glory is burning in the heaven of Mind!

Of the noble Poem of Mr. Wells, one personally but a stranger to him can say, with a fervid conviction of the truth of his assertion, that, to go from the "Paradise Lost," the "Samson Agonistes," the "Antony and Cleopatra," to the finer—and they not few—passages and scenes of "Joseph and his Brethren," is but to sail in spirit down one and the same stream of sublime, subtle, and unsurpassed Poetry.

HELENA.

BY

THOMAS WADE.



Wade's *Helena*.

From a copy of the rare original in the Library of Mr. Buxton Forman.

HELENA.¹

I.

To Love inhaled with self-plenitude,
Is no without-door world. For Helena—
Tho' shining is the moon in her calm mood,
And the stream plaining, fretful runaway!
And nightingales are singing in the wood—
No nightingales are glad, no stream is pining,
And no calm moon is in the concave shining!

II.

For she is in her bower with Agathon ;
And in his face she sees her universe,

¹ The subject of this poem was suggested to its author by a tale narrated to him by a poetry-adoring friend of his, to whom he had been reading Keats' divinely beautiful version of the pathetic *novella* of Boccaccio—"Isabella ; or, The Pot of Basil." The principal incident of the one story will be found to bear much "unlike likeness" to that of the other. This somewhat immaterial circumstance is here intimated, merely that the author's "anticipation" may forestall the critic's "discovery."

And hears it in his voice, whose every tone
Into her spirit's depths did keenly pierce ;
And in his passion, as within a zone,
All her fair world of woman's beauty lay—
Soft, dim and swooning as the Starry-Way.

III.

At the top step of bliss we nearest are
To the first downward ledge of misery ;
And thus with Helena the truth did fare :
In all her senses bow'd them passively
To the great love to which they servile were ;
And touch, sight, hearing, were therewith imbued,
And all-absorb'd in its infinitude.

IV.

A sense of love was all with Helena :
A sense of beauty ruled in Agathon,
And of a power o'er beauty : to allay
His intense love of loveliness, he won
Sweet souls to love him—in the selfsame way
As he would gather buds and blushing flowers,
And fondle them to death in silent hours.

V.

But when dull clouds of circumstance between
Him and the heart he brighten'd luring came,
He staid not for the darkness of the scene,
In which he shared not ; but the lambent flame
Of his incessant radiance o'er serene
And happier creatures, in its wandering, fell ;
And still his thought made heavens to veil its hell.

VI.

He glozed o'er fact with fancy's imagery ;
And tho' all hapless things for him were dead,
They still were deathless in his memory ;
And still the passion of his musing fed,
Which prey'd upon their light incessantly ;
And made a Paradise of shadows brave,
Whose substances were sorrowing to their grave.

VII.

Ah ! this was very sad for Helena ;
For heavenly Helena all sad and drear !
After that night, there came a slow dismay
Over her soul, till madness sprang from fear ;
And reckless Agathon was far away
From the green hovel in a lonely lane,
Where woke she from her raving trance of pain.

VIII.

Beside her bed there watch'd a wrinkled dame,
With careful eye and hand the lady tending ;
And ever sedulously went and came,
A loving-kindness with quick duty blending.—
Why o'er her paleness flits a hue of flame ?
Why turn her eyes from vacant wandering,
To looks that seem to seek some precious thing ?

IX.

Poor Helena comes back to consciousness.
"Thou long wert with me," said she, "hidden creature !
"And my love reach'd thee thro' my deep distress,
"With doting on thine unseen form and feature ;
"And in a dream of strange mysteriousness,
"Surely, I felt thee leave me ? saw thine eyes
"And tiny hands ? and heard thy feeble cries ?

X.

"Vacant I feel thy long-abiding place ;
"And yet, nor see nor hear thee ! Where, oh ! where,
"Vanish'd the beauty of thy little face—
"A cherub's, in the cloud of my despair ?
"Nurse ! bring my child to my intense embrace,
"For with this longing all my heart is shook !"—
There was no comfort in the matron's look.

XI.

“That cavalier,” responded she—with speech
Which seem’d to tremble at its own drear sound—
“Who brought thee hither, when the months did reach
“The limit of their nature-fixed bound,
“Return’d, with one attendant—I beseech
“Thy best of patience, lady!—and they bore,
“Whilst thou wert tranced, thy infant from my door.

XII.

“And—‘Tell her,’ said to me thy noble friend,
“‘That in good time this faithful servitor
“‘Will at her own good pleasure reattend
“‘Her safely homeward.’” “And he said no more?”
Cried Helena, with accents that did rend
The heart that utter’d and the ears that heard,
With all the human woe that fills a word!

XIII.

“No more; but with his kisses he did bring
“The glowing crimson to thy pallid cheek.”
Sweet Helena smiled sadly; murmuring,
Now, of false Agathon, with blamings meek
Of his forswearing and abandoning;
And now loud-calling, with great sorrow wild,
For restoration of her little child.

XIV.

No lover's kisses stay'd her bootless raving ;
No child was given to her stretching arms :
But soon the servitor came to her, craving
That she would heal her grief with comfort-balms,
Nor longer seek for things beyond her having ;
But straightway with him to her home return,
That her dear kindred there might cease to mourn.

XV.

And at length homeward did she weeping go ;
And found fresh wrinkles on her mother's cheek,
And greyer hairs upon her father's brow,
Grown of the sorrow which they did not speak ;
For but to kill would be upbraiding now :
And so they nothing blamed, and question'd naught ;
And ways to solace their dear daughter sought.

XVI.

Their dwelling with all pleasant things they fill'd
Which God's dear mercy hath for humankind :
Small birds in cages wide their joyance trill'd ;
But these she from their prison unconfined,
And gave a fatal freedom, that but kill'd :
Sweet lyres, wind-finger'd, in the casements play'd ;
But they her griefs with deeper grief o'erlaid :

XVII.

And painting was to her but ssembled woe ;
And song the pampering food of agony ;
And music but an echoing of the throe
Which trembled in her bosom torturingly :
Upon house-creatures would her hand bestow
No fond caress ; and friend nor servant ever
Might cheer her, with their best of heart-endeavour.

XVIII.

At length, a solace mild she found in flowers
That grow on herby banks and grassy meadows ;
And both her waking and her dreaming hours
She feasted with them and their vision'd shadows—
Transplanting them into her garden-bowers
In storied vases of clear porcelain ;
And near them let no haughty blooms remain.

XIX.

Gorgeous exotics, the art-fostered boast
Of those who joy in flower-menageries ;
Nor all the proud and statelier garden-host
Of lilies tall and globed peonies ;
Nor gaudy tulips, raised at florist's cost ;
Formal ranunculus, nor iris fine,
Drew from her fancy one regard divine.

XX.

But, daisies, primroses and violets ;
Cowslips, and bird's-eye-flowers—so heavenly blue,
The adoring eye their transient date forgets,
And sees undying love in their sweet hue—
Windflowers, light Zephyr's airy coronets ;
And all wild blooms that keep their own pure natures,
Free from the touch of meddling human creatures :

XXI.

Of these she unafflicted prisoners made,
Wrapt in their native mould, and moss, and grass,
And treasured them in many a garden-glade ;
And never did she by their beauty pass
Without a pause of tears, whose silence said—
“Such little flowers as these do sleep and wave
“Amid the dews upon my baby's grave?”

XXII.

Whence came the Rose-tree, in its costly vase,
Amid those creatures meek of banks and fields ?
There had it not even yesternight a place ;
But this fair morning to their eyes it yields
A vision of intense, but placid grace ;
All robed in bud and bloom, and light and dew—
As sunrise' self had beam'd it on the view !

XXIII.

And Helena stood gazing on its glory ;
Tranced as a soul that sees its own strange thought
Air-figured, with precision transitory ;
Till with her wonder grief grew inter-wrought,
And words slept in her eyes which spake her sorry
That her fond-tended flock of little flowers
Should underserve this pride of garden-bowers.

XXIV.

Resentfully she pluck'd it, bud and bloom ;
And made a shower, silent as love-looks, fall
Of its rich blossom-leaves ; that final doom
Seem'd close awaiting on its beauty all—
When Helena, with doubly-clouded gloom
Stirring its earth, lay startled finger on
A tablet, superwrit—"From Agathon.

XXV.

"I saw thy love's fruit, in its birth death-stricken,
"Was doom'd to darkness in its dawn of life ;
"And sought to spare thee all the forms that sicken
"The soul of grief, and all the vulgar strife
"That greets the evidence of pulse that quicken
"Too surely at the leap of blood to blood,
"And all the babble of the multitude.

XXVI.

“The bud that from the blooms of our sweet pleasure
“Derived its life, being dead, and seen of none,
“Thy maiden honour shall have no erasure :
“Men’s eyes, and not the cloud, make shade i’ the sun.
“O, still thy love for me, deep-hearted, treasure !
“And this assurance in thy soul receive—
“Thou in my thought a deathless thought dost live.

XXVII.

“I wander o’er the earth ; and common make
“All that to thee great faith had sanctified :
“Yet hoard this grace of flowers for my bad sake,
“And tend it as thy child with mother’s pride ;
“It to thy inmost bower of musing take ;
“Be with it ever whilst its roses bloom,
“And thou alone its time-dried stem entomb !”

XXVIII.

She read, and wept ; and wept, and read, and read ;
And with her tears the tree gleam’d dewily :
The delicate leaves which she had scattered
She, one by one, collected heedfully,
And made her bosom their sad funeral-bed ;
And wofully her trembling hand upbraided,
Whose ignorance their sacred source invaded.

XXIX.

What human hands had in the night convey'd
That Rose-tree to her garden's far recesses
Could no one tell: and so, her maidens made
Strange stories of it, as they wreathed their tresses
Where in dim light dull chamber-shadows play'd;
And made their own inventions their belief,
And superstitions of their lady's grief.

XXX.

Unnoted now of mourning Helena
The little flowers that love the grass and moss:
Upon her Rose-tree tendeth she alway;
And every moment deems eternal loss
In which she near it doth not weep and pray,
Or sit in dreamings of the awful past,
And of the lulling death that comes at last.

XXXI.

One night, she slumber'd on a couch star-lit,
Her Rose-tree breathing balm o'er her soft sleeping;
When slowly all its flowers grew interknit,
And clung together in a dewy weeping;
And mystic lights did thro' their blent leaves flit—
Like gemm'd rings twinkling thro' a silken glove,
Or stars thro' cloudlets on heaven's zone of love.

XXXII.

And then, like golden insects gently paining
A little bloom by feeding on its life,
A something seem'd to be their veins constraining,
And they to writhe with some disturbing strife ;
And from their crowd arose a balmy plaining—
As sweet as from May-flowers come southern gales,
And dulcet as the notes of nightingales.

XXXIII.

Till, from the midst, the heart of all those roses,
A little child looks forth seraphical ;
And its joy-throbbing limbs warm interposes
Among the Rose-tree's tiny branches all :
Its pretty hand the clustering green uncloses,
And blush-like leaves, and emerald, o'er her eyes
Scatters, with chuckled infant-ecstasies.

XXXIV.

She knew it was the never-clasped creature
Which long and painfully her frame embower'd ;
For such the radiant smile, and such the feature,
That oft thro' all her waking visions shower'd
Intense conviction to her craving nature ;
And up she sprang to kiss its face endear'd—
It vanish'd playfully ; and reappear'd ;

XXXV.

And said, with voice more faintly audible
Than wave of bird-wing thro' the dim twilight—
“When we shall meet again, I may not tell ;
“But when a death-air doth the Rose-tree blight
“Thy babe to thee shall be perceptible ;
“But not as now—and pray, sweet mother ! pray,
“Against the woe to follow that decay.”

XXXVI.

Again she leap'd to clasp its beaming form ;
Again it vanish'd, and return'd no more :
And then she started from her slumber warm,
And all her hair and all her garments tore,
In her despair ; and all her soul in storm
Was raging, with dread sense of that transition
To fact accursed from beatific vision.

XXXVII.

Is the sweet Rose-tree dying ? Every star
Of early sunlight wears the radiant veil,
And the glad flowers awake and dew-dropp'd are ;
But all its buds and blooms are drooping, pale,
And of a latent death oracular :
And Helena is calm'd from her despair
By the sad aspect of its glories fair.

XXXVIII.

“But when a death-air doth the Rose-tree blight
“Thy babe to thee shall be perceptible ;
“But not as now!” Those dream-words, at the sight
Of that blight-stricken plant, brain echoing fell
Upon her heart, with meanings infinite ;
Re-echoed in those words of Agathon,
That she should dig the fair tree’s grave alone.

XXXIX.

“Against the woe to follow that decay,
“Sweet mother! pray.” She wrung her piteous hands ;
And on her trembling knees to God did pray,
That he would loose from her the painful bands
Of life that kept her from her babe away ;
And then all tears she sank—like love-eyed flowers,
Wept to their heavy death by thunder-showers.

XL.

What was to come she knew not ; but, to come
Some fearful thing there was, she felt and knew.
Morn after morn, eve after eve, the doom
Of her adored Rose-tree nearer drew,
Which faded in green leaf, and bud, and bloom :
And oft she sat all thought, in love and fear,
How to avert the terror felt so near.

XLI.

“Companion sweet ! wherefrom, in blessed dreams,
“My little cherub ever shines on me,
“And the bright spirit of thy blossoms seems ;
“Mine only bliss of earth ! memorial-tree !
“Upon whose every leaf are love-writ themes
“Whose purity nor crimes nor wrongs deprave—
“O, do not die ! or, die upon my grave !”

XLII.

Poor blighted willow ! o'er the plaintive river
Of her profound woe fading, in whose depth
All precious things lay buried, thus she ever
For her fast-dying Rose-tree moan'd and wept ;
Until a gentle handmaid, with endeavour
Of dear heart-duty, said that needful space
For its quick growth had fail'd it in its vase :

XLIII.

And to her lady she a larger brought,
Figured with those sweet stories ancient
Which tell of youths and maidens passion-fraught
Changed into flowers of sweetness eminent,
With the fine skill of poet-sculptor wrought ;
And with the Rose-tree, and the vases twain,
Sat Helena ; and would alone remain.

XLIV.

As if a midnight deed of death were plann'd
(So weigh'd her task on her instinctive heart !)
She first extinguish'd, with a creeping hand,
The tapers that robb'd darkness of its part ;
Save one which in a dim recess did stand :
And then all stealthily did haste to clamber
From forth the bower'd casement of her chamber.

XLV.

Of winding paths the foliage she divided ;
Startling small birds from their light slumberings,
And little moths, which from the green leaves glided,
With sembled music on their pearly wings
And letter'd gold : a glade in which she prided
Herself with her wild flowers, she now did tread,
And saw them in the lurid moonlight dead ;

XLVI.

Nor paused to sigh or weep ; but, all intent
On preservation of her Rose-tree's life,
Into a honeysuckle-bower she went,
And took therefrom a curved garden-knife
And a pearl-hafted delving instrument :
These in the foldings of her robe she buried,
And back into her lonely chamber hurried.

XLVII.

Far night it was—and all the household slept :
Only, the watch-dogs bay'd the fitting moon,
Deform'd and white, by fast clouds overswept ;
The bats were sporting in their dismal noon ;
Low, sullen winds thro' all the dark leaves crept ;
The frogs were croaking from a stagnant moat,
Fitfully echoed from the nighthawk's throat.

XLVIII.

The portals all she barr'd ; and by the gloom
Of moon and taper, which the clouds and wind
Made intermit with darkness thro' the room,
The mould around the vase she 'gan unbind,
To free her Rose-tree from that narrow tomb ;
And dug beneath its roots with tenderest care,
And gently raised the black mass to the air.

XLIX.

By one strong fibre a strange something swung
That with its load made shake her feverish hand,
And the dread vision-words like thunder rung
Thro' all her beating soul : still she did stand
As a white gravestone churchyard-yews among :
The wind blew out the taper, and the clouds
Choked the dim-gasping moon in tempest-shrouds.

L.

Terror! what show'd the grey dawn's coming bland?
A woman, with ope mouth and glaring eyes,
Maniacally laughing: in one hand
Holding a Rose-tree towards the placid skies,
As to spell-bind them with that awful wand;
And with the other on her dead-child's face—
A clod among the root-clods at its base!

LI.

O, misery! O, utter misery!
Sorrow, the bitter blood of love's full heart
Kills, kills, quite kills! O, dismal agony!
That all which passion doth to life impart
Can end in desolation, mournfully;
In beauty wreck'd, and reason all astray,
And dotage on a piece of livid clay!

LII.

Alas, for the poor wits of Helena!
Even as a quivering cloud they long had fared
Which doth insensibly in heaven decay,
Unnotedly by subtle airs impair'd;
And now a tempest-gale had swept that way,
Impelling it, with fierce and thunderous wings,
To wild and fragmentary wanderings.

LIII.

Now did she weep ; and now chant long and cheerily,
As to the morning joy's inebriate bird ;
Now hollowly laugh loud ; and then most drearily
Moan with a vacant gazing, without word ;
Then dance, with swingings bacchanal ; till wearily
She sank into a brief-enduring trance—
With madness lined upon her countenance !

LIV.

At soft alarums at her chamber-door,
She started to her feet ; and in its vase
The terror-veiling Rose-tree placed once more ;
And to her garden-grotto hied apace,
And set it on its cool-recessed floor ;
And gave strange mandates to her people all
For celebration of its funeral.

LV.

They saw that she was mad ; and all she did
And all she said, to that dire cause assign'd ;
And all that she fantastically bid
Obey'd, still soothing thus her raging mind :
And she the secret in her grotto hid
Continually fondled, day and night,
And shut it with her Rose-tree from all sight.

LVI.

She freed it tenderly from root and mould
Of the now wither'd thing to which it cleaved ;
And in her grotto-fountain clear and cold
Its earth-defiled body gently laved ;
And each small tangled hair she did unfold,
And perfumed oils to each administer ;
And steep'd its little limbs in lavender.

LVII.

And then, enwrapp'd in a purpleal vest,
She laid it on her soft lap lovingly,
And over all its face her lips imprest ;
And sang to it a low-voiced lullaby,
And fondled it to her blue-veined breast ;
And never mother o'er her health-rosed child
With more impassion'd mother-fondness smiled.

LVIII.

A gurgle from the still fount of her heart
Rose to the loud air of her storm-torn mind,
As thus her madness played its reason-part,
And sigh'd sweet peace about her. O, to find
A fond dream realized, love so doth start
Into fulfilment, that the grave's due bones
With life's aureorean beauty it enzones !

LIX.

“Dead is my sweet babe, and must buried be ;
“We may not keep the dust we love, for ever :
“Go with thee graveward shall thine own Rose-tree,
“And I, dear baby ! will forsake thee never ;
“But soon beneath the sod will come, to see
“How spring the fresh flowers from thy pillow drear .
“We three will have one rest, my baby dear !”

LX.

Thus murmur'd Helena, as she enwreathed
The tiny clay with all the balmiest flowers
That ceaseless fragrance thro' her garden breathed
In procreant greeting to their paramours,
And with her Rose-tree's ruins all-o'erdeath'd ;
And slowly swathed it in a shroud of white,
O'ergarlanded with pearls, of circling light.

LXI.

The precious relic in the vase she laid,
And with its former mould recover'd it :
The vase with ivy green she did embraid,
With eglantine and woodbine interknit ;
And a gold-broider'd silken cloth she made,
To bind in sumptuous foldings over all ;
And closed it in an ivory coffin small.

LXII.

No learned music ; soul-impenetrating,
Supreme in the authority of sounds,
Death-ceremonies with great pomp enstating ;
Was heard in Helena's lone garden-grounds,
As all her servants stood her will awaiting
Around the little grave prepared there
For sad interment of her Rose-tree fair :

LXIII.

But, as she lower'd it to its burial,
And as the hiding earth around it fell,
She moan'd a low dirge o'er its funeral—
"Sweet death-in-life, and life-in-death, farewell!"
She said, with hollow voice—"within the pall
"Of my involving heart I fold thee still,
"And it shall warm thee in thy slumbers chill !

LXIV.

"Ha ! ha ! there nothing is 'twixt life and death ;
"For I have seen thine eyes of heaven-hue,
"And felt upon my cheek thy violet breath,
"And kiss'd upon thy cheek the rose's dew ;
"And so, where now thy beauty slumbereth,
"Wilt thou in my blown Rose-tree reappear :
"We three will have one waking, baby dear !"

LXV.

They cannot laugh, those vacant servitors,
Altho' they deem it all mad mockery ;
But each, in fear, the mournful scene deplores,
And muses on the hour when he must die ;
And sees the picture which he most abhors—
Himself encoffin'd, and to darkness thrust,
And worms the sole life in his livid dust.

LXVI.

Mad, mad, to her last hour, was Helena !
Of naught but rose-trees was her eager care :
With anxious eye she watch'd for their decay,
And their most living grace was her despair :
Vase after vase she broke ; and sobb'd dismay
And agony of heart, to there behold
Nothing but matted roots and clotted mould.

LXVII.

And where her Rose-tree had its garden-grave,
The icy winds upon her bare frame beating,
They found her, shatter'd as a breaking wave,
One winter-midnight ; of the ground entreating
With piteous cries, some instant boon to have
And clutching with her nails the frozen sod,
And praying for her buried babe to God !

LXVIII.

They bore her to her chamber ; and there grew
 Over poor Helena, before she died,
 A faintest consciousness : but all she knew,
 Was of her Rose-tree and its stricken pride ;
 And when another in her pining view
 Was placed, with hope to comfort, she but smiled
 At the kind cheat, and would not be beguiled.

LXIX.

“ Let me be buried with my Rose-tree sweet ;
 “ For then I may have dreams to light the grave ! ”
 Thus, in that gleam of sense, did she entreat ;
 And then anew of fearful things did rave,
 Until her throbbing heart-pulse ceased to beat :
 Her prayer with those who heard was sanctified ;
 And she was buried by her baby’s side.

LXX.

And, what of Agathon ? What of a cloud
 Of sun and mist, that pauseth o’er the hills ?
 What, of a lark which ether-beams enshroud ?
 What, of a rose whose balm the soft air fills ?
 A zephyr by whose breath frail flowers are bow’d ?
 What, of a hue ? a tone ? a look ?—a thought,
 Which even the pensive thinker fixeth not ?

THE END.

THE
LANDOR-BLESSINGTON PAPERS.

THE LANDOR-BLESSINGTON PAPERS.

OF Walter Savage Landor, born in 1775 and deceased in 1864, and of Margaret Countess of Blessington, born in 1790 and deceased in 1849, so much that is easily accessible has been written, that the following documents do not need any large introduction of a biographical kind. Their chief constituent is a literal transcript from a voluminous bundle of papers in the autograph of Landor. On some of these, or on duplicates or transcripts of them, biographers have already drawn; and much of the verse embodied in these manuscripts has been collected into Landor's Poetical Works. The epistolary portion fills up *lacunæ* in the already large section devoted to Landor in *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*,¹ in which, by the by, one of the shorter letters was printed entire. For the rest, Landor's views on the use of words, on spelling, and so forth, were so individual, and his difficulties in getting friends and printers to follow them so great, that, apart from larger variations of text occurring in those pieces which have appeared before, it is well worth while to give the papers literally from the holographs.

Lady Blessington's account of her first meeting with

¹ By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. Three volumes. Newby, 1855.

Landor is from that diary which she ultimately published under the title of *The Idler in Italy*;¹ and Landor's account of his first acquaintance with her was addressed to the Editor of *The Athenæum*.

Of the paper numbered III in the present series it is necessary to say that it is the complement of passages in Forster's *Walter Savage Landor, a Biography*,² and the *Literary Life and Correspondence* of the Countess. In both those works there is much about the adventures of that delightful book the *Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare*,³ of which the manuscript was entrusted to Nathaniel Parker Willis to carry from Florence to London and deliver to Lady Blessington. Landor first wrote to her about it on the 8th of April 1834: he thought it would sell; and he was desirous to hurry it out and give the proceeds to a distressed old schoolfellow; but Lady Blessington could not get him any money for it! The Essex and Spenser conversation at the end of the volume was an after-thought; and its due appearance in the same book as the *Citation and Examination* was a matter of much anxiety to him. As to Lady Blessington's efficiency in revising the press, he does not appear to have been so much exercised *beforehand*; but, when he got the book early in 1835, he was greatly put out at finding it very incorrectly printed. The language which he used to Southey about it might be characterized as "painful" and "free," if not "frequent"; but it was by no means un-

¹ Two volumes, Colburn, 1839.

² Two volumes, Chapman and Hall, 1869.

³ Saunders and Otley, 1834.

measured for the occasion, the errors of the press being in truth numerous and abominable. Fortunately, however, he had the opportunity of correcting the text in his lifetime; and we are not left with a corrupt version of this admirable masterpiece.

For the greater part of the papers no further comment is necessary than can be conveniently supplied in foot-notes. That Landor should have made his fair correspondent so many presents in verse and prose—and these are but a tithe of what he gave her—with freedom to print them in her annuals, confers now on the volumes of *The Book of Beauty* and *The Keepsake* perhaps their best title to be “collected” or preserved. It says but little for the taste of the public that, while her ladyship’s literary earnings are variously estimated at £1,000 and £2,500 a year, she could not get the *Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare* printed except at Landor’s cost, and could not, apparently, make use of anything like the mass of verse and prose which he was willing to give her as padding for her *Books of Beauty!*

I. BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE, WRITTEN BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR FOR MARGARET COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Walter Landor, of Ipsley Court, in the county of Warwick, married first, Maria, only daughter and heiress of J. Wright, Esq., by whom he had an only daughter, married to her cousin, Humphrey Arden, Esq., of

Longcroft, in Staffordshire ; secondly Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Savage, of Tachebrooke, who brought about eighty thousand pounds into the family. The eldest child of this marriage, Walter Savage Landor, was born January 30th, 1775. He was educated at Rugby ; his private tutor was Dr. John Sleath, afterwards master of St. Paul's School. When he had reached the head of the school, he was too young for college, and was placed under the private tuition of Mr. Langley, of Ashbourne. After a year, he was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where the learned Benwell was his private tutor. At the peace of Amiens he went to France, but returned at the end of the year.

In 1808, on the first insurrection of Spain, in June, he joined the Viceroy of Gallicia, Blake. The Madrid Gazette of August mentions a gift from him of twenty thousand reals. On the extinction of the Constitution, he returned to Don P. Cavallos the tokens of royal approbation in no measured terms. In 1811, he married Julia, daughter of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, Baron de Nieuveville, first gentleman of the bed-chamber to Charles the Eighth. He was residing at Tours, when after the battle of Waterloo, many other Englishmen to the number of four thousand went away. He wrote to Carnot that he had no confidence in the moderation or honour of the Emperor, but resolved to stay because he considered the danger to be greater in the midst of a broken army. A week afterwards, when this man occupied Tours, his house was the only one without a billet. In the autumn of that year he retired to Italy. For seven or eight years

he occupied the Palazzo Medici in Florence, and then bought the celebrated villa of Count Gherardesca, at Fiesole, with its gardens, and two farms, immediately under the ancient Villa of Lorenzo de Medici. His visits to England have been few and short.

II. EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF MARGARET COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

[June 1827.] Made the acquaintance of Walter Savage Landor, ten days ago,¹ and have seen him nearly every day since. There are some people, and he is of those, whom one cannot designate as "Mr." I should as soon think of adding the word to his name, as in talking of some of the great writers of old, to prefix it to theirs. Of Walter Savage Landor's genius, his "Imaginary Conversations" had, previously to our meeting, left me in no doubt: of the elevation of his mind, the nobleness of his thoughts, and the manly tenderness which is a peculiar attribute of superior men, and strongly characterises him, I had learned to form a just estimate; but the high breeding and urbanity of his manners, which are very striking, I had not been taught to expect; for those who spoke of him to me, although sincere admirers of his, had not named them. His avoidance of general society, though courted to enter it, his dignified reserve, when

¹ From when the ten days are to be counted, the diary does not divulge. Although it was begun in a business-like way on the 25th of August 1822, and dated from day to day, the headings in the 1827 portion are but the names of the months, no indication being given on what day the writing was done.

brought in contact with those he disapproves ; and his fearless courage in following the dictates of a lofty mind, had somehow or other given the erroneous impression, that his manners were, if not somewhat abrupt, at least singular. This is not the case, or if it be, the only singularity I can discern, is a more than ordinary politeness towards women—a singularity that I heartily wish was one no longer. The politeness of Landor has nothing of the troublesome officiousness of a *petit-mâitre*, nor the oppressive ceremoniousness of a fine gentleman of *l'ancien régime* ; it is grave and respectful, without his ever losing sight of what is due to himself, when most assiduously practising the urbanity due to others. There is a natural dignity which appertains to him, that suits perfectly with the style of his conversation and his general appearance. His head is one of the most intellectual ones imaginable, and would serve as a good illustration in support of the theories of Phrenologists. The forehead broad and prominent ; the mental organs largely developed ; the eyes quick and intelligent, and the mouth full of benevolence. The first glance at Landor satisfies one that he can be no ordinary person ; and his remarks convince one of the originality of his mind, and the deep stores of erudition treasured in it. It is not often that a man so profoundly erudite as Landor, preserves this racy originality, which,—as the skins, employed in Spain to contain wines, impart a certain flavour to all that passes through them,—gives a colour to all that he has acquired. He reads of the ancients, thinks, lives with, and dreams of them ; has imbued his thoughts with their lofty aspirations,

and noble contempt of what is unworthy ; and yet retains the peculiarities that distinguish him from them, as well as from the common herd of men. These peculiarities consist in a fearless and uncompromising expression of his thoughts, incompatible with a mundane policy ; the practice of a profuse generosity towards the unfortunate ; a simplicity in his own mode of life, in which the indulgence of selfish gratifications is rigidly excluded ; and a sternness of mind, and a tenderness of heart, that would lead him to brave a tyrant on his throne, or to soothe a wailing infant with a woman's softness. These are the characteristics of Walter Savage Landor ; who may justly be considered one of the most admirable writers of his day, as well as one of the most remarkable and original men.

* * * * *

[August 1827.] The evenings are passed in enjoying the delicious freshness of the Cascina, or in driving in the pleasant environs ; until the shades of night send us home to enjoy iced tea and sorbetto in our charming pavilion overlooking the Arno, where a few friends assemble every evening. Walter Savage Landor seldom misses his accustomed visit, and his real conversations are quite as delightful as his imaginary ones. In listening to the elevated sentiments and fine observations of this eloquent man, the mind is carried back to other times : and one could fancy oneself attending to the converse of a philosopher of antiquity, instead of that of an individual of the nineteenth century ; though, to be sure, one of the most remarkable persons of this, or any age.

III. QUARTO SHEET, VERSE AND PROSE, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *Right Honble. The Countess of Blessington, Seamore Place, London*, SENT FROM ITALY, UNDATED, BUT POST-MARKED *July 12, 1834*.

ON A TOMB ERECTED IN THE CHURCHYARD OF LLANBEDR IN DENBYSHIRE, BY JOSEPH ABLETT ESQ. FOR HIMSELF AND FAMILY.

O parent Earth ! in thy retreats
My heart with holier fervor beats,
And fearlessly, thou knowest well,
Contemplates the sepulchral cell :
Guard, parent Earth, these trees, these flowers,
These refuges from wintry hours,
Where every plant from every clime
Renews with joy its native prime
Long may the fane o'er this lone sod
Lift its meek head towards its God,
And gather round the tomes of truth
Its bending elds and blooming youth,
And long too may the linden wave
O'er timely and untimely grave ;
But, if the virtuous be thy pride,
Keep this one tomb unoccupied !

TO A DRAGON FLY.

Life, priest and poet say, is but a dream . .

I wish no happier one than to be laid
Under some cool syringas scented shade,
Or wavy willow by the running stream
Brimful of moral, where the dragon fly
Wanders as careless and content as I.

Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of lofty crest and purple wing,
Who with indifference givest up
The waterlily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read this line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine ;
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river !
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing !

These verses were returned to me at my request, and I am sorry they did not come in time to be sent last week. I keep no copies of the trifles I have written. I

Reverence the early, love the later bard,
 Nor think it very faulty that he live :
 The dead have left you richly, but tis hard
 If those who *leave* be prized o'er those who *give*.
 Shall none but marble heads our crowns receive ?

Ye all are thoughtful ; yet, some vacant hour
 Of Youth divinest Idleness requires ;
 She woocs the quiet Spirit to her bower,
 The restless blinks before her embery fires,
 And close behind creep petulant desires.

Dear boys &c.

To be added to the Title-page of the Examination &c.

To which is added

A Conference of Master Edmund Spenser, a gentleman
 of note,

with the Earle of Essex,

touching the state of Ireland Anno Dom : 1598.¹

PREFACE

To the same worthy man who preserved the *Examination of Shakspeare* we are indebted for what he entitles, on the

¹ The addition was duly made to the title-page of the *Citation and Examination*, save that "1598" was misprinted "1595." The Preface was also inserted between the *Citation* and the *Essex and Spenser*.

cover, *A Conference of Master Edmund Spenser &c with the Earle of Essex.*

It must be confessed that this Conference throws little light upon the Great Rebellion of Ireland. Nevertheless there are some curious minds, which perhaps may take an interest in the conversation of two illustrious men, one distinguished by his genius, the other by the favour of his sovereign. The Editor, it will be perceived, is but little practised in the ways of literature, much less is he gifted by that prophetick spirit which can anticipate the judgement of the Publick. It may be that he is too idle or too apathetick to think anxiously or much about the matter. And yet he has been amused, in his earlier days, at watching the first appearance of such few books as he believed to be the production of some powerful intellect. He has seen people slowly rise up to them, like carp in a pond when food is thrown among them ; some of which carp snatch suddenly at a morsel, and swallow it ; others touch it gently with their barbs, pass deliberately by, and leave it ; others wriggle and rub against it more disdainfully ; others in sober truth knòw not what to make of it, swim round and round it, eye it on the sunny side, eye it on the shady, approach it, question it, shoulder it, flap it with the tail, turn it over, look askance at it, take a pea-shell or a worm instead of it, and plunge again their contented heads into the comfortable mud. After some seasons the same food will suit their stomachs better.

The Editor has seen all this, and been an actor in it, whether at Chantilly or Fontainbleau is indifferent to the reader ; and it has occurred to him that Shaks-

"You are prudent in never having undertaken what
"nearly all our poets have done, to describe a girl dying
"for love. It would puzzle you to say any thing new upon it;
" "I shall not try."

The promise was broken the next morning.

The Mother's Tale.

I never knew but one who died for love,

Among the maidens glorified in heaven
For this most pure most patient martyrdom,

And most courageous; if courageous he *
Who grasped and held the Persian bow, until

(Wielded by desperate fear) the symmetar
Gleamed on the sea, and it ran red below that
From the hand sword and the arrow that ~~that~~
Threaten'd, ere brave men drew aside the bow.

If this be courage (and was man's ever more?)
Sublimed, holier, doth God's breath inspire

Into the tender breast and fairer form,
Erect when Fortune and when Fate oppose,

Erect when Hope its only help, is gone,

Not yielding till Death's friendly voice says, yield.

peare and Spenser were thrown among such carp, and began to be relished (the worst of course first) after many years. He is certain that these two publications can interest only the antiquary and biographer; enough, if even such find their account in them.

The Printer will please to alter the name Sylvanus (near the end) for Edmund.¹

IV. TWO QUARTO SHEETS, VERSE AND PROSE, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *Right Honble. The Countess of Blessington, Seamore Place, London*, NEITHER DATED NOR POST-MARKED, BUT PRESUMABLY WRITTEN IN *March 1835*.

“You are prudent in never having undertaken, what nearly all our poets have done, to describe a girl dying for love. It would puzzle you to say anything new upon it.”
“I shall not try.”

The promise was broken the next morning.

THE MOTHER'S TALE.

I never knew but one who died for love,
Among the maidens glorified in heaven
For this most pure most patient martyrdom,

This direction may refer to page 268 or page 269 of the original edition, on each of which, as printed in 1834, the name Edmund occurs and may possibly have been substituted for Sylvanus.

And most courageous ; if courageous he ¹
 Who graspt and held the Persian prow, until
 (Wielded by desperate fear) the scymetar
 Gleam'd on the sea, and it ran red below
 From the hand severd and the arm that yet
 Threaten'd, ere brave men drew aside the brave.
 If this be courage (and was man's e'er more ?)
 Sublimer, holier, doth God's breath inspire
 Into the tenderer breast and frailer form,
 Erect when Fortune and when Fate oppose,
 Erect when Hope, its only help, is gone,
 Nor yielding till Death's friendlier voice says, *yield !*

I must away, great warrior, greater bard !
 From thee and Greece ; away, to milder scenes
 Not milder sufferings.

In my ear was pour'd
 The piteous story from the mother's lips,
 Who laid her hand on mine, and oftentimes
 With idle finger moved my pliant veins
 And lookt on them, nor knew on what she lookt,
 The while her tale went on ; for she had found
 One who hath never dared to stir from grief,
 Or interrupt its utterance in its hour,

¹ Eschylus.

Or blusht, where child was lost, to be a child.
Abruptly she began, abruptly closed.

“ He was an Ensign, and, whatever woes
He brought on me and mine, a good young man
Modest in speech and manners, fond of books,
Such as we find in all these little towns,
And ready to be led aside by love
To any covert with a castle near,
Or cottage on the riverside or moor,
No matter which :—the comfortable house
And street, with shops along it, scare off love.
I am grown bitter, I do fear me, Sir,
In talking thus, but I have lost my child
By these wild fancies of a wayward world,
Different from what contented us erewhile.
William (he told me I must call him so,
And christian names methinks not ill beseem
The christian, and bring kindness at the sound)
William dwelt here, above ; nor long before
I could perceive that Lucy went away
When he came in to speak to me, and tried
To see as little of him as she might.
I askt had he offended her ; she said
He was incapable of doing wrong.

I blamed her for her rudeness ; she replied
She was not rude ; and yet those very words
Were nearer rudeness than she ever spake
Until that hour.

Month after month flew by,
And both seem'd lonely, tho they never lived
More than few steps asunder ; I do think
She fled from love, and he strove hard with it,
But neither ownd they did : he often came
To tell me something, and lookt round the room,
And fixt his eyes on the one vacant chair
Before the table, and the work unroll'd.
At last he found her quite alone, and then
Avowd the tenderest and the purest love,
Askt her consent only to speak with me
And press his suit thereafter.

She declared
She never could . . and tears flowd plenteously.
I enterd ; nor did she, as many do,
Hide her face from me, or abase it more,
Neither did he, but told what he had said
And she had answered : I reproved her much
For ignorance of duty, and neglect
Of such an honour.

Then he took my hand,
And swore no earthly views should ever turn
His eyes from that adored one.

“May I hope,
Sweet Lucy? may I pause from my despair
I should say rather? . . . even that were bliss.
Speak! is that bliss forbidden?” She replied,
“You think me worthy of great happiness,
But Fortune has not thought so: I am poor,
And you are (or you will be) rich; tis thus
All marriages should be; but marriages
Alone are suitable that suit with pride,
With prejudice, with avarice . . . enough
If dead men’s bones have hallowed them, if wax
From twenty hives some hundred summers past,
And seals ere lion bore a lion’s form
Or lily had grown up to lilihood,
Hang from crisp parchments over them, and stand
Their sponsors, and besprinkle them with dust,
Or herald prime and furbish them anew.
They must please all in two whole families,
Excepting those who marry. We are both
Alike God’s creatures, but the World claims one,
The other is rejected of the World.

Hated I well could be for loving you,
For loving me you must not be despised."

"Lucy then loves me!" cried the youth, "She loves
me!"

And prest her to his heart, and seizd her hand,
"And ever will I hold it, till her lips
In whose one breath is all my life contain'd
Say *It is thine.*"

Ah! twere but time ill-spent
To follow them thro love; twere walking o'er
A meadow in the spring, where, every step,
The grass and beauteous flowers are all the same,
And ever were and ever will be so.
But now the season was at hand, when rush
Into salt water all whom smoky town
Had hardened in the skin, whom cards and dice
Had cramp't, whom luxury unstrung, whom dance
Thro starlight into sunshine, and whom routs
(Not always do we call things by their names
So aptly) swoln with irksomeness and spite,
Vomited forth: here meet they all again,
Glum and askance, the closer the less neighbours;
And those who late were chatty, now are seen
Primly apart, like hop-poles without hops,

Lank, listless, helpless, useless, and unlovely.
Here many would lay out their happiness,
And many be content to waste another's :
Of these was one whose name shall rest untold,
Young is he, and (God aiding) may be better.
With a bright ribband and a horse upon it
Full-gallop . . first of orders I surmise . .
He must have done rare service to his king
Before he wore a sabre or a beard
To win all this ; but won it all he had,
And wore it too as bravely. This young man
Was passing thro our town toward the coast,
Heedless and ignorant, as elder men
And sager may have been, what spirit moves
Upon those waters, that unpausing sea,
Which heaves with God's own image, ever pure,
And ministers in mightiness to Earth
Plenty and health and beauty and delight ;
Of all created things beneath the skies
The only one that mortal may not mar.

Here met he William, whom he knew at school
And shewd him his gay lady, and desired
That William would shew his. With gravity
Did William listen, and at last confess
Ties far more holy that should soon unite

With him a lowly maid. The captain heard
Deridingly his chapter of romance,
Such did he call it . .

“Introduce me, pray,
To the fair bride elect.”

“*When* bride” said he,
“And proudly then; yes, you and all my friends.”

So far I know, what followed I know not,
Only that William often spent the day
With these great folks: at first, when he returned
He was more fond than ever of my child:
Soon after, he came late into the house,
Then later; and one day, twas Saturday,
He said to me he should go home to ask
His father’s approbation of the match,
And hoped, and doubted not, his full consent.
Alas! I little knew that one who goes
For this consent has given up his own.
He went . . O Sir! he went . . my tale is told . .
He wrote to me . . but I have said it all . .
He wrote . . My Lucy caught the letter up
And kist it, redd it, dropt it on the floor,
Seized it again, again with eyes brim-full
Gaz’d, and again dropt it, despondingly.
O Sir! did I not say my tale is told!

Tw'as Sunday, and the bells had nearly done,
When Lucy called to me and urged my haste ;
I said I could not leave her ; for she lookt
Paler, and spoke more feebly : then I raved
Against the false one who had caused her death.
She caught my arm . .

“No, Lucy! no,” cried I,
“Not death : you yet are young, and may live on
With spirits, health, and beauty, all restored,
These many years.”

She smiled on me, and said,
“Hope it not, mother! lest one pang the more
Befall you ; wish me better things than life ;
But above all, sweet mother!” and she sighd,
“Think not I die for William and for love.
Many have gone before their twentieth year,
Mine is half over ; many, now in bliss,
Have learnt to read God’s will at earlier dawn,
And crost life’s threshold strewn with freshest flowers
Trippingly and alert, to meet a friend,
A father, who (they knew) awaited them.
Many have had short notice to quit home,
And, when they left it, left it unprepared :
I, mother, I have been two years in dying

And one day more: should ever *he* know this,
Twould comfort him, for he must think of me.
But am I not too proud for one so near" . . .
She would not say. . I shriekt and said it. . death!
She prest my hand, and her smile sank away.
She would console, I would not be consoled.
"O let me think then I shall die for him,
But say no more to pain me! let me love,
And love him, when I cannot, for my sake."

Slumber came over her; one faint sob broke it . .
And then came heavier slumber; naught broke that."

She pausd; I too sat silent: she resumed,
For Love and Sorrow drop not at the grave
The image of the cherisht one within.
Too confident upon her strength recalled,
She would have mounted into brighter days
For hours when youth was cool and all things calm,
Saying to me, with evener voice and mien,
"Lucy, when last you saw her, was a child."

"And is, if angel be, a child again"
Said I.

She claspt her hands above her head
And rusht away, leaving me all alone.
The chamberdoor stood open, and her brow
Had sunk into her pillow, but no rest

Was there ; she sought one at the darker side
Of the same bed, o'er which some oval thing
Shook gently, pendent from a silken chord.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

We must give up all idea of an Imaginary Conversation for your next volume. They are all lost, it seems. Those of Marvel and Parker, of Petrarc and Boccaccio, were among my best. But I have written more than enough. If I allow myself the folly of regretting, I should perhaps regret that many insertions, and many corrections, of those already published, are gone. My Johnson and Tooke would have formed a separate book, and highly necessary for the restoration of our language. We are getting worse and worse. I perceive that you yourself permit such a spelling as *wo*. Pray what do you call the extremity of the foot, if indeed it retains any English name at all? This is a question more decorously asked in writing than in person. Let me entreat of you to retain my orthography in the poem I send you, lest I should appear to countenance any violation any innovation, of our language. There never was, and never could be, such a word as *cherish'd*, as *clasp'd*, as *shriek'd*, as *cross'd*, as *dropp'd*, as *press'd*. And if you inserted the e, you had destroyed the verse. I would retain both *crossed* and *crost*, *dropped* and *dropt* &c. &c. But we ought to use in writing the words we use in speaking, and we should write them as we speak them, consistently with analogy. I write as Englishmen wrote

before literary men courted the vulgar, or gentlemen were the hirelings of booksellers; and I have not altered any word whatever; I have restored the rights of many. I have invented *two*: *subsidence*, which was wanted; and *lilihood*, in this poem, which will be admitted from its propriety and be untouched from its position. Aristophanes and Plautus invented many words: they were the greatest inventors of them in their respective nations; nevertheless they were considered the purest writers. It is only when dandies dare to stick in an artificial flower that the thing becomes absurd and ridiculous. Nothing can last that is written by fingers with a dozen rings upon them, because when men are absorbed by vanity, they have neither time nor vigour to enter into the hearts of others, and can touch only frills and gilt buttons. Well, I am ready to give up all my *wo's* to the literary fund; but, as my father was subject to the gout, I am afraid of cramping my *to's*, and, as the merciful man is merciful unto his beast, it goes against my conscience to curtail my horse-*sho's*. As for *fo's*, I don't mind 'em.

Yours, Dear Lady Blessington,

Very sincerely

W. S. L.

Your letter is this moment brought to me. Surely I must be the most negligent man in the world not to have given you my opinion of Grace Cassidy and the Friends. They are both written with great elegance, and show nothing like haste, excepting that vividness which springs from quickness of apprehension and the seizure of first

impressions. I admire the Friends even more than Grace.¹

The corrected Imaginary Conversations, and the unpublished volume, are irreparably lost. Mr. Willis's friend never consigned them to the person he mentions, who is extremely angry that this person (whoever he is—for Mr. Willis never gave me his name) should have said so. I am very happy to hear of Mr. Willis's new poems. He writes with great clearness and purity, and deserves all the success he has obtained.²

V. QUARTO SHEET, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *Right Honble. The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington,*
NOT DATED, BUT POST-MARKED *Bristol, March 19,*
1836.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

Your letter, with all its kindness on its wing, followed me from Derbyshire to Bath, and from Bath to Clifton, where I am. Really I do not know whether I shall have the courage to make a visit to London. What would charm everybody else, disheartens me. I am not indifferent to grace, to wit, to friendship, more than formerly—but I tremble at literary men. I am inclined to believe

¹ The reference is to two of Lady Blessington's novels, *Grace Cassidy, or the Repealers* (3 vols., Bentley, 1833) and *The Two Friends* (3 vols., Saunders and Otley, 1835). These are mentioned in a letter she wrote to him on the 16th of March 1835 as having been sent to him "by a Mr. Stanley"; and this may be presumed to be Landor's reply on the subject.

² Landor's corrected copy of the volumes of *Imaginary Conversations* already published, with the manuscript of an additional volume, then unpublished, were taken away by Willis on the plea of publication in America. See Forster, Vol. II. pp. 271-3.

that I can have the best of them to myself for as little as a plate of strawberries at this season, and can avoid the dust of the little skirmishes in which they are perpetually engaged. They do not like one another, they would dislike me. Beside, I am out of spirits at dinner if there are more than five or six people. To confess the truth, I like best dining quite alone, taking my glass of water, my coffee, and my siesta—uniting as much of the Christian as I remember with as much of the Turk as I can. There may be something wolfish in this solitariness—I cannot help it—I acknowledge that when I look at myself I seem rather too like little Red-Ridinghood's grand-mama. Cleverness, learning, eloquence, are capital things. When they are brought round to me, I take my spoonful, but I do not desire the fumes of them at table. Ah, poor Gell!¹ and what is become of his dogs? If I hear they are not in kind hands, I will go over to Naples and adopt them. Good Tito Mattei! Gell gave him a fine taste for musick. But he had not such a heart to give him as there was already in that shaggy breast. Your reflections are as just on the loss of friends' as on other occasions which befall us more frequently. But even pious people do not think so much of God, when they are in possession of everything they can desire, as when they feel some sudden want. We know that our friends *are* ours: we rest upon that rich confidence; when they are gone, we begin to know that they are *not* ours, and that, however much we have, we have nothing that can replace them. When

¹ Sir William Gell, who died in 1836, was the same topographer whom Byron described variously in different editions of the *English Bards* as "classic Gell" and "rapid Gell."

I was at Bath the other day, I called on a lady whom I had not seen for more than twenty years—she was then a child, a girl rather. In the course of conversation she asked me whether I remembered a Charade I had made for her mother. I protested I never made one in my life, and believed most religiously that I was protesting the truth. What was my astonishment when she produced in my own handwriting these words—which she would not give me back, but allowed me to transcribe in pencil.

S. Did you ever find out a Charade ?

L. I never tried.

S. Could you make one ?

L. I could make God knows what if you would help me.

S. Make a Charade then, and I will help you if you are at fault.

CHARADE.

The first is very near a tree ;
 The last my heart has done for thee.
 Since thy first thoughts of me I troubled
 Thould find that I am more than doubled.¹

¹ The answer does not appear in the papers: perhaps the following will do:—

The first three letters, T, R, E,
 Seem to be very near a *tree*.
 Fools say “ my heart has *bled* for thee ! ”
 And T, R, E, B, L, E, D,
 You’ll find if you your head have troubled,
 Is *trebled*, which is more than *doubled*.

VI. QUARTO HALF-SHEET, WITHOUT ADDRESS, DATE, OR
POST-MARK.

Tho Southey's poetry to you should seem
Not worth five shillings (as you say) per ream,
Courage! good wary Wordsworth! and disburse
The whole amount from that reluctant purse.
Here, take my word, tis neither shame nor sin
To hazard . . . throwing all your own stuff in.

No more on daisies and on pilewort fed
By tiresome Duddon's ever troubled bed,
Lo! Grasmere's cuckoo leaves these tranquil scenes
For cities, shovel hats, and dandy deans,
And, prickt with spicy cheer and portly nod,
Devoutly fathers Slaughter upon God.¹

¹ In the *Thanksgiving Ode on the Battle of Waterloo*, Wordsworth had written

. . . Almighty God!

But thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter?
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter.

On which Shelley, in *Peter Bell the Third*, is thus hard:—

Then Peter wrote odes to the Devil;—
In one of which he meekly said:
"May Carnage and Slaughter,
Thy niece and thy daughter,
May Rapine and Famine,
Thy gorge ever cramming
Glut thee with living and dead!

and more to the same result. Landor's brevity is better and more scathing.

VII. QUARTO SHEET, PROSE AND VERSE, WITHOUT ADDRESS, DATE, OR POST-MARK ; PROBABLY BELONGING TO 1836.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

I am looking forward to the end of the present month when I hope to have the happiness of spending two or three days at Gore House. Colonel Stopford, my brother-in-law, is in London, and I shall take the liberty of presenting him to your Ladyship, as a most intelligent, brave, and honorable man, the only Governor in South America who has perfectly done his duty. He had the province of Cumana, and is come over to England partly for the education of an only daughter, and partly to find richer men than himself who may be induced to join with him in working the richest mines in America, which are his property. He is no schemer, and has brought with him authentic documents to prove the quality of the ore and the facility of working it. If you will grant me permission, I will tell him to send to you his printed statement of these particulars. I have never seen him : I am anxious to see him : he has invited me, over and over again—but to leave Bath at this moment (as at the past moments) is impossible.

Among your Italian poets have you the Abbate Orlando Selvaggi ? He has written one thing which interests me from its simplicity. I will transcribe it. Perhaps Miss Power¹

¹ Lady Blessington's niece.

may set it to music. If so, I would give my head to be able to sing it, and more than my head to have the courage.

I remain,

Dear Lady Blessington,

Your very obliged,

W. S. LANDOR.

LA VIGILIA DI PARTENZA: DALL' ABBATE
ORLANDO SELVAGGI.

Ben riposa

La mia Rosa!

Se non sia

La Rosa *mia*,

Dolce Sonno! lasci almeno

Che nel tuo più chieto seno

Quella Rosa,

Cara a me sopra ogni cosa,

Ben riposa!

Ben riposa!

Somebody wrote upon it—

Orlando! Orlando! non sei troppa audace

Ogni speranza tolta

Ora (la prima volta)

Per donna chiedi sonno, per te pace.

VIII. QUARTO SHEET, PROSE AND VERSE, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *Right Honble. Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington*, NOT SIGNED, DATED, OR LEGIBLY POST-MARKED ; BUT BELONGING TO *April 1837*.¹

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

Mr. Hall has been making me a visit this morning, and he brings me the painful intelligence that you are still very unwell. I will not say how much it grieves me, nor attempt to say it. I am afraid it interrupts all your pleasures and all your studies—if indeed these are not the same thing. Can I be of any use to you? Tell me what it is, and think it done. In reward for this, do desire some one about you to tell me that you are recovering a little, and hope that your health is following the steps of Spring—slow enough! When you are well again, you must not occupy yourself so long in the morning with anything that requires much attention. I will send you, or bring you, fifty things for the Book of Beauty—I will never write anything that is not yours.

Looking over the old papers I might burn, and separating them from those I might not, I found an old letter scored over with pencil and containing the last scene of my *Orestes*. Will it do for the Book of Beauty?

ORESTES *maddened*.

Heavy and murderous dreams, O my Electra,
Have drag'd me from myself!

Is this Mycenæ?

¹ The date of this letter is certain, within a few days. Lady Blessington wrote to Landor on the 19th of April 1837—"A thousand thanks for your most kind offer of literary assistance, and for the charming scene from your *Orestes*, which is full of power."

Are we . . . are all who should be . . . in our house?
 Living? unhurt? our father here? our mother?
 Why that deep gasp? for 'twas not sigh nor groan.
 She then, 'twas she who fell: when? how? reply not:
 Yea, yea, speak out at once, that my full heart
 May meet it, and may share with thee in all,
 In all, but that one thing.

It was a dream.

We may share all.

They live; both live; say so.

ELECTRA.

The Gods have placed them from us, and there rolls
 Between us that dark river . . .

ORESTES.

Blood! blood! blood!

I see it roll; I see the hand above it,
 Imploring; I see *her*.

Hiss me not back,

Ye snake-hair'd maids! I will look on; I will
 Hear the words gurgle thro' that cursed stream,
 And catch that hand . . . that hand which slew my father?
 It cannot be . . . how could it slay my father?
 Death to the slave who said it! Slay my father!
 It tost me up to him to earn a smile,
 And was a smile, then, such a precious boon,
 And royal state and proud affection nothing?
 Ay, and you too, Electra, she once taught
 To take the sceptre from him at the door
 And place it in the vestibule, against
 The spear of Pallas, where it used to stand.

Where is it now? methinks I saw it not.
 How we have trembled to be seen to move it,
 Both looking up lest that stern face should frown
 Which always gazed on Zeus right opposite!

(after a pause.)

Oh! could but one tear more fall from my eyes!
 It would shake off those horrid visages
 And melt them into air.

I am not yours,
 Fell Goddesses! a just and generous Power,
 A bright-hair'd God, directed me: and thus
 Abased is he whom such a God inspired!

(another pause.)

Into whose kingdom went they? did they go
 Together?

ELECTRA.

Oh! they were not long apart.

ORESTES.

I know why thou art pale; I know whose head
 Thy flower-like hands have garlanded; I know
 For whom thou hast unbraided all thy love:
 He well deserves it; he shall have it all.
 Come, cheer thee, my Electra!

(She throws herself upon his neck in great agony.)

I am strong,

But cannot bear thy brow upon my neck,
 I cannot bear these writhings, these loud sobs . .
 By all the Gods! I think thou art half-mad . .
 I must away . . follow me not . . stand there.

END.

- IX. QUARTO SHEET, PROSE AND VERSE, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *Right Honble. The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington*, UNDATED, BUT POST-MARKED *Bath, May 27, 1838*.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

How shall I ever thank you for a thousandth part of your kindness to me! Poor Mrs. B, who is nearly out of her senses at her sufferings, begs me to express her gratitude for the interest you have taken in her behalf. Yesterday I wrote to my sisters for the picture of my two children. Arnold may come in somewhere as a page, since there is a place for two. When he comes, in this childish form of him, I will send him. Meanwhile I may as well transcribe some verses I wrote this morning—in answer to a letter from Vienna :

Ianthe! Since our parting day
 Pleasure and you were far away.
 Leave you then all that strove to please
 In proud Vienna's palaces,
 To soothe your Landor's heart agen,
 And roam once more our hazel glen?
 Formerly you have held my hand
 Along the lane where now I stand,
 In idle sadness looking round
 The lonely disenchanted ground,
 And take my pencil out, and wait
 To lay the paper on this gate.

About my temples what a hum
Of freshly wakened thought is come!
Ah! not without a throb or two
That shake me as they used to do.
A stone there is in yonder nook
Which once I borrowed of the brook,
And the first hind who fain would cross
Must leap five yards, or feel its loss.
You sate beside me on that stone,
Rather (not much) too wide for one:
Suggesting to our arms and knees
Most whimsical contrivances.
Unsteady stone! and never quite
(Tho often very near it) right;
And putting to sore shifts my wit
To roll it out, then steady it,
And then to prove that it must be
Too hard for anyone but me.
Ianthe, come! ere June declines
We'll write upon it all these lines.

Best regards to my very kind and most delightful friend
Count D'Orsay.

I remain,
Dear Lady Blessington,
Your very obliged and affectionate friend,
W. S. LANDOR.

X. QUARTO SHEET, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington*, POST-MARKED *Bath, July 12, 1838.*

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

Brown's book on the Sonnets and character of Shakespeare followed me to Bath:¹ I wish it had been sent to Gore House, that your Ladyship might have given me your opinion of it. To me it appears that there is

¹ Lest any unwary reader should go off with the opinion that there are "no pertickler p'int's 'bout this" Brown "more'n any other" Brown, be it recorded that the book referred to was written by one whose small holding in the broad domain of English Literature is secured in perpetuity through his friendship and co-operation with Keats. Brown's book is still one of great distinction in the crowd of Shakespearian literature. As it is not to be met with every day, here follows its title:—*Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems. Being his Sonnets clearly developed with his Character drawn chiefly from his Works, by Charles Armitage Brown London: James Bohn, 12, King William Street, West Strand. 1838.* And to soothe the consciences of all mutual admiration societies of to-day, what less can be done than to set Brown's dedication to Landor over against Landor's praise of the book so dedicated?

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

To you I first communicated at Florence my explanation of Shakespeare's Sonnets. The interest you felt, and your desire that I should publish the discovery, have induced me, though after a lapse of ten years, to enter on the serious, and, perhaps, unpardonable task, of solving a literary difficulty.

When a silent man once begins to speak, he is sometimes apt to make up for lost time. You will see that I talk of many matters besides the Sonnets; for which the late discoveries of Mr. Collier are partly accountable; but chiefly I have been incited by an earnest wish to raise the ungracious veil that has so long obscured the fame of our grand poet and philosopher.

The ablest critic must be the kindest; otherwise I should fear to lay this volume before you, lest you should feel compelled to express an equally public dissent from some parts of my observations.

While writers of seeming novelties gain popularity in spite of a slovenly and

admirable good sense in every part, and, in some, great shrewdness and perspicacity. What singularly delights me is the purity of style. Nothing can be clearer; and very often it is elegant and graceful.

Pray let me hear how you like Fisher's portrait of me, and whether Valentini's work improves. I have done with every kind of labour, except a line or two as I walk. The only specimen I can give you is a very indifferent one: the occasion is obvious enough.

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
 At pleasures slipt away?
 Some the stern Fates will never lend,
 And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
 The dew upon the grass . .
 I see them, and I ask not why
 They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
 And look for them in vain
 In this or in some other spot
 I know they'll shine again.

July 5.

Will you have the goodness to tell me where can be

vitiated style, let me congratulate you on having enforced the attention of our countrymen by original thought, clothed in pure and expressive English.

May you long continue to delight and instruct us, nursing our best impulses into active virtues!

I remain, ever,

Your sincere friend,

THE AUTHOR.

procured those elastic stockings from which a year (or thereabouts) since, you received so much benefit?

Believe me,

Dear Lady Blessington,

Your ever obliged Servant,

W. S. LANDOR.

XI. QUARTO SHEET, PROSE AND VERSE, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington*, UNDATED, BUT POST-MARKED *Bath, Oct. 15, 1838.*

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

The address of Miss Garrow is Torquay.¹ Mr. D'Israeli's note is a very obliging one. He tells me he does not know whether I have written a century too late or too early. The fact is, a century ago I should have had but fifty readers, chiefly in Oxford and Cambridge, and for the sake of calling me names, about a sarcasm on Plato or a derogation from the dignity of Pompey. Now at present I have a hundred and fifty at the very least, altho I have created a hundred and twenty of them. Tell him all this when you see him, and assure him that if I had a thousand readers I should be quite out of conceit with myself—for it is impossible that so large a body of people can judge correctly of what is excellent. I received more

¹ Miss Theodosia Garrow contributed much verse to Heath's *Book of Beauty* and *The Keepsake*—some of it by no means unworthy of the kindness Landor expressed towards it.

pleasure from my Lucullus, my Epicurus, and my Diogenes, than I could receive from not only extensive popularity, but from eternal fame. They satisfied my heart, which is larger than the World's, and nearer home. I forgot to tell you that I fell in Milson Street and sprained my ankle. A booby dropt some mortar from his hod, which I sett my foot upon. If I could throw my leg over a cloud it might be taken for a rainbow—not one colour missing. However I hope in a day or two to get out of doors again, for I can live only in the open air. Yesterday I met with these verses of Parny.

On passe par differens gouts
 En passant par differens âges :
 Plaisir est le bonheur des fous,
 Bonheur est le plaisir des sages.

To which I wrote this reply.

Volage est Plaisir : entre nous,
 Bonheur est un peu difficile ;
 En vain j'ai cherché son asile . .
 Laissez-moi rester chez les fous.

Specimen of a new translation of the Henriade.

I sing the conquering hero of France and Mayenne too,
 The King of all his subjects, and father of no few ;
 One never outmanœuvred at rapier or intrigue,
 Who bullied down the Spaniard, and fairly lickt the Ligue.
 Descend from Heaven's top-gallery, O Verity august !
 And sprinkle on my writing your finest pinkest dust, &c

Did I ever send you these?—

Anne Boleyn! tho I may be wrong
 To think thee fit for tragic song,
 Yet cannot I, to sing or sigh on,
 Prefer a dock or dandelion.¹

You remember, no doubt, those of Lord Byron, "Give me the dark and lustrous eye"—a young lady very Byronical was pleased to say she should not expect any better *except from me*. You may well imagine the expression was a little maline. It cost me no trouble to give her these—

Give me the eyes that look on mine,
 And, when they see them dimly shine,
 Are moister than they were:
 Give me the eyes that fain would find
 Some relicks of a youthful mind
 Amid the wrecks of care.

Give me the eyes that catch at last
 A few faint glimpses of the past,
 And, as the arkite dove
 Descried the long-lost olive-bough,
 In me discover even now
 A heart that once could love

I never had the courage² to transcribe, while I kept the copy now long lost, the verses which were like these, but, I think, not quite the same.

¹ Two Dramatic Scenes on the subject of Anne Boleyn appeared towards the end of the year 1838 in the *Book of Beauty* for 1839.

² *Fide* Madden, he must have been mistaken, for the poem is given in the

Beauty's pure native gems, ye golden hairs
 Once mingled with my own,
 While soft desires, ah me! were all the cares
 Two idle hearts had known!

How is it, when I take ye from the shrine
 Which holds one treasure yet,
 That ye (now all of Nancy that is mine!)
 Shrink from my fond regret?

Ye leaves that droopt not with the plant that bore ye,
 Start ye before my breath?
 Shrink ye from tender Love who would adore ye,
 O ye who felt not Death!

W. S. L.

XII. QUARTO SHEET, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington*, NOT DATED, BUT POST-MARKED *Bath, Apr. 22, 183[9]*.¹

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

Every day that there has blown an easterly wind, I have been anxious lest there should be a recurrence of your old sufferings in the trachea. It will delight me to learn that my apprehensions have been vain. Do not Life and Literary Correspondence as an *enclosure* to a letter dated the 22nd of February 1837.

¹ The subject of this letter fixes the date, though the last figure in the post-mark failed. *Andrea of Hungary and Giovanna of Naples* (Bentley, 1839) had just appeared, with the prefatory announcement, "Any profits which may arise to the Author from this Edition, he has requested the Publisher will transmit to Grace Darling."

think me negligent if my tragedies have never yet reached their most desired theater, Gore House. I was in expectation that the March winds would have puffed away all the dramatical dust with which people's eyes have been blinded latterly, and that my Giovanna might have come forth in the beginning of April, far from the populace, without impediment as without pretension. Mr. Bentley, after he had printed all but the three last sheets, stopt suddenly, two months ago. No doubt, he received a valuable consideration (as the price of roguery is called) for this dexterity. Forster, Dickens, and James, are up in arms against him. James has put him into the Court of Chancery. Dickens has advised me to write him a contemptuous letter. To write at all to people of that description is not sufficiently contemptuous. I have ordered the printing to be begun by another publisher, at my own expense, leaving the edition now ready for sale, on this worthy's hands. Moderate as is my expenditure, more moderate than even the small income I allow myself, could not I have saved a miserable ten pounds for Grace Darling, without any business with publishers! I have always suffered for doing what I had once resolved never to do. The punishment is just.

I forgot to say that I have been troubled with a little of the influenza. Two years ago, I escaped it at Clifton, when everybody else had it. The distemper is catching. When it has left me totally, I hope once more to enjoy a few walks with you round your garden, and to bend down those tall and stately lilacs, not without a salute to three or four of the finest before I let them go again.—

I wrote the following on my grave Walter, on whom Milnes has written so much better—indeed better than any man living could write.

My serious son! I see thee look
 First on the picture, then the book:
 I catch thy wish that thou couldst paint
 The yearnings of the extatic Saint.
 Give it not up, my serious son!
 But wish again, and it is done.
 Seldom will any fail who tries
 With patient hand and stedfast eyes,
 And woes the true with such pure sighs.

W. S. L.

XIII. QUARTO SHEET AND A HALF, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE,
The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Ken-
sington, NOT DATED, BUT WITH A FAINT *Bath*
 POST-MARK, PROBABLY OF *July 7 or 17, 1839*.¹

It was a dream or vision in which I beheld what I am now attempting to recall. A figure was passing me, fresh and bright and promising as Morn. All was verdant, all was sunny, all was pleasurable, round about it. While I stood gazing and loitering, it had already passed. But although the joyous eyes, the brow adorned with flowers, the lips half-open, the bosom open quite, the arms at one

¹ There is no doubt as to the year, 1839. Landor reconsidered this Dream: a small portion of it, and that very much altered, was published in *The Keepsake* for 1847.

moment in act of embracing, at another of pursuing with a like intensity, were visible no longer, yet there was somewhat even in its flight which captivated the soul, and was followed by aspirations and sighs.

“Why leave me?” said I. “Why leave me?” No answer was vouchsafed: the figure had disappeared. Turning round, disconsolate, there stood before me a female form, more lovely still. It occurred to my memory that in former days I had seen them both together, and indeed had enjoyed no small portion of their regard. But my senses were now confused; and in my enthusiasm I cried, “O which art thou among the Blessed? Art thou Venus in pursuit of thy son? He has just now gone by.” She seemed but little pleased at my question; nay, disappointed rather. And yet how could that be? Did I not believe her, and did I not call her, a goddess?

Would she be more? Yes, it was evident she would. Nevertheless, I continued to think in my dream that, although it was no fault or intention of mine if I had humiliated her, I ought to deprecate her displeasure. No doubt, I expressed in my countenance an acceptable sign of contrition; for she smiled over her shoulder. I was instantly at ease again, and began to grow confident that I had been right in my first conjecture. However, after a moment's pause, she answered, blandly and innocently, “I am not Venus; she is only my representative; and only a part of my authority belongs to her.” Modest as she looked, I thought her (and yet how could I gaze on her and think so?) indiscreet in her expressions. She knew my thoughts, and, casting one

more smile into the midst of them, put them all in confusion and disorder. "You fancy me indiscreet" said she: "but you never, in time past, blamed me for little indiscretions: nor shall you now. My power has always been augmented by indescribable and scarcely discernible imperfections. At what do you gaze and wonder? Have you forgotten the prime object of your worship, *Beauty*?" I fell before her, clasped her knees, kissed her feet, and felt her hand, as formerly, on my head: I felt its warmth and softness: I recollected the crowns it had placed there for active services and ardent faith. There she held it. She looked into my eyes; and began to tell me how often I had looked into hers; and to remind me where it happened; and to relate and dwell prolixly on stories of brief delights; and to repeat old enigmas, in whose composition and solution there was only one Sphynx and one Edipus; and childish names, constructed, like the nests of swallows, with moist and pairing bills. Finally she retraced odd figures, drawn formerly upon the table with apparent negligence, by fingers dipt in water purposely, or by laying nuts and raisins in the form of letters, rapidly or slowly, according to the situation and apprehension of the learner. Then continued she, "While you and your beloved were inserting a Greek letter into her name, giving it a charm and a melody it wanted, what did you think of me? for never was my presence more manifest." To which, after a pause, I answered, "At first I fancied I saw precipices and gulphs at hand, and clouds that threatened lightening in the horizon. But as soon as thine eyes were turned towards them, the precipices all subsided; the gulphs closed

up ; the clouds resembled, in their calmness and clearness and indefinable boundary, the Milky Way ; and the lightning was only the laughter of the skies." She smiled : " And now let me go," she said, " for I never stay long behind."

" Behind whom ? "

" That impetuous impatient fugitive, Youth."

" Alas ! I was scarcely aware that he had gone " said I " since my eyes were fixt on thee. But tell me where are my friends and thine, O heavenly one ! tell me where is the framer, with me, of that soft name which one Hellenic letter made complete.¹ That name, flying off my pen at her command, has been caught up since by poets who never saw her ; and the magic of its syllables, repeated after me, has given life and celebrity to empty images, to fictile clay."

" I can remain " said she " but a little while with any. I lingered as long as possible with your Ianthe, and I left all the Graces at her side. Is there any other of whom you would remind me ? "

Although I had forgotten no one of those I had ever loved, I was silent. Perhaps she mistook my taciturnity for indifference, while in truth I was inhaling deeply the freshness of sweet reminiscences, such as she alone could breathe into my breast.

" There is another " said I, hesitating ; " one other, not long absent from me ; one to whom any passion of mine would be a profanation. In her behalf I implore the continuance of thy presence : and may none participate with me in the tranquillity of delight with which it has

¹ Ianthe.

Altho' I had forgotten an one of those
I had ever loved, I look silent. Perhaps she
mistook my taciturnity for indifference, while
in truth I was indulging deeply the 'hush' of
sweet reminiscences, such as the aloha coats
I breathe into my breast. ("There is another" said
I hesitating, "one other, not long absent from
me; one to whom any reproach of mine could
be a profanation. She has bid me I implore
the entrance of thy presence; and may
none participate with me in the pang
of delight with which it has been permitted
me to behold her. May she be adored by all
men nor thy to approach her, glorified as she
is by the Adornments and pious-leses from
whom most heavenly, last bestowed, and which
every lower alone, has bestowed on her in the
sacred profession. "With the engages me wholly"
was the reply. "Youth, with hurried avowal
from you, is now with her; I must bid you
farewell, and regain them."

Thus began, embinned, and ended (I know
not how many years ago) my Dream of
Youth and Beauty.

* Sarah.

been permitted me to behold her. May she be adored by all men worthy to approach her, glorified as she is by the endowments and privileges thou, when most heavenly, hast bestowed, and which every Power above has lavished on her in the same profusion."

"She engages me wholly" was the reply. "Youth, who hurried away from you, is now with her: I must bid you farewell, and rejoin them."

Thus began, continued, and ended (I know not how many years ago) my *Dream of Youth and Beauty*.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON

Here is another vision. What a dreamer! You will perceive, and indeed by too many marks and erasures, that I have taken some trouble with it, trifling as it is. As the little stones that are worked for ornament require more attention than those we mend roads with, so do the writings which are intended to amuse and please require more nicety than such as are to improve the world by their weight or correct it by their sharpness. I am reading a book by Dr. Verity of Paris, which he had the kindness to send me, on the changes produced by the nervous system on civilization. He tells us, what I cannot think, that civilization has always been progressive. If it has, it has for ages and ages been in the gout and on crutches. All nations have something of it, and all want something. The wild North-American hears in dignified silence the scoffs of those vile barbarians who deal in slaves. He never interrupts the person who is speaking, and reserves all violent gestures for the tomahawk, after a solemn

declaration of war. Yet a member of the British or even of the French Parliament would have the impudence to tell me that his assembly gives evidence of higher civilization. The very opposites to the North-Americans are the Chinese. In internal policy they far excel the Europeans; and, altho highly commercial, the government consents to lose incalculable revenues rather than admit a drug which demoralizes the people. Which affords the higher proof of civilization—the casting of opium into the canals of China or the erecting of gin-shops in the streets of London? In fact, no nation is, or ever was, half civilized. How the Arts flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and the Sciences in George 4th's! Yet what odious monsters!—without one virtue. Henry 8 was warm in friendship—Mary, both in love and religion. Nearer our times, look at Swift and Rousseau—Moralists! philosophers! Two such scoundrels are nowhere to be found out of royalty. Henry 8 and Nero would never have acted as Rousseau did, when he permitted the poor girl his fellow servant to be punished for his theft—and tho they might burn seditious sectaries, would never have lighted up those sad slow fires which consumed Vanessa and Stella. Where and what is our civilization?

I had pointed badly my Galileo—there should have been a semicolon after “penitentiary” in the 8th line, and no stop after “locality.” And p. 52, line 6, “eglantines,” and there should be ‘no’ over ‘others,’ line 20, p. 49. P. 54, line 2, for “grow,” “grew.” I note these places only for your own copy. I hope the gloom and dampness of the weather do not affect your spirits and delay your con-

valescence. What can Miss Power think of it, even after Canada! I presume Ct. D'Orsay is with the hounds—the season is excellent for them. Alas! I see no chance at present of my preferment in being made either hound or hunter.

But I am very truly

Your Ladyship's obliged

W. S. LANDOR.

My obedience and her volition were simultaneous, were one. It was no more a merit in me, than it is a merit in the corn or herbage to bend before the breath of Summer. Alike we raise our heads again the fresher for it: alike we live and flourish by accomplishing the laws of our nature. My companion and I inclined our foreheads at the same moment. Was it . . .¹

XIV. QUARTO SHEET, HEADED "PLEASURE, YOUTH, AND AGE: AN ALLEGORY," ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington*, NOT DATED, BUT POST-MARKED *Bath, July 9, 183[9]*.²

I BELIEVE I was dreaming, but I cannot say to a certainty whether I was or not, for I might have been dozing or musing, when two beautiful forms stood before me, whose features I remember to have seen elsewhere, although

¹ This appears to have been connected with a missing piece of paper.

² The figure 9 failed in the post-mark; but this is probably the vision with which Lady Blessington was so "charmed" in the autumn of 1839 as to promise it a place in the *Book of Beauty* for 1841.

neither of them had come near me lately. There was a hedge between us : the banks were covered with anemone and primrose, hyacinth [*sic*] and narcissus : and among them was the earliest violet, which smells the sweetest, and is single. Above these was that rose whose foliage is for ever fragrant, and which many of us are fond of pressing in our books, and of looking at from time to time, long after we have laid it by. I leaned over it in my idleness, and saw many stems hard and prickly, many leaves harsh and rough ; other stems were smooth and pliant, other leaves tender and transparent ; some had been darkened by only being touched, and some had been bent down and left to die. Several beside were the flexible plants, several the crisp and glossy, several with long tendrils that clomb over the inclosure, and began to open their buds, in those places only where the sun was on them. The hedge itself was a very old one, and made up of inequalities. It had gaps in it, here and there, which it would be difficult to leap over or push through ; yet it was easy not only to catch athwart it what was said, but also to discover the speakers. Their backs were toward me : one was somewhat shorter than the other, and seemed to be a boy : this, as might be expected, was at first the bolder ; but by insensible degrees he appeared to have communicated no little of his manners to his compliant listener. Although I could see the face of neither, I saw plainly their arms and hands, reposing where each other's form was best adapted to support them in their self-abandonment. Statuaries have represented the Graces in the same attitude.

The nearer we are to pleasure, the less we are contented to be where we are.

I wish they would turn round, thought I: but my unspoken words gave way to their articulated. I know not whether anyone would be amused by a repetition of them: I am afraid the young might turn aside confounded, as if there were somewhat of the mocker or betrayer in me; and the elderly might grow angry, as if I flouted their composure and transgressed their gravity. Unwelcome as my reception on either side may be, I will however take the liberty of recording that in this conversation there were few doubts started, and apparently on purpose for protestations. There also were short sweet songs, marvellously interrupted: and then arose a warm exhalation of low obscure murmurs, no less sweet and no less transitory, though permitted to pass unbroken and to die in peace.

The day was, you will have observed, an early spring day and, as is usual at this season of the year, the weather was inconstant. A few drops of rain fell softly, which the two lovely Beings kissed from each other's hair and cheeks, and shoulders. But after a while they became less sedulous in this occupation; presently it seemed to weary them; they then complained that the day was growing chilly: at last they said reciprocally,

Had it not been for you I should never have come hither.
The girlish said peevishly, *you soon are tired*: the boyish tauntingly, *You first tired me.*

They looked at each other no longer with arms interlaced, but dropping at full length and languidly. The taller one, who ought from experience to have been the wiser, said,

I will look out for some one else : the shorter cried, The sooner the better.

A few small whitish clouds had been for some time crossing the heavens, then tawny, then dun ; and sundry were the signs of a thunderstorm at a distance : but scarcely were these words uttered, when hailstones pattered on their naked feet, and they lifted and shifted them uneasily. The boy was froward, as you have seen, and he laid on the other all the blame of the hailstones nay he was so ungrateful as to add : that, even without them, he always felt chilly soon after he had met her. Impetuous as he looked I could hardly have imagined he was so reprobate and reproachful. Before I was aware, and perhaps even before he himself was, he had sprung away. In vain did his beautiful companion call to him. Her countenance was, however, much the same as before ; and the last words she said, were,

If you fancy I shall weep for you, indeed you are mistaken. I leave tears for those who leave me : when I am once out of sight you will find them.

Away they both went. Now, said I to myself, I may cross over and see what they have been about. Great was my surprise, unspeakable my horror, to perceive that I had nearly set both feet on a languid and decrepit old creature, who now occupied the very place whereon the boisterous one had been standing. He looked morosely and maliciously at me, but would not stir. Disappointed, and indisposed to converse with him, I would have turned away : but he, who had appeared so unwilling to move, was come close behind me. Pretending that I never had noticed him, I looked up among the trees, where

many birds had been singing, blythcly, but had now left off.

What are you looking at there? cried the gruff old man. . . *You might spend your time better than in staring at the names of you idlers.*

I lowered my eyes, and saw, about breast-high, two names inscribed on the soft smooth bark of a blossoming mimosa. They were united: they were surmounted by a coronel of roses and amaranths, likewise graven, and very recently, for they still were shining in the exuberant juiciness of the tender tree. Rather than look again at the troublesome old man, whose paces were quicker than could have been expected from the debility of his limbs, I continued to keep my attention fixt upon the names, like one unable to read them. Red and rheumy as were his eyes, he soon detected my simulation.

If you were as ignorant as you wish to be thought, said he *one of the names belongs to the falsest of Beings, and the other to the most credulous: Pleasure and Youth.* He drew out prolixly and with a tremulous jeer these offensive appellations, and coughed so in the paroxism of his scorn that I was ready to catch him in my arms.

And now you know who they are: pretty names, ay!

Yours, said I, bowing profoundly, *I presume, is Age.*

And what then? cried he angrily. *If you had not come to me I should not have come to you.*

Believe me, answered I submissively, *it was quite unintentional on my part; there are few on whose privacy I should be less willing to intrude. Be assured I dropt upon you unaware.*

More shame for you ! grumbled he. You would rather be with you couple of idlers : you are as fond, no doubt, as they are, of lonely places : you look up wistfully at those precious devices of theirs ; but the traces will be soon obliterated : a few days are enough for it.

Whether it was at this observation, or whether at the sunshine (for the day was now serene again) falling on those names so gracefully united, my tenderness was awakened ; and clasping the mimosa, I pressed my lips, and then my cheek, and then my forehead, against them. He fancied me delirious, and he groaned. I was near doing the same : certainly I sighed when I thought of the departed : yet I had seen the one but once, and long ago, and the other not often since. The worst of all was, the cross old man, instead of leaving me alone, came up closer. He wheezed and tottered, yet I could not gain even a furlong in advance on him : indeed I felt that my steps were becoming less firm and less elastic every instant. At last I caught a little of his ill-humour, and was about to tell him my mind ; when suddenly I saw before me two young persons, evidently sisters, of admirable grace and beauty, who, had they not been vested in white from the shoulders to the feet, and moreover had they not looked as if they never could disagree, might have been taken for the very two who had just now gone off separately. Never were countenances more ingenuous, never were voices sweeter. They seemed to be asking one another which of them should speak to me first ; for both were diffident. At length she who was the graver, and had the darker eyes and longer eyelashes, took my hand with

some timidity (I thought) and more concern, and thus expostulated.

“It ill becomes you, of all men living, to be quarrelsome or discontented. You have idled away much of your time in regarding the giddy ones we met on the road. It would be a still worse idleness to debate with the querulous and infirm.”

Observing that I was moved, as everyone must have been at such a gentleness of reproof, such a modesty of wisdom, she began to comfort me, by singing in that language which seemed her native one, and in which alone (I am inclined to believe) the angels sing above. The first accents she uttered brought back again the lovely couple she had mentioned. They looked over her shoulder at me, and smiled more enchantingly than ever. It was only by a sudden pang (I cannot tell whence arising) I was made sensible that one of them now for certain had imperceptibly slipt away from me. The other, when she observed a shade of melancholy come over me, nodded toward me, laying her hand on the parted hair of my mistress, and said,

Never mind! He indeed has left you; but We are not gone yet.

I have no doubt the old man was watching and listening all the while; that he was vexed at what he saw and heard; and that he is ready to play me some spiteful trick, at the earliest opportunity. I am told that at times he strikes a prodigiously hard blow, and knocks one on the head in a moment without a word of warning; and I have been advised to stand on my guard. I will do

no such a thing, however. Thenceforward I have had the start of him, and have thought very little about him: Indeed I can bring to mind nothing more relating to him, at present, than this strange and somewhat visionary adventure.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

Will you pardon me so many interlineations? We workers in ivory must be minute. Never have I bestowed so much labour on so small a performance. I hope you will think it worthy of a place, not in the forthcoming but in the following Book of Beauty.

Your Ladyship's ever obliged

W. S. LANDOR.

XV. QUARTO SHEET, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington*, MARKED "PAID" IN LANDOR'S WRITING, UNDATED, BUT POST-MARKED *Bath, Jan. 27, 1840*.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

I know you hate letter-writing, and I suspect you hate letter-receiving—so pray do not consider this as anything in the shape of a letter. It will be only a duet in an Opera which I began to write in Italy, and of which I can recollect no more than what is before you.

BABBO.

Ho veduto viso muto
 Spesse volte risguardasti,
 E ti avverto che (son certo)
 Tende reti per pigliasti.
 Forse non rimproverei,
 Ma, figliola mia, saprei
 Cosa vuola, cosa fà.

FIGLIOLA.

Lo non so, non so perchè,
 Babbo mio! ma piace a me;
 E un pochino di diletto
 Col carino giovinetto
 Mamma non rimproverà.

BABBO.

Cosa sento? cosa dici?
 Cosa dici? cosa sento?
 L' uom' di rado al male è lento,
 Voi sempre improvvisatrici.

And now I entreat Miss Power to accept this as my Italian exercise, and to send me one of hers in return. Verse is perhaps more easy to her than prose in this delightful language.

Ever dear Lady Blessington,

Your obliged

W. S. LANDOR.

Kindest regards to Count D'Orsay.

XVI. QUARTO SHEET, PROSE AND VERSE, ADDRESSED OUTSIDE, *The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington*, UNDATED, BUT POST-MARKED *Bath, Sept. 25, 1840.*

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

Last week I sent your Ladyship a little poem,¹ to which I thought I had given the last hand. Ignorant whether you might not perhaps, at some future time, think it deserving of a place in the Book of Beauty, or elsewhere, and indeed not thinking about its destination, I did not add the *Envoi*. You will find it on the other side, with a correction or two.

Believe me ever

Dear Lady Blessington,

With best compliments to your charming nieces,

Your obliged

W. S. LANDOR.

Correct.

Stanza 2, for *mud-built*—outer.

Stanza 3, for *lies down*—Pants hard.

Stanza 6, r. She gazed ere.

¹ *The Nightingale and Rose*,—evidently meant to be divided into stanzas, though it was not so divided in the two-volume collection of the *Works*. On the 28th of September 1840, Lady Blessington replied thus:—

“It gave me great pleasure to see your writing again, and to be assured you were well, of which pleasing fact I had the most satisfactory proof, in a poem so full of fancy and grace, that it could only have emanated from a healthy mind and body. The tuneful bird inspired of old by the Persian rose, warbled not more harmoniously its praise than do you that of the English rose, which posterity will know through your beautiful verses.”

Stanza 12, for *appeard*—appears.

Stanza 17, for *his birth, alas!*—his very birth.

Last Stanza, But only *in* those.

ENVOI.

Lady of all my lays!
 Accept the tribute due;
 And, if a word of praise
 Or smile descend from you,
 I will not look about
 To catch such crumbs as fall
 Among the rabble rout
 That crowds the choral hall,
 Nor chide the deaf man's choice
 When o'er the Rose's bird
 The low unvarying voice
 Of cuckoo is prefer'd.

Insert after—

“Of them it sought its doom”
 Wanting was one delight,
 The one she could not give,
 He thought, alas! she might.
 He thought so, nor would live.
 Ever some cruel spell
 Hangs fastened, tho unseen,
 To those who love too well
 And sing too well between.

At the fond heart &c. &c.

XVII. OCTAVO SHEET, NOT DATED OR ADDRESSED, BUT BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ON THE 1st of *January* 1845.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

Before I open any other letter, I must thank you for the graceful lines you have written to me. They will keep my breast warmer and adorn me more than the waistcoat. Nothing can be dearer to me than your recollection, accompanied by such invariable kindness. Every friend I have in the world knows how highly I esteem your noble qualities, and I never lose an opportunity of expatiating on them. You have left me nothing to wish but a favourable account of your health, and a few words about my other friends at Gore House. To-morrow I am promised your new novel. With your knowledge of the world and, what is rarer, of the human heart, the man is glorified who enjoys your approbation—what then if he enjoys your friendship! Often and often in this foggy weather have I trembled lest you should have had a return of the bronchitis. But I am credibly informed that the sun has visited London twice in the month of December. Let us hope that such a phenomenon may portend no mischief to the nation.

To thee I call

O Sun! to tell thee how I love thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance the blue skies
Of Italy, so brightened by thy smile.

To thee I call
O Sun! to tell thee how I love, thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance thee,
Of Italy, so brightened by thy dawn.

It is well I have left off speaking of
country, I should be as jealous, or
a certain young lady as any
other man is of the youth
who sits beside her!

Believe me
Dear Lady Blessington
Ever Yr. obliged
W. Landon

It is well I have left off poetry, or certainly I should be as jealous of a certain young lady as any other man is of "the youth who sits beside her."

Believe me,

Dear Lady Blessington,

Ever yr. obliged

W. S. LANDOR.

XVIII. OCTAVO SHEET, WITH PORTION OF ENVELOPE ADDRESSED, *The Countess of Blessington, Gore House, Kensington*, AND SAID TO HAVE BEEN POST-MARKED *May 11, 1846*.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

Forster left me yesterday, after staying only Saturday. Before the present hour I did entertain the hope of presenting my Works to you, decently bound. But he tells me I must wait about a fortnight. Nevertheless, if you should happen to have room for me, I shall be delighted to pay my respects to you at Gore House within a few days. Before the end of next week I must return to Bath again, in order to accompany some friends into Devonshire.

I remain,

Dear Lady Blessington,

Your ever obliged,

W. LANDOR.

XIX. VERSES ADDRESSED TO WALTER SAVAGE
LANDOR BY MARGARET COUNTESS
OF BLESSINGTON ON THE 10th of Feb-
ruary 1849.

THE muse who loved thee in thy youth,
With such a fervency and truth,
Forsakes thee not, but fond as fair,
Still joys thy solitude to share,
And blandly has seduced old time,
To let thee write, as in thy prime.
Though seventy-five years may have flown,
The calculation we'll not own,
It must be false, for ne'er did age
Indite so pure and sweet a page,
Inspired by beauty, as I see
Breathe in the verse that comes from thee.
Long may'st thou live, the world to show
That time can't chill the brilliant glow
Of minds like thine, to whom 'tis given
To keep the flame, till they reach Heaven.

XX. QUARTO SHEET, PROSE AND VERSE, WITHOUT ADDRESS, DATE, OR POST-MARK.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

What thanks ought I to return for such excellent and flattering verses. The flattery does not constitute the excellence, but certainly enhances it. For we old men are strangely fond of being thought capable of making some impression, however slight, on the young and beautiful. However, in sober sadness, I must protest that the only one I make is on the calm unimpassioned heart of the friendly and intellectual. To think of more would be folly—to aim at more would be worse. You have occasioned me to write some bad verses by *cowering* over me with good ones.

That lovely name adorns my song
And dwells upon my heart.
Tremble then every other tongue!
Tears from all eyes then start!

These are the sights I love to see.
I love to see around
Youths breathing hard on bended knee
Upon that Holy ground.

I wave the incense all the while,
I stand above the rest,
I feel within the angelic smile,
I bless, and I am blest.

“WHAT IS *REALLY* MY BELIEF?”

My faith is this. I do believe
That ladies never would deceive,
And that the little fault 'of Eve
Is very easy to retrieve.

She lost us immortality,
But in good earnest what care I,
If *you* receive my latest sigh
And give me one—*before* I die.

W. S. L.

XXI. REMARKS ON MARGARET COUNTESS OF
BLESSINGTON BY WALTER SAVAGE
LANDOR.

I HEAR that Dr. Madden has published Lady Blessington's Correspondence. Severe illness has prevented my looking into it, so that I am ignorant what parts of my letters it may contain. Permission was asked of me by one of the family to make a selection of them, under a promise that it should be done sparingly and discreetly; and I entertain no doubt that such has been the case. My letters have always been of such a nature, and intentionally, that any publisher must be ruined who should undertake the printing. There may, however, be a few sentences, here and there, not uninteresting to my corre-

"What is really my belief?"

My faith is this. I do believe
That ladies never would deceive,
And that the little fault of Eve
Is very easy to retrieve.

The Lord is immortality,
But in good earnest what care I,
If You receive my latest sight
And give me one - before I die

LANDOR'S FOEM "WHAT IS REALLY MY BELIEF?"

FAC-SIMILE OF THE HOLOGRAPH

W. L.



spondent. The hope of rendering a trifling service to a member of Lady Blessington's family was my sole motive for compliance.

I will now state my first acquaintance with her Ladyship. Residing in the Palazzo Medici at Florence, the quinsey, my annual visitant for fifty seasons, confined me to my room. At that time my old friend Francis Hare, who had been at Pisa on a visit to Lord and Lady Blessington, said at breakfast that he must return instantly to Florence. Lord and Lady B. joked with him on so sudden a move, and insisted on knowing the *true* reason for it. When he mentioned my name and my sickness, Lord Blessington said,

"You don't mean Walter Landor!"

"The very man," replied Hare.

His Lordship rang the bell, and ordered horses to be put instantly to his carriage. He had gone to Pisa for his health, and had rented a house on a term of six months, of which only four had expired. The next morning my servant entered my inner drawing-room, where I was lying on a sofa, and announced Lord Blessington. I said I knew no such person. He immediately entered, and said,

"Come, come, Landor! I never thought you would refuse to see an old friend. If you don't know Blessington, you may remember Mountjoy."

Twenty years before, when Lord Mountjoy was under the tuition of Dr. Randolph, he was always at the parties of Lady Belmore, at whose house I visited, more particularly when there were few besides her own family. I

should not have remembered Lord Mountjoy. In those days he was somewhat fat for so young a man ; he had now become emaciated. In a few days he brought his lady "to see me and make me well again."

They remained at Florence all that year, and nearly all the next. In the spring, and until the end of autumn, I went every evening from my villa and spent it in their society. Among the celebrities I met there was Pocrío, and, for several weeks, the Count di Camaldoli, who had been Prime Minister of Naples, the Duke de Richelieu too, and D'Orsay's sister, the Duchesse de Guiche, beside a few of the distinguished Florentines.

When I returned to England, soon after Lord Blessington's death, my first visit was to the Countess. Never was man treated with more cordiality. Her parties contained more of remarkable personages than ever were assembled in any other house, excepting perhaps Madame de Staël's. In the month of the Coronation more men illustrious in rank, in genius, and in science, met at Gore House, either at dinner or after, than ever were assembled in any palace.

Enough has been said vituperatory about the mistress of that mansion. I disbelieve in the tales of her last friendship : an earlier one affords more cause for admiration than for censure. She had been attached to a very handsome man, whose habit of gaming ended, as it often does end, and always should, in utter ruin and expatriation. She resolved to follow him. At that time she resided at Brighton. Lord Blessington was also there, and heard of her distress. He had seen enough of her to love her

ardently: but instead of making any proposal to her, he wrote a request to know whether "a thousand pounds or two" could bring back her friend in safety. She answered as only a generous heart can answer one equally generous, and wrote immediately to the person concerned. He replied that he was ruined beyond redemption, and never could return to England, nor stand between her and fortune. Lord Blessington, on receiving this intelligence, called on her.

The exile received from her one hundred pounds quarterly until his death. She made an ample allowance to her father and her brother, and brought his children to live with her. Lord Blessington told me that he offered her an addition of a thousand pounds to her jointure of three, and could not prevail on her to accept the addition.

Virtuous ladies! instead of censuring her faults, attempt to imitate her virtues. Believe that, if any excess may be run into, the excess of tenderness is quite as pardonable as that of malignity and rancour.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

XXII. A PERSONAL NOTE ON THE BLESSINGTON
CORRESPONDENCE WRITTEN BY WALTER
SAVAGE LANDOR.

MAY I trespass once more, sir, on your valuable pages? In the "Life and Correspondence of Lady Blessington," the learned Editor, who notices me so kindly, has pointed

out a mistake of mine on Lord Blessington's vote on the Union. It would be unbecoming in me to offer any defence by pointing out my authority. But in the account of my life I find a slight inaccuracy, which, although of no importance to the public, I will rectify. My private tutor at Rugby was Dr. John Sleath, afterwards Master of St. Paul's School. Again, let me remark that I never was under the care of my godfather, General Powell, in London, nor was he ever there while I was. Out of kindness to my father, an old friend, he told him he would give me a commission in the army if I would "abstain from sporting my republican opinions." My reply was, "No man shall ever tie my tongue; many thanks to the General." He made the offer to my next brother. But the rectory of Colton was destined for a second son: it was at that time held by my uncle. My brother Charles rented the tythes to the squire of the parish, who paid him £1,000 a year for them. In London, I accepted no hospitalities, and received few visits, occupied in studying Italian, and in improving my knowledge of Greek. Permit me, sir, to offer, through you, my acknowledgement of the friendly courtesy of Dr. Madden.

Walter Savage Landor

A BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF
RICHARD HENRY HORNE,
By H. Buxton Forman.



* "When this old Cap was new"

G.G. McCrae
f

14 Feby 1872

RICHARD HENRY HORNE,
Commissioner of Gold Fields.

Fac-simile of a Caricature, drawn by George Gordon McCrae.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF
RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

RICHARD HENRY HORNE was born at Edmonton on the 1st of January 1803. His father had means ; but, running through them too soon, entered the army and moved to Guernsey, where, having placed Richard at school, he died prematurely. The widow returned with three sons to Edmonton ; and Richard went to a school kept there by the Rev. W. Williams. Thence, designed for the army, he passed to Sandhurst, where, after two years, he caricatured the head master and took part in a rebellion. This led to his removal ; and he began to educate himself for a literary career—aiming chiefly at poetry, of which he wrote much in his teens. In 1825 he joined Captain Thurlow Smith, R.N., as a midshipman in the Mexican Expedition. He went through the war, was at the siege of Vera Cruz and the taking of San Juan Ulloa, was taken prisoner and narrowly escaped being shot as such, got away, and, though he knew little of Spanish and less of surgery, was employed in translating Spanish despatches &c., and filled the post of surgeon in the cock-pit. As boarding officer

he took several prizes, and finished with the yellow fever, his only illness save his last. Quit of the fever, and defrauded of his prize-money, he left the Mexican service, cruised off the Floridas, landed at New York, ascended the Erie Canal, visited several Indian tribes, broke two of his ribs at Niagara Falls, lost all his money there at billiards, and worked his passage up the St. Lawrence. He stayed at Montreal, Quebec, and some Canadian farms, visited the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland, and sailed from Nova Scotia in a homeward bound timber-ship. During these years he carried his life constantly in his hand. Always an ardent and powerful swimmer, he gained, while bathing in the Bay of Vera Cruz, no easy victory in a race with a shark. He was shipwrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence (and so, by the bye, got credited in later years with *The Adventures of Naufragus*, which he did not write). In the course of his voyage home, the crew of the timber-ship mutinied, and Horne took part with the captain and two mates in quelling the mutineers and nailing them under hatches. Lastly, the cargo took fire. But Horne was not born to be drowned, burnt, murdered, or swallowed by a shark; and, having reached England, he reopened his studies and pursued his courtship of the Muse, writing and destroying a philosophical poem, an oriental poem, and much beside that is not individually recorded.

He entered on his public career as a poet in the columns of *The Athenæum*, a long minor poem entitled *Hecatompilos* having filled a page in one of the early numbers of 1828 when Silk Buckingham was editor; but his first book was the once famous *Exposition of the False Medium*

and *Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public* (1833), which made a host of enemies for the Expositor. The frontispiece, a portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, was drawn on the lithographic stone by the author. The *Exposition* was followed in 1834 by a curious volume, a mixture of prose and verse, which Horne has since described as an allegory and satire—*Spirit of Peers and People: a National Tragi-Comedy*, by the author of the *Exposition of the False Medium*, &c. It was as the author of the *Exposition* that Horne now contributed articles to *The Monthly Repository*, which he edited for a time, and to other periodicals. In 1837 appeared *Cosmo de' Medici, an Historical Tragedy*; *The Death of Marlowe, a Tragedy in One Act*; and an edition of Hazlitt's *Characteristics*, with an introduction by Horne.

To this period belongs a curious pamphlet entitled *The Russian Catechism, with Explanatory Notes*. In 1839 he wrote an introduction to Black's translation of Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*; and in 1840 appeared *Gregory VII., a Tragedy*, to which was prefixed an Essay on Tragic Influence. In 1840 also Horne assisted in a book entitled *Heads of the People*; and in 1841 he took a leading part in a volume styled *The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer Modernized*, to which he contributed a long introduction and three of the modernized poems, other contributors being Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. To this year, also, belongs *The History of Napoleon*, a compilation for which Horne was mainly responsible, but in which he was assisted by Mary Gillies, known as "Harriet Myrtle." Another

pseudonymous work, *The Life of Van Amburg, the Brute Tamer, with Anecdotes of his Extraordinary Pupils*, by Ephraim Watts, Citizen of New York, came out undated in 1841. Soon after the appointment (20 October 1840) of a Royal Commission on the Employment of Children and Young Persons in Mines and Manufactures, Horne was employed as a Sub-Commissioner. On the 30th of January 1843, the Commissioners finished reporting to Her Majesty; and Horne shortly made a fresh appeal to the world of letters: *Orion, an Epic Poem in Three Books*, serious and stately, was offered "chaffingly" for one farthing to a public who would not buy poetry. Of *Orion*, they consumed three editions on those terms, and then three more, the fourth at 1s. and the sixth at 2s. 6d., all in 1843. The publisher realized something upon the work, but went bankrupt; and the poet never had a penny for *Orion* then, or indeed for any one of the five editions published subsequently. One of his dramatic works, *The Fetches*, came out in *Finden's Tableaux*, edited by Miss Mitford; and in 1844 appeared *A New Spirit of the Age*, edited by R. H. Horne, in two volumes, now prized not only for their contents, but for their portrait illustrations. "Edited" does not fully describe Horne's part in them, for he wrote a great portion of the contents; but he was assisted by Elizabeth Barrett to a very considerable extent, and also by Robert Bell. *Ballad Romances*, a volume including *The Ballad of Delora*, was published in 1846, as were also two books for children issued anonymously, *The Good-natured Bear, a Story for Children of all Ages*, and *Memoirs of a London Doll, written by Herself; edited by*

Mrs. Fairstar. In 1848 he published *Judas Iscariot, a Miracle Play in Two Acts, with other Poems*; and in 1849 *Gottlieb Einhalter, or the Philanthropic Assassin*, which had appeared in *Howitt's Journal*, was separately republished under the title of *Murder Heroes*. In 1850 appeared anonymously *The Poor Artist, or Seven Eye-Sights and One Object*; and in the same year *The Duchess of Malfi, a Tragedy in Five Acts, by John Webster, 1612, reconstructed for Stage Representation by R. H. Horne*. This first period of his literary career may be said to close with *The Dreamer and the Worker, a Story of the Present Time*, printed in Douglas Jerrold's Magazine, and issued in 1851 in two volumes, largely revised.

In 1852 he went with William Howitt to dig for gold in Australia. He arrived in September, and was at once made Commander of the Melbourne Gold Escort. Showing great practical sagacity and power of conducting active affairs, he was selected for the several appointments of Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Gold Fields (1853-4), Territorial Magistrate (1855), Commissioner of the Yan Yean Water Supply (1858-9), and Registrar of Mines. He entered with zest into various athletic exercises, especially swimming; and it is recorded on the silver mounting of a prize claret-bottle that he won the same for grace and agility displayed in swimming when thrown over the side of a ship, bound hand and foot, or words to that purport. The feat is certainly no mere tradition; and credible witnesses were lately living who had seen him do the same in England since his return. Nor was literature entirely neglected during the Australian residence.

Horne did not break off the literary connexion he had formed with Charles Dickens as a writer in *Household Words*; and he made frequent appearances in the colonial press. *Australian Facts and Prospects*, to which is prefixed "the Author's Australian Autobiography," appeared in London, in his absence, in 1859; *Prometheus the Fire-Bringer, a lyrical drama*, published in Edinburgh in 1864, was written in the bush—written there, indeed, a second time from memory, for the first manuscript was lost; and several other works composed in Australia remain unpublished. In 1869, dissatisfied with the failure of the Victorian Government to fulfil what he conceived to be its obligations to him, Horne returned to England on board the sailing ship "Lady Jocelyn," the journal of which, *The Lady Jocelyn Weekly Mail*, was printed.

On finally settling down in England, he was again constantly before the public in the magazines and newspapers, and in fresh books and new editions. Suffice it to mention *The Great Peacemaker, a Submarine Dialogue* (1872); *The Tragic Story of Emilia Daràno, Marchioness of Albarozzi* (*Harper's Magazine*, November 1874); a new edition of *Cosmo de' Medici*, with a collection of miscellaneous poems (1875); *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Richard Hengist* Horne, with Comments on Contemporaries*, edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer (1877); *The Countess Von Labanoff, or the Three Lovers, a Novelette*, reprinted from *The New Quarterly Magazine* (1877); *Laura Dibalzo, or the Patriot Martyrs, a*

* With characteristic waywardness he dropped the name of Henry, which, he said, he "had not chosen," for that of Hengist, borne by an Australian friend!

Tragedy (1880); *Bible Tragedies* (1881, containing *John the Baptist, or the Valour of the Soul*; *Rahman, the Apocryphal Book of Job's Wife*, and a reprint of *Judas Iscariot*); *King Nihil's Round-Table, or the Regicide's Symposium, a Dramatic Scene* (1881); and *Sithron, the Star-Stricken* (1883). This last of Horne's printed books is described on the title-page as "Translated (ala bereket Allah) from an ancient Arabic manuscript, by Salem ben Uzair, of Bassora"; but there is now no indiscretion in mentioning the authorship of a very curious work criticizing the atrocities of King David, and somewhat gratuitously endeavouring to undermine by satire the belief in the covenant between Jehovah and Abraham celebrated at the feast of the Circumcision. Horne became a Civil List pensioner in 1874. His pension was at first £50 a year; but, just before Lord Beaconsfield left office in 1880, arrangements were made to double it. In the last year or two of his life the veteran man of letters found his eyesight becoming defective; and finally he was almost blind; but in all other respects he was in great bodily and mental vigour up to the summer of 1883, when he contracted the illness of which he died. This mental vigour indeed caused him to chafe at the younger generation or two of readers who knew not *Orion*, or knew it but as a "farthing tradition"; and the old athlete was ever ready to back with a powerful body any quarrel into which a powerful but impatient intellect might lead him. There were but few among his intimates with whom he had not quarrelled more or less; but one or two remain who cherish his memory for what was strong and noble and generous in the wayward old

Titan. One of these, who enjoyed his intimacy for almost the whole of the time passed in England between Horne's return from Australia and his death, still loves to be garrulous to the younger generation of the incidents he witnessed from 1870 till 1883 as he watched

“ The great Orion sloping slowly towards the West.”

He tells many tales illustrative of the great bodily strength of Horne, whose impetuosity it was so often his mission to curb that the poet playfully gave him the name of Akinetos (“ Sage Akinetos, chainer of the wheel”). The following dialogue is one of these reminiscences :—

(SCENE—*two rooms in Northumberland Street in Marylebone—door open between them ; in the front room furniture, books, papers, dust, and lumber—in the back room a bed—Orion lying in it on his back—his left hand to the wall—at his right, on a chair, a pair of gigantic dumb-bells.*)

Enter AKINETOS.

AKINETOS. Well, my friend, how goes it to-day ?

ORION. Much the same, thanks !

AKINETOS. Why these vast dumb-bells ? Surely you're not allowed your cold tub and dumb-bell practice yet ?

ORION. No, not yet ; but I expect to be soon ; and I like to be able to try my muscles now and then.

AKINETOS. You don't look really ill, you know. Is there any pain ?

ORION. No pain—only discomfort.

AKINETOS. What is the discomfort ?

ORION. I cannot get my throat moist. There is a dry place at the back that keeps dry even while I drink.

AKINETOS. And you maintain your strength?

ORION. Yes, and a fair appetite. As to muscular strength, look here. I can take up those dumb-bells, which weigh half a hundredweight, with my left hand, lift them across my chest, and deposit them on the bed between me and the wall—(*suiting the action to the words*). There!

AKINETOS. Well, well! We shall have you back in your cold tub again, yet!

Shortly after this incident, Horne rallied sufficiently to be removed to Margate, the invigorating air of which place he eagerly desired to breathe. But at 81 even Margate air will scarcely annul the effects of typhoid; and Orion disappeared below the western horizon on the 13th of March 1884. The poet was buried at Margate on the 18th of the same month, leaving behind him many unpublished poems, dramas, and romances, among them a long poem in Spenserian stanza called *John Ferncliffe*; a blank verse poem which he regarded as his *magnum opus*, entitled *Ancient Idols; or, the Fall of the Gods*; a tragedy on the subject of Charlotte Corday; and a remarkable little drama in five scenes, entitled *Te Ayahi: a Maori Tragedy*.

There are many things which go far to account for the comparative indifference of the public to him in his old age. No doubt Horne scattered himself too much, or rather circumstance diverted his energies into too many channels. His central bent was for work of a high kind—for poetry and drama in the grand

manner; and, if he had not the luck to hold the public during his long life, he had at all events the satisfaction of being a poet for poets. Edgar Poe, the Brownings, Tennyson, the late Lord Houghton, Rossetti, Swinburne, and many others, appreciated to the full what was best in his work. The late Mr. Roden Noel, dissatisfied with an obituary notice published in a literary journal, addressed to its editor the following admirable letter:—

LONDON: *March 24, 1884.*

MAY I say that I was a little surprised at the tone of your obituary notice of Mr. R. H. Horne—especially at your apparent implication that he would be remembered only by his association with Mrs. Browning? With all my love and reverence for Mrs. Browning, I hardly think that probable. I have always felt that R. H. Horne is one of the few modern poets likely to be remembered by future generations—at all events by the students of our literature—as having written really good and memorable poetry. I have never myself, indeed, been able thoroughly to sympathize with the almost unqualified eulogium which (if I remember rightly) Edgar Poe once passed upon *Orion*, although there is assuredly very much to admire in it. But in an age singularly unfruitful in English dramatic poetry of a high order, Horne's *Cosmo de' Medici* and *The Death of Marlowe* stand out as not unworthy of a place beside *Colombe's Birthday*, *The Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, and *Pippa Passes*. You mention the poet's want of "popularity." And, indeed, I have been credibly informed that "the public" knows little of Horne's

dramas. I can only express my sincere sympathy with the *bellua multorum capitum* in its deprivation, as well as my (not too confident) hope that something may yet occur to deliver it from the parlous state which such ignorant indifference would seem to argue. But the poetry is good poetry "for a' that."

RODEN NOEL.

It is in deference to the wish of a greater poet than the Hon. Roden Noel that *The Ballad of Delora* is now reprinted in its original form. Robert Browning, writing to Horne on the 8th of January 1846 a letter of sincere admiration for the whole contents of the *Ballad Romances*, then just published, exclaimed—"Delora remains Delora! For the whole thanks and admiration, now and ever, my dear Horne, . . . And remember that the suppression of the notes to *Delora* is only the printer's affair."* This is at length to be duly and practically remembered. Here follows the poem, as originally printed in that scarce periodical *The Monthly Repository*, with its garniture of side-notes in the manner of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, and its passionate ruggedness untouched by that ever-revising pen which outlasted so many years both the magazine and the two editions of the *Ballad Romances* whose printer could not or would not give the side-notes.

The *bellua multorum capitum* referred to in Mr. Noel's letter has not been generous to Horne, who did honest work for it all his life, and much noble work too. The

* See *Letters from Robert Browning to Various Correspondents*, edited by Thomas J. Wise. 8vo, 1895, vol. i., pp. 12-14.

“many-headed” has never forgiven the poet for the conditions of sale fixed for *Orion*: it was thrown at the many-headed for a farthing; and the publisher was enjoined to withhold it from all who asked for *Orion*. With the many-headed it is even as with the late Mr. Rands’s “fine rhinoceros” when the sailor takes its charge through a tree, and then, having fastened its horn with a nut and screw on the other side, proceeds to chaff the creature—of whom the poet sings—

Now chaff is what he cannot bear ;
He thinks it is not on the square.

Horne had chaffed the many-headed; and it would pay him in kind to the end. It was not generous, I repeat, to remind him forever that his chief poem was but a farthing affair after all; but the many-headed is often merciless to its poets till they are dead and sometimes afterwards. “Who was he, forsooth?”—“Oh! the man that wrote the farthing epic!” Now “*Orion*, the farthing epic,” was a collocation of terms which never failed to exasperate the strong old poet, critic, dramatist, historian, and man of varied action and accomplishment, whose career, dear reader, we have glanced at together, and of whose work a sample is here rescued from obscurity and presented to the public anew. In truth it is a gross injustice to remember *Orion* only because of its price and Horne only because of *Orion*; and it may be predicted with confidence that sooner or later he, who enjoyed much well-merited fame of sorts in his day, will have “one day more.”

THE BALLAD OF DELORA;
OR,
THE PASSION OF ANDREA COMO.
BY
R. H. HORNE.

THE BALLAD OF DELORA ;

OR,

THE PASSION OF ANDREA COMO.

LONG years are gone, and I am old :
My locks once wore the lion's gold ;
Life's winter now, with double smart,
Sheds frost upon my head and heart ;
And thus I stand a lonely tree
All bare and desolate to see,
And worse within, since 'reft of thee ;

Delora !

Delora !—name of many woes !
How coffin'd passion freshly glows
At that sweet sound of melody !
For thou wert bliss and bane to me ;
And I ne'er since have clos'd mine eyes
When day-light died within the skies
Without most agonizing sighs ;

Delora !

Andrea Como,
standing in utter
desolation and soli-
tude, poureth forth
the impassioned his-
tory of his soul.

Deep love, that melteth all things to its own level, as an absorbing beatitude, must ever be a primitive element, like to the grand simplicity of the sea and the heavens, which are also as children in the eye of Eternity.

The sublime face of Nature, even as the features of the mind, is of cameleon existence, and taketh its colours from the human heart. Whereof it comes, that we have more seasons and more senses, in perception, than hath e'er been set down in our calendars and philosophies.

I was a hunter of the woods,
 Who scaled the rocks and stemm'd the floods ;
 Bounding with strength my course I sped,
 And felt Heav'n's glory round my head ;
 I never dream'd that one so free
 And ocean-wild, enslav'd could be,—
 But I became a child for thee ;
 Delora !

I saw her at her father's door,
 Toying with his long locks all hoar ;
 While dim he smiled, and fondled down
 The braided jasmine from her own.
 Her liquid eye a moment turn'd ;
 With chasten'd love my bosom yearn'd,
 Till time gave hope, and then it burn'd ;
 Delora !

Her tender love at length I won ;
 The old man bless'd me as his son :
 Fresh glory was in Heav'n—the woods
 Shone in fresh gold—the crystal floods
 Mirror'd anew fair Nature's face ;
 My speed was lightning in the chase,
 My heart began a fresher race ;
 Delora !

Mine eyes deep glow'd, then shed rich tears
 I felt as young as infant years;
 Myself I scarcely knew, thus thrill'd
 Like passion-flow'rs with dew o'erfill'd.
 I well might fear a maid so fair
 Would dread my rough and wild wood air,
 And say, "Go hug the mountain bear!"

Delora!

I won her: as a devotee
 Before his shrine, so sacredly
 Did I my hope divine behold,
 Nor dar'd unto my breast to fold;
 Until her father, smiling quaint,
 Shook his white head and whispered faint,
 "She is too artless for a Saint!"

Delora!

Yet still the maiden would not wed,
 For sixteen summers o'er her head
 In cloudy chariot had not roll'd
 The beauty of their virgin gold:
 And so she pray'd me to forbear
 My ardent suit, with such sweet air
 As real innocence doth wear:

Delora!

Nor less might we
 say of the beneficent
 and beatified Lady
 of Magdala, who hath
 been mis-judged of all
 ages, she having lack-
 ed art to cover the
 divine feeling that
 impelled her to follow
 and minister to one
 who had "no place
 whereon to lay his
 head."

Meantime a Neapolitan lord,
 Greater by title than by sword,
 Pass'd thro' our vale and saw the maid :
 His forky tongue in poison play'd !
 She shrank before his bold address ;
 Her father begg'd him not to press
 A suit that did his child distress :

Delora !

With haughty and astonish'd mien
 Awhile he stood ; " And well, I ween,
 Some wood-born clown, with farm and vine,
 Hath sworn to wed this girl of thine ;
 But let him till," quoth he, " his lands,
 She'll scorn the press of vulgar hands !"

" True," said her father ; " there he stands !"

Delora !

And the old man
 pointeth to Andrea
 Como with a finger
 of pride, while his
 mind smileth con-
 tempt on the great
 lord.

But Andrea Como
 answereth for himself
 and Nature.

" Noble ! that wood-born clown am I—
 Yon maiden owes me constancy ;
 My *heart* ploughs not the vassal earth,
 Proud as the mountains of my birth ;
 What if my hands should dress the vine,
 Or drive a herd of sheep or swine ?
 My soul might measure stars with thine !"

Delora !

It is a cunning cheat of pride
To deign no answer when defied.
To sneer he strove with lips all pale ;
It fail'd him like a trick that's stale,
And he departed haughtily,
With train and station proud to see,
And left us on our own green lea :

Delora !

That night upon my sleep there came
A dream of roaring, sense of flame,
And springing from my couch, I found
My cottage burning all around !
Thro' the red smouldering door I burst,
But suffocated with the gust,
I fell among the smoking dust ;

Delora !

Ere I could rise, upon me sprang
Four armed men with iron clang !
And one I grasp and crush his mail,
Until his breath and being fail ;
The others, after struggle long,
Bind down my arms with many a thong,
And swiftly hurry me along ;

Delora !

Andrea Como,
 raised up from his
 dark endurance, gaz-
 eth across the broad
 ocean in the morning
 twilight, as one to
 whom a resurrection
 and fresh life bringeth
 no meeting with the
 single object of his
 soul !

They dragg'd me to the wild sea-shore,
 Chok'd with hot dust and rage and gore.
 And in a ship's dark hold I lay
 Gasping and tossing night and day,
 Till suffer'd on the deck to be,
 I rose, and saw the wide, blear sea—
 And groaning thought of thee—of thee,
 Delora !

Day, night and day, 'twas ceaseless work,
 Else they had toss'd me to the shark,
 Or starv'd me. Ne'er my spirit strong
 Had lent my body to this wrong,
 But that a hope I treasur'd fond,
 A will that ever could respond,
 A deep, deep love, all words beyond :
 Delora !

Pass, pass, feloni-
 ous Time ! — thou
 canst not rob this
 man's heart of one
 feeling ; thou canst
 not change its flowers,
 or dry up its roots ;
 neither canst thou
 dismantle the watch-
 tower of his enduring
 passion.

Arriv'd, they sold me for a slave !
 I curs'd not, nor did idly rave,
 But fainting at the burning oar,
 Month after month my state I bore :
 And when years pass'd, like endless seas,
 My high-wrought heart scorn'd time's degrees,
 Still sighing to each passing breeze,
 Delora !

Five years,—and then my chains I burst,
And on the homeward wave was toss'd.
My swelling bosom yearn'd for wings,
My pulse was fancy's echoings ;
Each morning did my spirit leap
From its brief rest in feverish sleep,
And instant sped across the deep :

Delora !

Again upon the wild sea-shore
I stood. What fears my bosom tore !
The agonizing doubts of wrong
To my sweet love, I'd borne thus long,
Soon ended by some certainty !
I dar'd not think which it might be,
Deep bliss, or deep calamity !

Delora !

I sought their cottage near the wood :
No cot was there ! Where it had stood,
Weeds and the thorn-set bramble flowers,
Faint glistening with the cold dew showers,
Were wash'd anew by scalding tears,
Bitter'd with gall distill'd from years !

RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

Vain grief—no more! I sped me straight,
Haughty from wretchedness so great,
And tower'd before the tyrant's gate ;

Delora !

Oh, grievous world! Oh, truth and right!
Integrity, where is thy might?
Riches and rank, titles and fear,
Oppress our life—scoff at our bier!
His vassals seiz'd me, beat me down.
And chain'd me—chain'd me, flesh and
bone !

Oh, for the thews of Samson gone!
But I ne'er felt my power was flown ;

Delora !

Fainting with wounds, thought's sharper pangs
Darkness and thirst and hunger's fangs,
They bore me to a ship, and soon
The sea and sky, and sun and moon,
Were all we saw, until again,
With aching heart and aching brain,
I was a slave and wore a chain!

Delora !

I curs'd not men or stars, but firm
Bore the unutterable wrong. My arm
Was oft uplifted in my dreams;
It fell—and chaos utter'd screams!
But manhood quiet rul'd the day.
Ere two years' patience held its sway,
I fled, and dash'd my chain away;

Delora!

Again upon the wild sea-shore
I stood: my full heart was all core,
All passion, love and stern resolve.
Let time spin on, let suns revolve,
I change not. At the palace gates
My boar-spear smote its iron plates:
“Tell him—Andrea Como waits!”

Delora!

The porter with a ghastly face
Went; then returned with ponderous mace,
And wall'd behind the loop-holed porch,
Lower'd with a leering, hound-like crouch.
Three days, unto that noble's shame,
At sun-rise and at sun-set flame,
I smote the gates, and said the same!

Delora!

The Imagination of the strong and injured, bereft of its attendant faculties, wanders like some glorious demon into other worlds, peopling them with new forms of tyranny, in order to multiply the solemn curses of denunciation, and exterminating blows. Not so the wakeful soul of true power, whose combined faculties have but a truthful singleness of aim.

“Tell him, Andrea Como waits!” Certainly, as the sun riseth and setteth, the injured passion uplifteth its lofty Memnonian voice.

Then came some officers of law,
 With snake-like eyes and lanking jaw,
 And charg'd me to appear in court
 To answer crimes of fell import.
 Law spoke : I was condemned,—and cast
 For death ; the noble's word had past ;
 And in a jail they held me fast !

Delora !

Oft I escap'd—as oft again
 In different provinces was ta'en ;
 Till free once more, swift, swift I fly
 To the green vales of Lombardy,
 When spent, half famish'd, wan, and gone,
 I sought one eve a cottage lone
 And saw my love ! my life ! my own

Delora !

Our breathless cry, our gush of tears—
 Oh Love ! 'twas weakness that endears
 My present thought, if then 'twere shame
 To melt my manhood. Words now came,
 And we recounted all the past ;
 And though I slurr'd my sufferance vast,
 My breath grew short, thy tears flow'd fast

Delora !

When I was borne across the deep,
 The snake o'er innocence did creep
 And held Delora in his walls.
 But she fell sick amid his thralls,
 And constant madness feigned, until
 Watching a time, she fled his will,
 And with her father 'scaped from ill ;

Delora !

To Naples straight ! I told my wrong
 In many a group and market throng,
 And at the palace gates I smote ;
 Till imps of state who fang by rote
 Seiz'd me : my crimes they gravely show ;
 " Oh ! " whined the crowd, " if it be so, "—
 Hole slinking worms !—" why he must go ! "

Delora !

My trial came : firm, I repell'd ;
 The proofs all fail'd—yet I was held !
 And in the end, by some foul fee,
 I was unshackl'd privately,
 And o'er the seas once more was sent,
 With spirit griev'd and heart deep rent ;
 Tho' never conquer'd, almost spent ;

Delora !

Beseeching her to
 taste of the gross and
 gaudy fruit of the tree
 of Ignorance.

If it be madness to
 be constant in love,
 even to the last drop
 of life, wherein, then,
 consisteth the beauty
 of a sound intelli-
 gence ?

Some error strange preserv'd my life,
 Another met the murderous knife:
 They wrote, "Andrea Como's gone!"
 But in a dungeon I was thrown,
 And there in solid dark remain'd,
 Till darkness by sad light was grain'd—
 Like hell by purgatory stain'd:

Delora!

What time this chasm, peopled with ill,
 I bore companion'd by my will,
 I know not: Oh, it tries the strength,
 When pain's account turns round from length;
 Confounded, seeming without end,
 A tortur'd serpent's dizzy blend,—
 Like reckoning with a fiend as friend;

Delora!

And thus the mind,
 in its throes of agony,
 and far-reachings at
 relief, struggleth to
 measure and com-
 pound with Eternity.

It chanc'd an earthquake flaw'd the land,
 And shook my dungeon walls to sand.
 Bruis'd, I escaped; the waves I cross'd,
 And twice was wreck'd, on land oft lost;
 Detain'd by bandits, chas'd thro' woods
 By wolves and panthers; hemm'd with floods;
 Gaunt-fed on berries, roots, and buds;

Delora!

Again upon the wild sea-shore
 We stood. *I* stood there. Ocean's roar
 Was round me, e'en as Time's hath been,—
 With not much more effect, I ween.
 To Lombardy I soon had flown ;
 There found her sire—my love was gone !
 I paus'd but for one inward groan ;

Delora !

To Naples straight ! With lofty mien
 Before the palace I was seen.
 My boar spear smote upon the gates ;
 "Tell him—Andrea Como waits !"
 I heard him on his couch of pain
 Yell from his fortress in cracked strain,
 "Blight him ! and blast him ! what, *again* ?"

Delora !

At sun-down did I this renew,
 But wary grown, ere dusk withdrew,
 And hied me to my native hills.
 Briefly I told my countless ills,
 Then with some brothers of the woods,
 Enough for all his vassal broods,
 Return'd across the rocks and floods ;

Delora !

The triumph over
 excessive calamity and
 injustice, uplifteth An-
 drea Como to a sense
 of majestic station.
 But sufficiently great
 as a Man, he quickly
 recovereth his natural
 position.

RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

At night we ranged before the walls :
 A well-known voice with wildness calls !
 She sees me from the turret high :
 " Thou'rt saved, Delora !—hither fly !"
 The gates we force, the warder seize,
 She comes !—I hear her garment's breeze ;
 Folded in these fond arms !—in these ?

Delora !

If this were bliss, 'twere doubly so
 To find the tyrant's lustful glow
 Infirm disease had foil'd, since he
 Had thus again oppress'd the free.
 Oh, in my dungeon had I known
 That he on palsied couch was thrown,
 I had suppress'd each rising groan ;

Delora !

I wedded her at sun-rise bright,
 And bore her in her garments white
 Straight to the palace : at the gates
 My strong spear smote upon the plates ;—
 " Say thus—Andrea's virgin bride
 Sends health to the great lord inside !"
 So we departed, side by side ;

Delora !

Infinitesatisfaction.
 The greatness of feeling
 in Andrea Como
 taketh away all sense
 of revenge. Even his
 contempt hath more
 of sport than bitter-
 ness.

With heart too full for festive glee,
I bore her to fair Lombardy.
Years had not chang'd thy seraph face,
Years never can thy love erase ;
Years had not dimm'd thy lips, thine eyes—
From the grey stone I sudden rise,
And clasp my hands to vacant skies !

Delora !

In Lombardy I ne'er had staid,
And distant far had borne the maid,
But that the noble late was gone
To banishment, of titles shorn
For misdemeanours 'gainst the state ;
Embezzlement of riches great,
Pawning his pride for dross and slate ;

Delora !

Which causeth
Andrea Como to feel
some pity for him.

A morn—nay, was it quite a day
Before my Heaven pass'd away ?
Wandering one eve near a dim pile
Whose moss-grown ruins seem'd to smile
Pale answers to the sun's farewell ;
We sat upon a grassy swell
Some legend of the place to tell :

Delora !

RICHARD HENRY HORNE

When soon my love rose up and sped
 To gather wild flowers for my head,
 As she was wont in sportive guise,
 While I look'd on, with grave, fond eyes.
 And now she vanish'd thro' an arch
 Of that void pile—a ruin'd porch,
 Or gateway—eager in her search :

Delora !

And long I sat in silence there
 Amid the dim and silent air,
 Till silence into wonder grew,
 And vivid apprehensions flew
 Athwart my brain ! I rose the while,
 And striving at such fear to smile,
 Walk'd thro' the gateway of the pile :

Delora !

I saw the dewy wild weeds weeping,
 I saw the flowers in twilight sleeping,
 I saw the green mounds and the walls
 That form'd the courts and ruin'd halls ;
 But all was void ! Then hurriedly
 My voice I rais'd and called for thee !
 And hollow echo came to me !

Delora !

Like his own ghost :
 an unnatural mockery
 of himself.

With hasty stride each turn I traced,
For some fresh woe my nerves I braced ;
No flowers, or courts, or walls, or mound
I saw, nor heard I any sound
Beside her echoed name ; my brain,
Fill'd with her image e'en to pain,
Sought her—sought, sought—and sought in
vain ;

Delora !

The rack-round night at length was gone ;
Hope found me in the vacant morn,
Still thro' the gusty pile pursuing
Its death-like courts and roofless ruin ;
Imploring—grasping—or standing on
The stony ribs of the skeleton ;
Till every crevice was explor'd,
Each weed-tuft known, each fragment scor'd,
To find my heart's sole hope and hoard ;

Delora !

Now thro' the pile direct I cross
Tow'rds the south entrance ; with my loss
Still warring to out-bar despair :
The wide, blank common meets me there !

Oh! thou cold sweep of land!—waste, wild,
Suffering speeds o'er thee—thou art fill'd—

Uplifting and descending in their misty sheets between earth and heaven, till finally absorbed.

Thy dews are desolate hearts distilled;

Delora!

Oft would I mount by shatter'd stair
The battlements; and station'd there,
Eye all the fields and woods around,
And note each spot, each shade of ground.
Thus days and nights, clouds, star-beams sped,
Till spent in frame down sank my head,
As one among the quiet dead;

Delora!

When that my fever was allay'd,
I rose as gaunt as any shade
And cross'd unto the far off strand.
The exil'd lord ne'er reach'd that land!
His ship was lost upon the main.
I rov'd the world—and rov'd in vain!
And to this spot return'd again;

Delora!

Ever, for ever,
awaiteth he the same.

Years roll'd away—and years may roll,
But seated on the green-sward knoll,

Fronting the archway where I last
 Beheld Delora's form, I cast
 Mine eyes for ever on the place
 For ever vacant—hoping space
 Would render up to my embrace,
 Delora !

And still I gaze, and hope to see
 Her form appear, and fly to me !
 She lov'd me fondly ;—with that thought
 Brief bliss, long agony, are bought !
 Oh ! from thy dark, uncertain doom,
 Once issue ere I seek the tomb,
 Or call me—and I come ! I come !
 Delora !

He wisheth to
 die, but only at her
 call ; that so he may
 die into impassioned
 Life.

Peasants and travellers oft pass'd,
 And looks of fear and pity cast :
 I scarcely noted they were near,—
 My rapt soul glows, but dwells not here ;
 Therefore they said that I was mad,
 For years to sit thus gaunt and sad ;
 But I most passion'd reason had ;
 Delora !

RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

Delora, spirit of my heart!
 Delora, we can never part!
 I see thy form! angelic bare
 Thou float'st amid thine auburn hair!
 Delora, templed shrine of bliss—
 Thou fad'st without one clasping kiss,
 And maddening space takes this, and this!

Delora!

Oh, man of ease! Oh, moderate fool!
 Stunted with dulness, fed by rule,
 Carping at passion with a whine,
 How dar'st thou limit God's design?
 The self-pois'd sun, the changeless sea,
 Emblem'd the elements in me;
 But I was as a child with thee,

Delora!

Now I am old, haggard and poor,
 Delora; now doth winter frore
 Knot up my joints: the wild wind whistles
 Thro' my coarse hair, and thro' the thistles
 That on the battlement forlorn
 Nod like the shades of warriors gone,
 In haze of twilight, even and morn;

Delora!

The wild goat cries i' the ruin'd hall ;
 The fiend-faced wolf looks thro' the wall ;
 The hoarse rooks sail, and war and wail,
 O'er the cleft towers, till evening pale ;
 The goblin owl leaves her ivy old,
 There to hoot in moonshine cold ;
 While dim glides by Oblivion vast,—
 Wan image of the spectral past !
 But ne'er one look on me he cast ;

Delora !

In the tenth year of this my state,
 This vigil against Time and Fate !
 There pass'd one eve an aged lord,
 Roving alone by conscience gor'd.
 Instant I knew him!—fain he would
 Move by, but quick as mounting blood
 I toweringly before him stood !

Delora !

As when a murderer sees the ghost
 Of one thro' life he'd injured most,
 After long years rise in his path,
 Dilated with immortal wrath !

The King over
 time and nature, and
 all that exist in them,
 except those things
 which pass upward
 from man to God.
 And yet Oblivion
 gazeth not upon An-
 drea Como, knowing
 him for one who will
 defy his power unto
 the last possible limit
 of mortality, and be-
 yond also, with the
 full scope of his im-
 mortal soul.

And, like an eternal spirit, Andrea
Como confronteth his
arch-enemy.

So look'd he ; and his jewel'd sword
Hung like a by-word ! Thus o'eraw'd,
He rock'd, tho' rooted to the sward !
Delora !

“ Lo ! I, the man who smote thy gates,
Still live !—Andrea Como waits !
Not twice ten years of wrongs and pains
Have wrought my fall : Shame eat thy chains !
As dust that fell from *me* ; and now
We two grey men must titles show !
Hark !—Retribution !—I, or thou !”
Delora !

Aghast, he reel'd ; yet feigning proud,
With dubious accent cried aloud,—
“ I stole her not—poor wretch forbear !”
I seized the poor wretch by the hair,
And to a torrent's dizzy verge
With many a gasp and wretch did urge,
And held him o'er the boiling surge !
Delora !

“ Thou worm at Nature's footstool !—thou
Unworthy shape of man !—what blow

Can quit *my* wrongs?"—I loos'd his form,
 And shook the grey hairs from my palm :
 "Tho' through the cataract's raging crown
 My hand could swing thee howling down,
 Go—pardon'd by the wood-born clown !"

Delora !

Yes, my deep injuries, sustain'd
 From youth to age—life wasted, waned—
 Mortal revenge can never quit ;
 Poor—feminine—inadequate.
 Placed 'neath my heel, this lord had borne
 My soul's immeasurable scorn,
 Which too much honoured such a pawn ;

Delora !

The years roll on, and still I yearn
 Beyond the grave tow'rds passion's bourne ;
 And still my form upon the mound
 Fronting the archway's wreck is found.
 Green is this bank as when my bride
 Was seated on it by my side ;
 While I—while thou !—

Delora !

The "feigned
 pride" of convention
 (no less than its real
 pride) had striven in
 vain to imitate and
 compete with Nature.
 But was it not con-
 science that spoke out
 inversely, when he
 cried—he had stolen
 her not ?

In the simplicity of his own nature, he doubteth how an exile should work such deep treachery from across the sea.

For then it would prove his constant vigil to be all in vain.

Full well I know, amid that pile
 Are caverns reaching many a mile ;
 And thus, sometimes I doubting deem
 My love was stolen ; yet such a dream
 Of her removal and her death
 By that lord lecher's withering breath,
 I quick discard,—my pride beneath :

Delora !

And yet, a passing wish at times
 To know she's dead my fix'd will climbs,
 And draws it down from passion great,
 I' the weakness of this mortal state,
 Unto the deep desire of peace ;
 To gush out all—and die, and cease—
 And find with thee a bless'd release,

Delora !

And oh ! I oft, as martyr faint
 With torment, hath denied his Saint,
 Have question'd whether manhood high
 Against all hope should lingering die
 For any sweet and trancy flower ?
 But thou from destiny had'st dower
 To win my soul, absorb my power ;

Delora !

And thus again I ever turn
 To hug my pang-fed sufferance stern ;
 Yet, though my being ne'er can cower
 It cannot ward the wasting hour :
 Identity, half changed with age,
 Is passing like a finish'd page,—
 Yet still I grasp my palsied gage ;

Delora !

Sometimes, forgetful of my strength,
 My fortitude's eternal length,
 I whirl my clench'd hand in the air
 And threaten with a deadly glare ;
 Between my teeth fierce whispers thrill,
 "Beware of him who can, and will !"
 Oh God ! Oh Nature ! nerve me still :

Delora !

And thus alone through crawling years,
 Clogg'd with my groans and slow, parch'd tears ;
 While aye the press without hath been,
 Driven to the unconquer'd power *within* ;
 I seem to have risen o'er my state,
 O'er time, and o'er myself of late ;
 Mix'd with the elements of fate !

Delora !

At an ideal enemy,
 the feeling having
 become a generalized
 abstraction by its
 prolonged intensity.
 Perhaps at the sun,
 wishing it could stand
 fixed as on Gibeon,
 for that he felt old
 age overcoming him.

Creep on, poor
 many-jointed worms ;
 ye shall not draw your
 film over this passion,
 nor feed upon its deep
 vitality of ever-verd-
 ant truth.

Great, concentrated, high-wrought, pure,
 Intense, impassion'd will to endure,
 Power over solitude, strong as forlorn !
 Old watcher of the waking morn
 As a grey father doth his child ;
 Let elements be mix'd and piled,
 We move not, be they calm or wild ;
 Delora !

Oh, passion'd will ! and can I say
 Love rules alone this dull, cold clay ?
 Once glow'd it like Elysium's morn,
 Ages of bliss each moment born !
 My heart's core now hath lost its fire,
 Hopeless, I yearn with deep desire
 To see once more—fold, bless, expire !

Delora !

The continuity of his will hath placed itself beyond all self-reprieve. It hath become the slave of its own excessive action. Fain would he die, but not without some attainment of his object, be it only the shadow of attainment.

Time still creeps on ; and still the same,
 I feed and hold my hovering flame :
 In darkness oft or mute star-light,
 I sit and listen all the night
 To the far roaring of the sea,—
 Like slumbering Eternity ;
 While dead trees sigh, and whisper me
 Delora !

What state is mine! How have I risen
 By love's despair!—what vastness given,
 Since, like a fix'd petrific tomb
 I bore my epitaph o'er doom!
 My mind now roves thro' many a shore,
 With powers it never knew before;
 Thoughts, shapes, and actions, in degree
 Tremendous—Titan-like—and free—
 Passion-created imagery!

Delora!

But visions now too thick throng in,
 And Time and Solitude must win,
 And mould the long-resisting one.
 Therefore, ere with wild dreams o'er-run,
 These records will I leave behind,
 Like love's last sighs pour'd on the wind,—
 A cold, cold world is all they'll find;

Delora!

My life beyond all natural length
 Holds out, tho' destitute of strength:
 So stiff my limbs, my pulse so low,
 I'm like the Image of my woe!

The self-sustaining strength whereby he bore himself above the power of these great Influences, hath failed at last. His imagination is filled and wrought up beyond his nature to endure. His unroofed mind hath let in all comers, and insanity hath just grasped old age by his white hair. Whereof the strong man was conscious, and prepares.

I feel my blood hath ebb'd away,
 And moveless sit, from day to day,
 A statue conscious of its clay!

Delora!

I heard a voice i' the air last night,
 When the hoarse fog hung smoky white—
 "Image of Passion!—love, grief, will,
 But man no more; time shall not fill
 Thy measure, till earth change to Sky!"
 And as the accents echoing die,
 Voices in myriads seem to sigh,—

Delora!

Cold are the winds on northern lea;
 Cold is the winter o'er the sea:
 Howl, winds! gripe, winter! shatter, wave!
 Mankind, do all!—behold this Grave!
 Seasons roll on, as morn on morn:
 So ages pass: oh, world forlorn!
 The dead smile pity at thy scorn.
 Time, ever childless and heart-bare,
 Begins to mourn, and crave an heir.
 Andrea Como sleeps—sleeps where?

Delora!

Even Time sorrow-
 eth o'er the grave of
 one whom he had
 almost thought des-
 tined to survive him,
 and that he himself
 at last should rest.
 But Andrea Como
 sleepeth with Delora
 in celestial passion,
 beyond the Father of
 Years.

UTTOXETER.

BY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



HAWTHORNE IN THE SHADOW OF JOHNSON.

No two men could be much more unlike than Samuel Johnson and Nathaniel Hawthorne. There is scarcely a point of contact. And yet—perhaps the more for that very reason—few lovers of the great Doctor can have failed to be charmed by that delightful chapter in a delightful book, the chapter relating to Lichfield and Uttoxeter in *Our Old Home*. As narrated in the book which appeared in 1863, the romantic puritan's story of his visit to the City and Town which are peculiarly sacred to the memory of the severe lexicographer, poet, and man of letters, bears the marks not only of sympathetic thought but of that careful workmanship which we expect from the author of *The Scarlet Letter*. The deep impression of the ponderous Doctor's personality on the greatest of transatlantic romancists is woven into the topographical narrative with elaborate skill. In this chapter of *Our Old Home* is embodied a little essay on Uttoxeter which Hawthorne had contributed six years earlier to *The Keepsake*. It is an exquisite little essay—fresh, spontaneous, sensitive, unaffected, the method not too elaborate for the substance, and the simplicity unobscured by subsequent reflexion. Those to whom Johnson and Hawthorne are dear will be thankful to have it in its primal form.

UTTOXETER.

BY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AT Lichfield, in St. Mary's Square, I saw a statue of Dr. Johnson, elevated on a stone pedestal, some ten or twelve feet high. The statue is colossal (though perhaps not much more so than the mountainous Doctor) and sits in a chair with a pile of big books underneath it, looking down upon the spectator with a broad, heavy, benignant countenance very like Johnson's portraits. The figure is immensely massive—a vast ponderosity of stone, not finely spiritualised, nor, indeed, fully humanised, but rather resembling a great boulder than a man. On the pedestal are three bas-reliefs; in the first, Johnson is represented as a mere baby, seated on an old man's shoulders, resting his chin on the bald head which he embraces with his arms, and listening to the preaching of Dr. Sacheverell; in the second tablet he is seen riding to school on the backs of two of his comrades, while a third boy supports him in the rear. The third bas-relief possesses, to my mind, a good deal of pathos. It shows Johnson in the market-place of Uttoxeter, doing

penance for an act of disobedience to his father, committed fifty years before. He stands bare-headed, very sad and woe-begone, with the wind and rain driving hard against him ; while some market-people and children gaze awe-stricken into his face, and an aged man and woman, with clasped hands, are praying for him. These latter personages I fancy (though, in queer proximity, there are some living-ducks and dead poultry), represent the spirits of Johnson's father and mother, lending what aid they can to lighten his half-century's burden of remorse.

I never heard of this statue before ; it seems to have no reputation as a work of art, and very probably may deserve none. Yet I found it somewhat touching and effective, perhaps because my interest in the character of that sturdiest old Englishman has always been peculiarly strong ; and especially the above-described bas-relief freshened my sense of a wonderful beauty and pathos in the incident which it commemorates. So, the next day, I left Lichfield for Uttoxeter, on a purely sentimental pilgrimage (by railway however,) to see the spot where Johnson performed his penance. Boswell, I think, speaks of the town (its name is pronounced Yute-oxeter), as being about nine miles from Lichfield, but the map would indicate a greater distance ; and by rail, passing from one line to another, it is as much as eighteen. I have always had an idea of old Michael Johnson journeying thither on foot, on the morning of market-days, selling books through the busy hours, and returning home at night. This could not well have been.

Arriving at the Uttoxeter station, the first thing I saw, in a convenient vicinity, was the tower and tall grey spire

of a church. It is but a very short walk from the station up into the town. It had been my previous impression that the market-place of Uttoxeter lay immediately round about the church ; and, if I remember the narrative aright, Johnson describes his father's book-stall as standing in the market-place, close beside the sacred edifice. But the church has merely a street of ordinary width passing around it ; while the market-place, though near at hand, is not really contiguous ; nor would its throng and bustle be apt to overflow their bounds and surge against the churchyard and the old grey tower. Nevertheless, a walk of a minute or two would bring a person from the centre of the market-place to the church-door ; and Michael Johnson might very well have placed his stall, and have laid out his literary ware, in the corner at the tower's base,—better there, perhaps, than in the busy centre of an agricultural market. But the picturesqueness and full impressiveness of the story require that Johnson, doing his penance, should have been the very nucleus of the crowd—the midmost man of the market-place—a central figure of Memory and Remorse, contrasting with, and overpowering the sultry materialism around him. I am resolved, therefore, that the true site of his penance was in the middle of the market-place.

This is a pretty, spacious, and irregular vacuity, surrounded by houses and shops, some of them old, with red-tiled roofs ; others wearing a pretence of newness, but probably as old as the rest. In these ancient English towns you see many houses with modern fronts, but if you peep or penetrate inside, you often find an antique arrangement,—old rafters, intricate passages, balustraded staircases ; and

discover that the spruce exterior is but a patch on some stalwart remnant of days gone by. England never gives up anything old, as long as it is possible to patch it. The people of Uttoxeter seemed very idle in the warm summer day, and stood in little groups about the market-place; leisurely chatting, and staring at me, as they would not stare if strangers were more plentiful. I question if Uttoxeter ever saw an American before. And as an American, I was struck by the numbers of old persons tottering about, and leaning on sticks; old persons in knee-breeches, and all the other traditional costume of the last century. Old places seem to produce old people, as by a natural propriety; or perhaps the secret is, that old age has a tendency to hide itself when it might otherwise be brought into contact with new edifices and new things, but comes freely forth and meets the eye of man, amid the sympathies of a decaying town. The only other thing that greatly impressed me in Uttoxeter was the abundance of public-houses, one at every step or two; Red Lions, White Harts, Bulls' Heads, Mitres, Cross Keys, and I know not what besides. These are, probably, for the accommodation of the agricultural visitors on market-day. At any rate, I appeared to be the only guest in Uttoxeter, on the day of my visit, and had but an infinitesimal portion of patronage to distribute amongst so many inns.

I stepped into one of these rustic hostelries, and got my dinner—bacon and greens, and a chop, and a gooseberry pudding—enough for six yeomen, besides ale; all for a shilling and sixpence. This hospitable inn was called the Nag's Head, and, standing beside the market-place, was as

likely as any other to have entertained old Michael Johnson in the days when he used to come hither to sell books. He, perhaps, had eaten his bacon and greens, and drunk his ale, and smoked his pipe, in the very room where I now sat ; a low, ancient room, with a red-brick floor and a whitewashed ceiling, traversed by bare, rough beams ; the whole in the rudest fashion, but extremely neat. Neither did the room lack ornament, the walls being hung with engravings of prize-oxen, and other pretty prints, and the mantelpiece adorned with earthenware figures of shepherdesses. But still, as I sipped my ale, I glanced through the window into the sunny market-place, and wished that I could honestly fix on one spot rather than another, as likely to have been the holy site where Johnson stood to do his penance.

How strange and stupid it is, that tradition should not have marked and kept in mind the very place ! How shameful (nothing less than that) that there should be no local memorial of this incident, as beautiful and as touching a passage as can be cited out of any human life ! no inscription of it, almost as sacred as a verse of Scripture, on the wall of the church ! no statue of the venerable and illustrious penitent in the market-place, to throw a wholesome awe over its traffic, its earthliness, its selfishness ! Such a statue, if the piety of man did not raise it, might almost have been expected to grow up out of the pavement of its own accord, on the spot that had been watered by Johnson's remorseful tears, and by the rain that dripped from him.

Well, my pilgrimage had not turned out a very successful

one. There being no train till late in the afternoon, I spent, I know not how many hours, in Uttoxeter, and, to say the truth, was heartily tired of it ; my penance being a great deal longer than Dr. Johnson's. Moreover, I forgot, until it was too late, to snatch the opportunity to repent of some of my own sins. While waiting at the station, I asked a boy who sat near me, (a school-boy, some twelve or thirteen years old, whom I should take to be a clergyman's son)—I asked him whether he had ever heard the story of Dr. Johnson, how he stood an hour doing penance beside that church, whose spire rose before us. The boy stared, and answered, "No." I inquired if no such story was known or talked about in Uttoxeter. "No," said the boy ; "not that I ever heard of!" Just think of the absurd little town, knowing nothing of its one memorable incident, which sanctifies it to the heart of a stranger from three thousand miles over the sea! Just think of the fathers and mothers of Uttoxeter never telling their children this sad and lovely story, which might have such a blessed influence on their young days, and spare them so many a pang hereafter!

But, personally, I had no right to find fault with these good people ; for I myself had felt little or no impression from the scene ; and my experience has been similar in many another spot, even of far deeper consecration than Uttoxeter. At Stratford-on-Avon—even at Westminster Abbey, on my first visit—I was as little moved as any stone of the pavement. These visits to the identical scenes of poetical or historic interest inevitably cause an encounter and a shock of the Actual with the Ideal, in which the

latter—unless stronger than in my own case—is very apt to be overpowered. My emotions always come before, or afterwards; and I cannot help envying those happier tourists, who can time and tune themselves so accurately, that their raptures (as I presume from their printed descriptions) are sure to gush up just on the very spot, and precisely at the right moment.

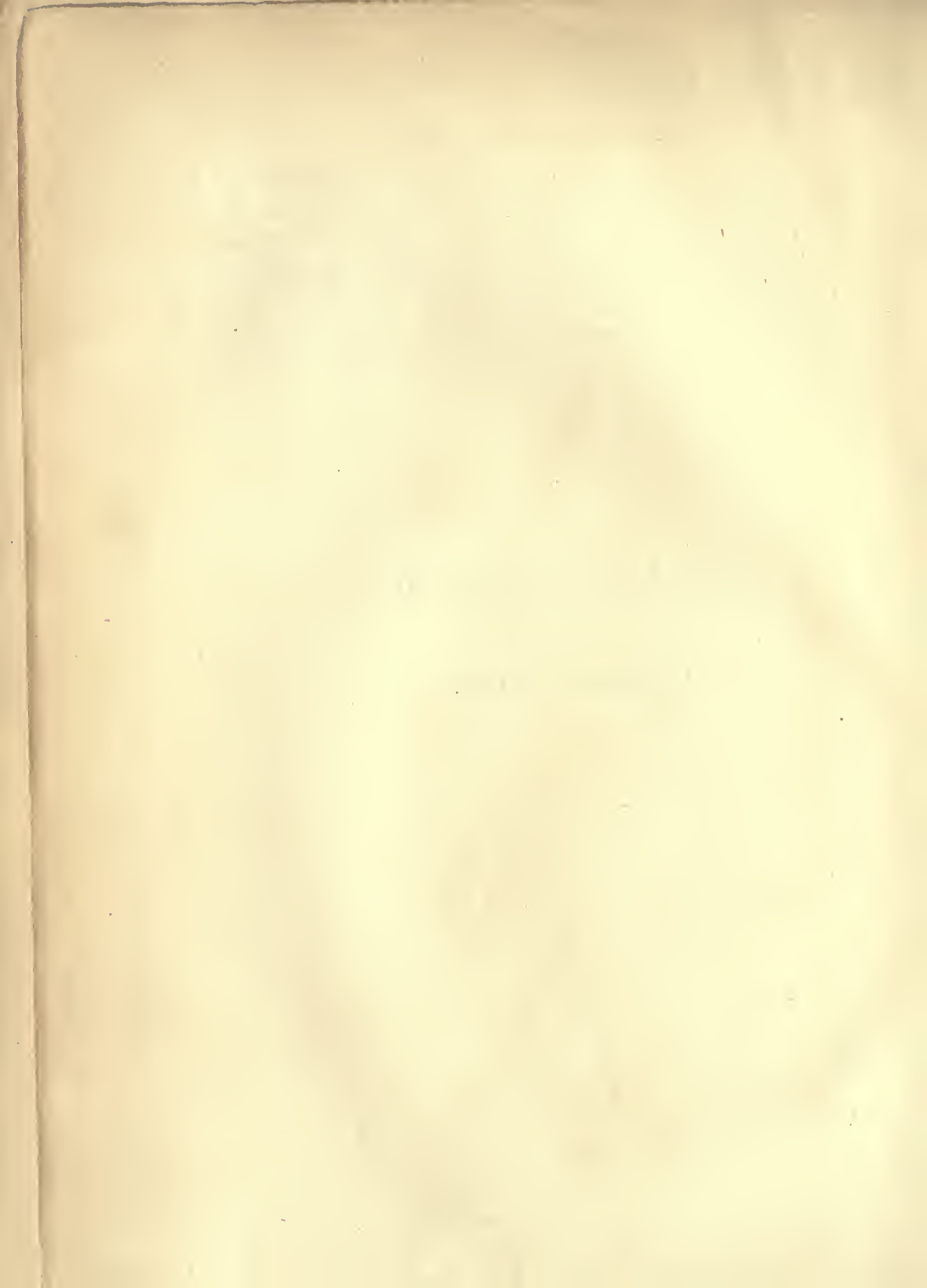
A DRAMATIC SCENE,

BY

CHARLES WELLS.

VOL. I.

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A DRAMATIC SCENE,

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THE circumstances in which the following Dramatic Scene now comes before the public for the first time need some explanation; and indeed the popularity of the author still falls so far short of his merits, notwithstanding the efforts made by such eminent men of letters as Richard Henry Horne, Algernon Charles Swinburne and the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti to obtain him his due, that a brief account of his life is by no means out of place.

Charles Jeremiah Wells was born in the year 1800. His parentage was of the middle class; and he was educated at Edmonton, where the young Keatses were living with their grandmother Jennings, and where Horne was living with his widowed mother. He thus became acquainted in early life, not only with Keats, but also with Horne, and other men of distinction. Though not a good scholar, and constitutionally indolent, he had great natural force of character, and having duly got through his years of tutelage, entered on the profession of a solicitor, for which

his parents had designed him. With Horne, afterwards author of *Orion*, he was very intimate in youth; and with the Keatses he was also in such close relations as to have been unable to resist a bent for practical joking which led to more than one rupture, and one of a serious kind.

He was the "friend who sent Keats some roses," and furnished him thereby with the subject of one of the sonnets in his first volume of Poems published in 1817. At that time there had been no quarrel so serious but that a few roses sent from Wells to Keats had power to whisper "of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd." But it was at no great distance of time from then that Keats discovered in this same friend the author of some letters to poor Tom Keats purporting to come from a lady, and exercising such a painful effect on the moribund youth as to induce Keats, after his brother's death, to refer to the practical joker as "that degraded Wells," and talk about being "ratsbane to his vanity" and "prudently revengeful."

Keats's *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, &c. appeared in 1820: in 1821 came out *The Garden of Florence* &c. by John Hamilton Reynolds; and in 1822 Wells published anonymously his first book, *Stories after Nature*. In all three books the influence of Boccaccio is evident; and tradition ascribes to Wells a motive of emulation. Keats and Reynolds had a joint scheme to pay a tribute to Boccaccio by versifying certain of his stories, which ultimately appeared disconnectedly in the two volumes of poems named; and Wells is thought to have intended, with some pique, to show his friends, in the prose *Stories after Nature*, in what coin tribute to

Boccaccio should be paid. As to the relative positions of the *Stories after Nature* and *Joseph and his Brethren*, as regards time of composition, there is no certainty. Wells claimed to have written *Joseph and his Brethren* when he was twenty years old. It was published about the end of 1823—when he was twenty-three years old—under the pseudonym of “H. L. Howard.” The public and the critics neglected *Joseph and his Brethren* as assiduously as its author neglected his law business ; and before very long he not only gave up his profession, but practically accepted the verdict of his contemporaries that literature was not his vocation. He lived in the country pursuing sport and horticulture. In or about 1840 he took up his residence in Brittany ; and subsequently he was a Professor at Quimper. He wrote a historical romance which was not published, and a tragic story called *Claribel* which was printed in the *Illuminated Magazine* in 1845. In October 1846 and June 1847 appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, “A Boar-Hunt in Brittany” and a “sequel” entitled “Love-Passages in the Life of Perron the Breton” ; and he composed from time to time in his long life much verse and prose, among other things two tragedies entitled *Dunstan* and *Tancrede*, a poem believed to have been called *Bacchus and Silenus*, and a tragic story of intrigue and revenge.

Before 1850, stimulated by the admiration of a select few, he revised *Joseph and his Brethren* ; but, although Mr. Swinburne published an essay on the poem with extracts from the revision, the copy meant for republication mysteriously disappeared, and it was not until 1876 that, having again completed the work of revision, he published

the edition of the poem by which it is now known. Meantime his wife, formerly a Miss Hill, had died, and he had made up his mind to destroy all his work remaining in manuscript. That he did so was afterwards a subject of some little regret to him ; but he had all through his life a superb indifference to fame ; and whatever he wrote must have been the result of impulse. Between 1876 and 1878 he again revised *Joseph and his Brethren*, interpolating important scenes and passages which remain unpublished, but safe in the Library of the present writer, who helped him in the revision of 1876, and saw it through the press. The book as finally revised is entitled *Sephenath-Phaanech*, and is dedicated to Horne, to whose *Chaucer Modernized* he contributed a so-called sonnet, and with whom he had come into correspondence again latterly. Wells's last years were passed at Marseilles, where he died on the 17th of February 1879. That there should be so small a mass of his literary work is explained partly by the indolence of his disposition and partly by the holocaust already mentioned. To avoid an undue addition which enterprising booksellers desire from time to time to make to that mass, it is necessary to record that he was *not* the author of *Dramas Adapted for the Representation of Young Persons* (1820), although the book was published by the same firm as *Joseph and his Brethren*, Messrs. Whittaker, and bore on the title-page the name of "H. Howard."

When the altered copy of the edition of 1824, from which the edition of 1876 was printed, had been copiously written upon, many interpolations were added on separate paper, with instructions for their insertion—sometimes of

the vaguest kind. Most of these were embodied in the new edition ; but the following scene gave rise to a discussion ; and in the end it was agreed to omit it as an undue interruption of the poem's movement—a composition having too little dependence on what would have preceded and followed it. The original intention was to place it between the two scenes which are now the fifth and sixth in Act IV. That is to say, it would have followed the line,

The secret is too big for one frail breast

—at page 225 of the first edition of the book, and would have come between pages 228 and 229 of the revised edition of 1876. It is no insignificant comment on the discussion whether the scene should go in or not, that when Wells again went over his work and prepared the unpublished third edition, the place assigned to this same scene (much altered) was considerably earlier in the poem. In this final version of his latest years, it is at the close of the third Act, after page 201 of the 1876 edition, that Pharaoh and the ambassadors appear in conclave and pave the way for the fine discussion between the Egyptian monarch and Joseph on the relative merits of Nile-side polytheism and Hebrew monotheism. Remarkable as Wells's work always is, the thoughtfulness of this dialogue and the distinction of the style would scarcely reconcile those who love *Joseph and his Brethren* for its dramatic and human qualities to so solid an interruption of the business of getting on with the poem. But these same lovers of Wells's work cannot but rejoice at the preservation of the scene as a striking example of his mood of sustained reflexion.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

PHARAOH'S PALACE :

PHARAOH ENTHRONED IN STATE—COURT—OFFICERS
—AMBASSADORS, &C.

Enter JOSEPH.

I cast myself at Pharaoh's royal feet :
Thou didst desire my presence ; lo ! I am here.

PHARAOH.

Ruler in Egypt, this is my command :—
Ambassadors from several potent states
Are here in Council : they are come to me
Loaded with treasure, royal brotherhood,
To purchase, and entreat our utmost aid,
For that the hand of famine being abroad
Hath fallen rudely on their several powers.

Egypt alone hath 'scaped this general wreck,
Which in its desolation withereth
These powers to the bone. O ruler, say
What counsel in thy wisdom canst thou give.
Remember thee we are for nought in this,
Setting aside both interest and desire,
Longing to aid them in their languishment ;
And thy decision is as Fate's decree,
From which I can admit of no appeal.

JOSEPH.

This is a general matter of much weight.
The fate of Egypt trembles in the scale ;
So I commend it to the King of heaven—
The God of justice is the God of love,
And chastisement is love where sin is death.
Two things must be considered severally :
The Will supreme, and then the will of man.
To purge the nations He has seen it wise
They should be yielded up to famine's arms :
But He hath made exception of this land,
Revealing to the ear of Egypt's King
The secret movements of his destiny.
So far His will is manifest and clear ;
But in these revelations I perceive

No reservation beyond Egypt's good ;
Nor was provision made for other states
Of Egypt's succours beyond Egypt's self.
So far 'tis doubtful if 'twas His intent
That Egypt should become a granary
To bind the hands of His just punishment.
Turn we from revelation wrath divine
And question human judgment, we perceive
The surplus of the seven years of wealth
More than sufficient for the years of dearth :
But as this surplus is but Egypt's own,
Of which these nations plenty form no part,
Ponder well that your beneficence
Strain not upon your own security,
And thus so much as you shall cede to them
In just proportion shall you lack yourself.
First, therefore, King, do justice to thine own,
Nor sacrifice their rights to stranger hands :
O profit by the means that God has given,
And tempt not thou the Providence divine.

PHARAOH.

Behold, Ambassadors, yourselves have heard
Justice and wisdom ; common prudence bids
I should deny your suit : it grieves me sore.

Following you several necessities
Shall be well furnished for your journey back
Joseph

Stay yet awhile and listen to the thing
Thus it appeareth but it is not so
For the two questions still in presence weigh
First the permission of His holy will
Which may be judged by the abundance given
Second beyond the shadow of a doubt
That Egypt's privilege be all secure
To solve this doubt I have forecast with care
Egypt's resources for the time to come
The utmost limit of the seven years
After sufficiency of all the best
Has been preserved in full perfection
A marvellous surplus still remains in hand
Permitting as I said within abuse
Of a vast profitable charity
Pharaoh hath but to say 'Do thus and thus!'

Pharaoh

Truly as you say 'tis wonderful

Commend me to your masters. Each of you,
Following your several necessities,
Shall be well furnished for your journey back.

JOSEPH.

Stay yet awhile and listen to the King.
Thus it appeareth, but it is not so ;
For the two questions still in presence weigh :—
First the permission of His holy will,
Which may be judged by the abundance given ;
Second, beyond the shadow of a doubt,
That Egypt's privilege be all secure.
To solve this doubt I have forecast with care
Egypt's resources for the time to come—
The utmost limit of the seven years.
After sufficiency of all the best
Has been reserved in full perfection,
A marvellous surplus still remains in hand.
Permitting, as I said, within abuse
Of a vast profitable charity.
Pharaoh hath but to say, Do thus and thus !

PHARAOH.

Truly, as you say, 'tis wonderful
That the abundance in exception made
Equals the general dearth and penury.

JOSEPH.

'Tis nothing strange to him whose spirit dwells
Within the knowledge of our Deity.
God's blessing has no limit, and its love
Filleth the wide immensity of heaven,
Its charity overflows upon the earth.

PHARAOH.

'Tis great and glorious and wondrous indeed.

JOSEPH.

For full two years our parsimonious hands
Furnish the fainting nations who still live.
E'en as the racing rivers of the earth
Into the ocean pour their waters out,
So from the states which circle Egypt round
Flows the strong current of their foreign gold:
The royal treasury which was a lake
Has now become a sea. Fear not, O King,
Wisdom and prudence and sweet charity
Will make great Pharaoh greater than he is;
For I prophetic repeat once more,
In the five years of famine yet to come
The surplus is enough to furnish forth

And save from perishing these different states ;
That the abundance given for seven years,
Being preserved in full perfection,
Was so replete, immeasurably vast,
That Egypt's King may plate his thoughts with gold
And on his royal head may wear a crown—
Mysterious light incomparably bright,
Formed of the lives of men, millions of stars
Surpassing all the jewels of the mine,
Or rocks, or mountains, or the sombre depths,
The unsounded oozy bottom of the sea.
'Tis a proud thought, O King of Kings, that all
The mighty nations come to veil their pride
And draw their daily breath at Pharaoh's hand,
The special gift of Jacob's Deity.

PHARAOH.

To you, Ambassadors, I recommend
A serious counsel for your governors :
Be frugal in the aid that may be given,
Fearing it be the last.

1ST AMBASSADOR.

Great Pharaoh, live!—
I speak for all these honoured potentates.—

Here on our knees our several masters tend
 Their gratitude, their envy, and their love—
 Their envy, above all, that Egypt is thrice blessed
 In thee, great King, thy ruler, and his God.

[*Exeunt* AMBASSADORS.]

PHARAOH.

How is it, Joseph, when a lord in power
 Grows into greater power, and doth possess
 In full security, his sov'reign's grace,
 His face shoots forth more beams than doth the sun?
 Men flock to gild them at their lucent rays,
 And the lie fortune casts his golden net,
 Whose smile is glory and whose frown a grave.
 But thou, thou wearest a sober cheerfulness,
 A certain sweet and modest majesty;
 And from the very first you never joyed,
 Nor met your grandeur with an equal smile.

JOSEPH,

The joy I feel is like the God I serve,
 Invisible as vast:
 And will not quit the middle of my heart
 To bask upon the surface of my face;
 Because I am not, nor will ever be,

The secret object of my proper joy.
His glory and His honour doth absorb
My action, soul, and my identity :—
An insect that's attracted by the sun,
A wandering atom in his glorious space,
So am I, lost in Love's humility.
Ah! couldst thou feel the ardour of a soul
Abandoned to the glory of its God,
Where all the faculties so melt and blend,
Adoring His eternal majesty,
In love, obedience, sweet amenity,—
You would not wonder.

PHARAOH.

This is very strange :

I never felt thus in our sacrifice :
Yet Egypt's gods are older than the stars,
Coeval with the moon, gigantic powers
And such as yet were never known or seen
In any nation on the earth besides.
Perplexity and doubt and feverish hope,
A certain awe near neighbour to despair—
As dreading their oracular decree—
Are the chief sentiments which they inspire ;

But never this sweet union of love,
And the soul's ecstasy is all unknown :
Whence comes this difference 'twixt our deities ?

JOSEPH.

Ah! mighty Pharaoh, question me no more :
Oft hast thou spoken of the benefits
Thou didst intend to heap upon my head,
And wonderest at my want of gratitude.
'Tis true I calculate on naught to come
Save in the holy will of Him I serve ;
For man is fickle and fantastical,
And ever writes "To-morrow" in the sand.
In answering thee I might give grave offence
And turn these favours into punishment.
Thus the decree of Providence were crossed
In its mid-execution and design ;
Nor is there aught of honour to be gained :
The God of Jacob is his God alone.

PHARAOH.

I am amazed at this, and something more
Than curiosity doth urge me on,
For that thy God is all invisible,
Yet hath such empire o'er the human heart.

Joseph, I love thee, and will nothing change
In my resolves: once more I do command—
What is the difference twixt thy God and mine?

JOSEPH.

I bend in all obedience to the King,
Though 'tis a dangerous thing you ask of me.—
Humble thy royal ear unto the truth;
Nor fear, nor stripes, imprisonment, or death
Shall check my tongue or limit my report
When there is question of the living God.
Thy gods are legion; in their separate wills
Each one lays claim to universal power:
Behold the first and chief absurdity.
Then they are made of wood and stone and earth,
O'ercoloured with a thousand mysteries
Without beginning and without an end.
And though they were thrice older than the moon,
And she again a thousand times her age,
Still they are nought but wood and stone and earth;
The son but worships what the father made,
The type of ignorance in their substances.
O King, the sacred majesty of truth
Lives not in mean equivocation.
Such are thy oracles with double tongue,

A living lie unto their proper selves ;
More often dumb in utter ignorance.
Witness thy dream. Great Pharaoh did command
Of all the magi and of all the gods
Of Egypt to develop in his ear
This secret which sore troubled his repose.
Was not their silence, ignorance, or disdain
Worthless alike unto their worshippers ?
Behold the King, abandoned by his gods,
Abandons them in turn ; obliged to seek
Another Deity at stranger hands,
And thus by hazard stumbles on the truth.
To which is due conviction, gratitude—
Or his, whom he has served from infancy
With an enslaved spirit led by fear ?
Or mine to whom he turned in despair ?
Who at a word unfolds the secret page
Of sweet salvation to th' Egyptian King
And his devoted land, who else were lost
In the dumb ignorance of Egypt's gods ?
The faith that springeth not from heavenly grace
Is doubly blind, O King.

PHARAOH.

I am not myself ;
A strange confusion worketh in my mind,
Where mystery and truth in strife contend,
Like two great powers for the mastery.
What thou hast said against our deities
I leave between our deities and thee :
Their proper honour is their proper cause.
In spite of my convictions from the first
A power invisible doth sway my heart,
Making me love thy fearless honesty.
Now speak thou of thy God.

JOSEPH.

A heart all burning must a prophet own ;
A tongue like lightning whose all riving fire
Lays bare the marble entrails of the rock ;
A voice like thunder when it broke the spell,
And the first shock of its artillery
Rolled over chaos : Lo ! when silence pale
Woke sudden from her supine lethargy,
Gathering her robe of misty centuries,
Fled trembling from her solitary throne,
Before instinctive new created life,

Never to reign again.

Then his imagination should be veiled,
Seeing the outward heavens as a sheet
Of outspread azure sown with living sparks,
The sea a water drop and the sphered globe,
Rolling attractive round the sun in space;
Himself no bigger than a plate of gold,
And man for what he is.

Then by inverted power he might take in
(Its standard being its proper excellence)
A ray of that high glory which resides
In vast immensity mysterious,
Whose attribute demands no more than space,
Where knowledge merges into prescience.
Therein resides his procreative Will,
Which by a thought in silence all sublime,
A word, from nothingness created all
By the enkindling of His passive will;
And all of which, except the soul of man,
Shall pass away to nothingness again:
Nothing that is shall be save that alone.
Then what am I, O King, in this decree
Unless it be the shadow of a shade?
A prophet must be faith personified,
Having nor life, nor will, desire, design,

Save for th' eternal glory of his God,
And all dissolved in human charity.
O earthly power of Egypt's majesty,
Say that you stood erect on yonder cloud,
That moulds its glowing beauty in the east ;
And being so high with vision magnified,
Seeing beyond the circle of the earth,
E'en to the silver walls that shut out space ;
And piercing through the centre of the world,
Could take in either heaven ; then multiply
The lost immensity ten thousandfold ;—
Yet still it were too narrow and confined
For the immeasurable limit where
The living God sits throned for evermore.
What that the mind of man can designate
Is vast enough to hold eternity :
Ah ! then the spirit of this mighty power
That was, and is, and shall for ever be—
Oh ! what is He ?
The glory of his own magnificence ;
Burning in beauty as he sat alone,
Himself enough for his Divinity.
At length that love too strong to be restrained,
Primeval essence of his Deity,
O'erflowed its bounds, and charity had life ;

And excellence departing from him formed
In subtle spirit beauty exquisite—
The bright angelic hosts who straightway thronged,
Myriads on myriads, countless, numberless,
E'en as the sands upheaved by the wind,
Or water drops descending from the sky,
Or leaves in autumn when the eastern blast
Searches the forests and lays bare the groves ;
And still they come thicker than flakes of snow
Silvering the space of northern hemisphere,
A tribute to his bounty and his love.
Now as that love which had created them
Was in its essence perfect and entire,
Permitting that supremacy divine,
Following in degree of each perfection,
Should be partaken by the new create ;
So nothing less than like abandonment,
Or could they offer or could He receive,
Hence 'tis a principle progenerate
Of the eternal wisdom that the will—
The seat of merit, justice, liberty—
Is of a free unbiassed quality,
Open to make election good or bad :—
Ah ! there it is in the good or evil scales,
Pre-eminence in presence and two wills—

The false and true, the mighty and the weak—
Or infinite or finite God's and man's.
Oh wondrous wisdom, procreative power,
Preserving still the balance of the world,
Which in the will of man goes all to wreck ;
For he who leads the blind foresees the gulf,
And with a hand prepared, a second will,
Recovers his permission and restores
The ruin that his enemies have made—
Malice and folly both obliterate :
And on its axis evermore renewed
The world rolls on towards the final hour.
Ah! the perfection, as it was, should be
The will of God, the will of man but one.
Hard to imagine, harder to believe,
That spirits formed at His paternal hands
Should swerve in their election :—So it was
For following their chief a grievous third,
Ungrateful, ignominious, and vile,
Rose 'gainst their Maker. "I will reign," said he,
"Blinded alike with ignorance and pride,
And my swoll'n heart shall rule : and I will be
Equal to the Omnipotent." The words
Still lingered on his self-devoted lips,
And he and his measure their utmost length

In the profoundest depths of living hell—
A realm of glory for a realm of fire
For spirits ethereal that can never die.
With jealous eye let man o'er-read his heart,
Lest there the hated spark should burn, concealed—
Rebellion in sophisticated garb,
Cloak of distinction 'twixt the fool and wise:
There is no middle course, or love or hate,
The God of heaven or the prince of hell.
Ah! who is he so hardy or so blind
To join the demon and to share his fate?
But the angelic band who loving sealed
The freedom of the will in gratitude,
Bending, adoring, and in saintly choirs,
Singing eternal harmony celest,
Their being gave, and love for love returned;
And thus confirmed in everlasting grace
Were taken to the bosom of their God,
Exalted, raised on their eternal thrones
Of emerald, sapphire, and translucent gold,
With crowns more rich in lustre than the stars,
Possessors of the eternal treasury,
Beauty and peace, celestial harmony,
Absorbed in ecstasies of sleepless love,
Blissful for ever and for evermore.

PHARAOH.

Now by my sword of justice, but your words
Create a mutiny within my breast ;
For needs I must and do applaud, admire,
Yet sacrifice amiss—I do possess
The attributes of faith yet have it not,
Perforce believing in my unbelief ;
Descend to earth and speak thou now of man,
Is he too creature of thy Deity ?

JOSEPH.

The jewel'd sceptre that you wield, O King,
Is it not thine ? yet how much more thine own
Hadst thou created it of empty space,
And formed it of thy fancy and thy will !
Time was when man was not, and now he is.
Ah ! once again the fathomless abyss
Of God's paternal love did kindling rise,
Creating man in his perfection ;
Gave him a body graceful to behold,
A temple sacred in its purity,
A brain to govern, and a heart to love ;
And breathed within him an immortal soul
Linking his nature to his Deity.

But here again the will of man is free,
Virtue and vice are open to his choice—
The gates of heaven and the gates of hell :
Yet naught unholy e'er can enter heaven,
Where reigns the truth in calm sublimity.

PHARAOH.

Ruler in Egypt, favoured of thy God,
Foreseeing and foreknowing, ever wise,—
Mount the imperial steps unto our throne,
And (mutual honour) sit thou by our side.
I see my kingdom as a thronged ship
Carrying a gallant sail before the wind :
Behold her founder on the secret rocks,
Wreck'd beyond hope in famine's lingering grasp ;
Thy wisdom, Hebrew, saved us from this doom,
And he must needs be faithful to his King
Who is so favoured : faithful to his God.
How truly 'tis exemplified in thee,
Knowledge is power !

JOSEPH.

A sleeping giant is a giant still :
To know is not to do : Wisdom is power,
And wisdom but begins where knowledge ends.

Where 'tis not passive, morbid, or supine,
Knowledge is thus a means unto an end.
The Power supreme, ere it created man,
Was passive knowledge—power in action,
Which in its sov'reign wisdom peopled space.
The knowledge had existed from the first,
And so it might have rested till the end:
Then man's immortal soul had never been.
Weigh every act in wisdom's golden scales—
In such a soil the tree will grow to heaven,
Though rooted in the earth.
The mind of man, that wondrous element,
One of his chiefest works omnipotent,
Was first created in its purity;
And complicated thought, good action,
In meet and peaceful harmony combined,
Till an unruly movement of the will
Gave birth to passion! Then straightway
This giant, blind and deaf and boisterous,
Like sudden tempest in a day serene,
Planted with violence and rebellion
Upon the scarce defended citadel
(For conscience is a latent quality);
Calm in its confidence the human mind,
Dethroned reason, lost the greater half

Of her legitimate authority.
Then the half traitor with the will combined,
The fair and false imagination—
That vessel rudderless with silken sails,
Fitful and eager for each varying wind
Impulsive mistress of the elements ;
Whose ribs of burnished and refulgent gold,
And planks encrusted over like a mine,
Dazzles in jewels fascinates the eye
As if a rainbow had become opaque
In its transparent gorgeousness, and all
Its liquid beauty blest with silvery light
Fixed and substantial ;
While the ethereal weepeth tears of joy :
Thus she and her twin sister Fancy sail
Over the surface of the wondering world.
The highest point of intellect in man
Is that which was and ever ought to be—
A reasoning imagination,
Leaving a wide gap in Eternity.
O Egypt's King, thy servant bending low
Prostrates himself before thy royal throne,
Asking a boon at thy all gracious hands—
A boon wherein the secret happiness
Of Pharaoh's servant liveth or must die.

PHARAOH.

Rise, Joseph, rise ; the spirit of the King
Doth yearn to serve thee. Tell me then, I pray,
To whom is Egypt? or to him who reigns
Or who preserved both Egypt and the King?
'Tis justice and not generosity.
The self-same breath that beareth thy desire
Doth execute thy will.

JOSEPH.

Pharaoh doth know
A weary distance in the Canaan land
I left my father and my brethren :
The doubt and danger of their life or death
Long cast a shadow o'er thy servant's heart.
Now God hath so directed circumstance
That I am master of their destinies ;
E'en now they grapple feebly with their fate,
And 'neath the hand of famine must lay low—
To rest in Canaan and their graves is one.

PHARAOH.

There's no comparison in these demands.
Those we have sent away with scant supply

Were strangers numberless whose only claim
Was gentle pity's superfluity.
Thou art the bread of Egypt: shall thy sire
Fall by the well and die of hollow want?
Give me the map of our vicinity;
Of all the country winding round about
Within the precincts of our royal state
I know no land so sweetly watered,
So rich, so fertile, prosperous as this;
Besides, it touches on thy government,
And therefore will not tempt thee from our side.
Take thou this Ramasis unto thy sire
And all his house. The day that they come in
Command the heralds at the city gates
At trumpet's sound proclaim our royal will:
Where Pharaoh loves there let the people bow
And woe to him, stranger or Egypt born,
Who honors not thy sire and brethren:
The highest of the land shall fear the King.
Look to thy government and so farewell.

[*Exit* PHARAOH AND COURT.]

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS FROM
SHELLEY TO LEIGH HUNT.



A BUNDLE OF LETTERS FROM SHELLEY TO LEIGH HUNT.

MORE letters from Percy Bysshe Shelley to James Henry Leigh Hunt! Delightful old quarto letters, folded, tucked, and sealed (the seals broken now, or the paper cut round them, of course),—addressed in that large, liberal, princely writing, with quite considerable sums marked by Post Office clerks on the addresses of them to be collected on delivery—not a sign of a postage stamp, on all the lot,—not even one letter with the word “Paid” written by the sender! As we untie the dusty string, and spread them out, and see even the very doublings often covered with Shelley’s writing, we are struck by the absence of any doubt as to the order in which the several pages and various sections of the doublings are to be read: no! Shelley’s letter-writing was too impetuous, rather say too spontaneous, for that kind of scrappiness which a letter represents when you have to sort up its parts and construct the composition theoretically. They flow to the end, and finish when they must—to wit: when he has said what he has to say. The very sight of the yellowed old paper and brown ink,

even without the postal differentia just described, is enough to take us back three quarters of a century ; and gladly enough one goes that distance to find such good company as that of Shelley and Hunt.

The mere settling of the letters in chronological order illustrates an important point in the soul-life of Shelley : one looks eagerly at the dates and finds (for Shelley seldom omitted to date his letters) that with one exception the hoarded letters of this precious bundle represent the true Shelley. Not one of them was written in the year when the true Shelley was born, the year 1814 ; only one was written before that year, namely in 1813, the year of *Queen Mab*, the last and best work of the preliminary or portentous Shelley ; and all the rest are alive with the heart's blood and intellectual ferment of that unique personality that started suddenly into fulness of life when it came into contact with a notable personality of the other sex, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

How curiously the first two letters illustrate this strange new birth of Shelley, those who run may read—the one written at the end of 1813, baldly and naïvely stating a case for the atheism of Milton, asking Hunt whether he really had god-fathered such a case, and talking of emotions much as they talk who have none—the other written just two years later, full of deep feeling and affection, laying bare the soul of one vitally interested in the personalities of his friends and their artistic creations rather than in barren disquisitions on theism and atheism and the trial of grave questions by narrow intellectual criteria.

But for the unquestionable genuineness of the holograph,

the first letter is just such a mechanical piece of position-stating as tempted Byron the letter-forgery to think that, with a little application to the art of imitative caligraphy, he could supply the material for a few Shelley letters, at all events good enough to sell. But just as, in George Eliot's nobly audacious phrase,

God could not make Antonio's violins
Without Antonio,

so, the Devil himself could not have made that second letter without Shelley: that is a letter of the true Shelley, in which, to keep up the figure, the father of lies could by no possibility have part or lot.

When once that point in the Shelley chronology is reached, there is no record of retrogression: variety, yes, and progress; but never any more letters, however trifling or matter of fact the subject, behind which it is possible not to see this particular personality,—intellect, emotions, imagination, all alive, and creating fresh combinations of language and thought.

Therefore, to come back to the starting point, it is matter of congratulation that this dusty old bundle of letters, ten in number, includes but one of earlier date than the year 1816—the year of *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*.

Before the intending visitor to this new Shelley and Hunt show goes through the turnstile, he will like a glance at the circumstances in which those two poets first became acquainted. Shelley, it will be remembered, was born on the 4th of August 1792,—Hunt on the 19th of October

1784, so that he was well settled in the saddle for his race through life while the other was but a stripling hanging about the paddock and casting longing eyes on the favourites. On the first favourite, Pegasus, he had had more than one canter round, but had not ridden for anything like real business, whereas Hunt had been riding hard for dear life—if not on Pegasus, still on some of that stock. His early poems, indeed, *Juvenilia*, had appeared in 1801, when Shelley was but nine years old ; he had been a journalist and especially a theatrical critic since 1804, publishing his volume of *Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres* in 1807, to be followed by his *Classic Tales* in the same year ; and in 1808 he and his brother had set up *The Examiner*. It was as editor of that able and influential paper on the liberal side that Shelley in 1811 addressed him, a stranger, from University College, Oxford ; and at that time another of Hunt's ventures, *The Reflector*, was in course of publication. Between that time and the beginning of 1813 there was not much communication between Shelley and Hunt ; but on the 3rd of February 1813, Hunt was consigned to Horsemonger Lane Gaol for libelling the Prince Regent ; and this misfortune went far to found that close friendship which lasted till Shelley's death. Shelley made Hunt a " princely offer " of assistance, which Hunt refused ; but he could not refuse to receive his would-be benefactor in his prison ; and, though he had not seen much of him before, their seedling intimacy could not but thrive in the hot-bed of misfortune.

No doubt there was something more or less theatrical in the manner of writing when Shelley made his princely

offer (to pay the Hunt's fine); and such an offer would need much backing of personal attention. It was an offer sprung of intellectual conviction and rash uncalculating impulse; and the first paragraph of the second letter in our bundle shows clearly enough that the heart-to-heart intimacy of Shelley and Hunt really came about when it was Shelley who needed sympathy, Hunt who tendered it, and Shelley again who sprang to meet it.

How little they really knew of each other before the end of 1816 is established on the evidence of this one letter, in which Hunt is presumed not even to know that Shelley takes in *The Examiner*, and Shelley tries his new friend's friendship by a frank, not to say *gauche*, confession of ignorance that that friend had written any poetry beside *Rimini*. Indeed the letter yields us two delicious tableaux:

TABLEAU I, Shelley eagerly seeking a copy of *The Examiner* for Sunday the 1st of December 1816, which had contained an article by Hunt on Young Poets (one of whom was Shelley).

TABLEAU II, Hunt, the author of *The Feast of the Poets and other Poems* (1814) and *The Descent of Liberty, a Mask* (1815), dragging wildly at his voluminous hair and exclaiming, "What! This man—who wanted to pay my fine and came to see me in gaol—doesn't even know that I have published of all things *The Descent of Liberty*?"

Curtain! And when it goes up again, may the reader enjoy and benefit by the varied drama shadowed forth in these delightful letters, with such fiddling of foot-notes as occasion may require by way of accompaniment.

LETTER I.

SKINNER STREET,
LONDON.
December 7th, 1813.

DEAR SIR,

It was stated to me yesterday by Mr. James Ogilvie,¹ the Orator, that you had informed him that it was now known from incontestable authority that Milton died embracing the creed of Atheism.

I should take it as a particular favour if you would have the goodness to tell me whether this statement of Mr. Ogilvie is correct ; and if so, what is the authority from which you spoke.

If I may so accommodate an expression of St. Paul, "After the way which men call Atheism, so worship I the God of my fathers"—so that the information I seek could not give me any pain ; nor is it possible I should make an

¹ The Rev. James Ogilvie, D.D., Chaplain to Lord Forbes, and curate of Egham, was a man of very decided character, having been driven home from Virginia, at the beginning of the first American war, because he declined to renounce his allegiance. He published a controversial tract on Prophecy and Sermons on Various Subjects ; and he may have been the person alluded to, as he was still living after 1813. There was also living then a Dr. John Ogilvie, who published a large number of works, including an *Inquiry into the Causes of Infidelity and Scepticism*, and other things, which points to him as a likelier person than Dr. James Ogilvie to be the hero of this letter of Shelley's. For the reference to St. Paul, see the 24th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, which, it will be remembered, is about "a certain orator named Tertullus," who accused Paul of being "a pestilent fellow."

ill use of it. And whatever I might hereafter at any time say on the subject, it could not be necessary to join your name with it to your annoyance.

I am, my dear Sir,

With much regard, yours,

P. B. SHELLEY.

To
Leigh Hunt, Esq.

LETTER II.

MARLOW.

December 8th, 1816.

I have received both your letters yesterday and to-day, and I accuse myself that my precipitancy should have given you the vexation you express. Your letters, however, give me unmingled pleasure, and that of a very exalted kind. I have not in all my intercourse with mankind experienced sympathy and kindness with which I have been so affected, or which my whole being has so sprung forward to meet and to return. My communications with you shall be such as to attempt to deserve this fortunate distinction. Meanwhile, let me lay aside preliminaries and their reserve ; let me talk with you as with an old friend.

First, I will answer your questions. By some fatality I have seen every *Examiner*, but that of last week. Since I received your letter yesterday, I have made every exertion to get a sight of it, unsuccessfully. All the people who take it in here have forwarded it to their friends at a distance. I hear there is one at a village five miles off ; as it is very uncertain whether I shall be able to procure it, I will accept your kind offer of sending it to me. I take in the *Examiner* generally, and therefore will not trouble you to send your own copy.

Next, will I own the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*?¹ I do not care—as you like. And yet the poem was composed under the influence of feelings which agitated me even to tears, so that I think it deserves a better fate than the being linked with so stigmatised and unpopular a name (so far as it is known) as mine. You will say that it is not thus,—that I am morbidly sensitive to what I esteem the injustice of neglect—but I do not say that I am unjustly neglected,—the oblivion which overtook my little attempt of *Alastor* I am ready to acknowledge was sufficiently merited in *itself*; but then it was not accorded in the correct proportion considering the success of the most contemptible drivellings. I am undeceived in the belief that I have powers deeply to interest, or substantially to improve, mankind. How far my conduct and my opinions have rendered the zeal and ardour with which I have engaged in the attempt ineffectual, I know not. Self-love prompts me to assign much weight to a cause which perhaps has none. But thus much I do not seek to conceal from myself, that I am an outcast from human society; my name is execrated by all those who understand its entire import,—by those very beings whose happiness I ardently desire. I am an object of compassion to a few more benevolent than the rest, all else abhor and avoid me. With you, and perhaps some others (though in a less degree, I fear) my gentleness and sincerity find favour, because they are

¹ This question was settled thus: the Hymn appeared in *The Examiner* for the 19th of January 1817; and, though Hunt had already announced it to come out with the signature *Elfin Knight*, it was printed with that of *Percy B. Shelley*.

themselves gentle and sincere : they believe in self-devotion and generosity because they are themselves generous and self-devoted. Perhaps I should have shrunk from persisting in the task which I had undertaken in early life, of opposing myself in these evil times and among these evil tongues, to what I esteem misery and vice ; if I must have lived in the solitude of the heart. Fortunately my domestic circle incloses that within it which compensates for the loss. But these are subjects for conversation, and I find that in using the privilege which you have permitted me of friendship, I have indulged in that quantity of self-love which only friendship can excuse or endure.

When will you send me your poems ? I never knew that you had published any other than *Rimini*,¹ with which I was exceedingly delighted,—the *story* of the poem has an interest of a very uncommon and irresistible character,—though it appeared to me that you have subjected yourself to some rules in the composition which fetter your genius, and diminish the effect of the conceptions. Tho in one sense I am no poet, I am not so insensible to poetry as to read *Rimini* unmoved.—When will you send me your other poems ?

Peacock is the author of *Headlong Hall*,—he expresses himself much pleased by your approbation—indeed it is approbation which many would be happy to acquire ! He is now writing *Melincourt* in the same style, but, as I judge, far superior to *Headlong Hall*. He is an amiable man, of great learning, considerable taste, an enemy to every shape

¹ *The Story of Rimini* was published in 1816. It is curious to find Shelley harping on the quasi-incestuous motive of that mediocre poem.

When will you send me your poems? I never knew that
you had published any other than "Pisimi," with which
I was exceedingly delighted, - The story of the poem has
an interest of a very uncommon & irresistible character,
- - the it appeared to me that you have subjected yourself
to some rules in the composition which fetter your genius,
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sense I am no poet, I am not so insensible to poetry;
as to read Pisimi unmoved. - When will you send
me your other poems?

of tyranny and superstitious imposture. I am now on the point of taking the lease of a house¹ among these woody hills, these sweet green fields, and this delightful river—where, if I should ever have the happiness of seeing you, I will introduce you to Peacock. I have nothing to do in London, but I am most strongly tempted to come, only to spend one evening with you; and if I can I will, though I am anxious as soon as my employments here are finished to return to Bath.

Last of all—you are in distress for a few hundred Pounds;—I saw Lord Byron at Geneva, who expressed for [*sic*] me the high esteem which he felt for your character and worth.—I cannot doubt that he would hesitate in contributing at least £100 towards extricating one whom he regards so highly from a state of embarrassment. I have heard from him lately, dated from Milan; and as he has entrusted me with one or two commissions, I do not doubt but my letter would reach him by the direction he gave me. If you feel any delicacy on the subject, may I write to him about it? My letter shall express that zeal for your interests which I truly feel, and which would not confine

¹ Before settling at Marlow Shelley was the guest of Thomas Love Peacock at that place. It was not till the end of February 1817 that the poet and his belongings moved to Marlow; and even then “the Albion House,” as it was called, was not ready for their occupation, which was entered upon in the second week of March. Between the announcement made to Hunt in this letter and the fulfilment of the intention expressed, things of the direst import occurred. Hookham’s letter, announcing the suicide of Harriett Shelley, was dated the 13th of December, and reached Shelley at Bath, whither he had gone since writing to Hunt from Marlow. How he at once rushed off to London, on the vain errand of trying to obtain possession of his children, Ianthe and Charles, and what happened in that connexion, are matters already familiar to us in Dowden’s Life of Shelley.

itself to these barren protestations if I had the smallest superfluity.

My friend accepts your *interest* and is contented to be a Hebrew for your sake. But a request is made in return which in courtesy cannot be refused. There is some little luxury, some enjoyment of taste or fancy you have refused yourself, because you have not felt, through the difficulty of your situation, that you were entitled to indulge yourself in it. You are entreated—and a refusal would give more pain than you are willing to inflict—to employ the enclosed in making yourself a present of this luxury, that may remind you of this not unfriendly contest, which has conferred a value on £5 which I believe it never had before.¹

Adieu: with affectionately yours
P. B. Kelly.

I will send you an *Alastor*.

[Addressed outside.]

Leigh Hunt, Esq.,
 Vale of Health,
 Hampstead,
 Near London.

¹ The name one naturally associates with this pleasant lender, who accepts interest to put the borrower at ease, and then sends it back as a present,—is Horace Smith.

LETTER III.

MARLOW.

*August 16th, 1817.**[Written by Mary Shelley.]*

MY DEAR MARIANNE,

In writing your congratulations to Shelley on his birthday did not your naughty heart smite you with remorse? Did you not promise to look at some brooches, and send me the descriptions and prices?—But the 4th of August arrived and I had no present!¹

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the loan of the caps. But a nurse. I have a great aversion to the having a Marlow woman,—but I must be provided by the 20th.² What am I to do? I dare say Mrs. Lucas is out at present, but she may be disengaged by that time.

I am sorry to observe by your letter that you are in low spirits. Cheer up, my dear little girl, and resolve to be happy. Let me know how it is with you, and how your health is as your time advances. If it were of any use I would say a word or two against your continuing to wear stays. Such confinement cannot be either good for you or

¹ Shelley with a brooch! Truly we live and learn. How big was it to be, and what was he to fasten with it? Not a fly-away necktie that should fail to prevent that obstreperous shirt collar of his from exposing his unruly throat, surely? Mrs. Hunt evidently knew better.

² It was not, in fact, till the 2nd of September that Shelley's daughter Clara was born.

the child; and as to shape, I am sure they are very far from becoming.

We are all well here. Our dog, who is a malicious beast whom we intend to send away, has again bitten poor little William without any provocation, for I was with him, and he went up to him to stroke his face when the dog snapped at his fingers. Miss Alba¹ is perfectly well and thriving. She crows like a little cock, although (as Shelley bids me say) she is a hen.

Our sensations of indignation have been a little excited this morning by the decision of the master of Chancery. He says the children are to go to this old clergyman in Warwickshire, who is to stand instead of a parent. An old fellow whom no one knows, and [who] never saw the children. This is somewhat beyond credibility did we not see it in black and white. Longdill is very angry that his proposition is rejected, and means to appeal from the master to the Lord Chancellor.

I cannot find the sheet of Mrs. J. W. I send you two or three things of yours—the stone cup and the soap dish must wait until some one goes up to town.

I am afraid Hunt takes no exercise or he would not be so ill. I see however that you go to the play tolerably often. How are you amused?

The gown must not be dear. But you are as good a judge as I of what to give Milly as a kind of payment from Miss Clifford's mamma for the trouble she has had.

Longdill² thought £100 per annum sufficient for both

¹ The infant daughter of Byron and Claire Clairmont, better known as Allegra.

² Shelley's lawyer.

Shelley's children, to provide them with clothes and everything. Why then should we pay £70 for A[1ba]?

The country is very pleasant just now, but I see nothing of it beyond the garden. I am *ennuied* as you may easily imagine from want of exercise which I cannot take. The cold bath is of great benefit to me. By the bye, what are we to do with it? Have you a place for its reception? It is of such use for H[unt]'s health that you ought not to be without it; we can easily get another. If you should chance to hear of any very amusing book send it in the parcel if you can borrow it from Ollier.

Adieu. Take care of yourself, and do not be dispirited. All will be well one day I do not doubt.

I send you £3.

Shelley sends his love to you all, and thanks for your good wishes and promised present. Pray when is this intended parcel to come?

Affectionately yours,

M. W. S.

[Written by Shelley.]

I will write to Hunt to-morrow or the day after. Meanwhile kindest remembrances to all, and thanks for your dreams in my favour. Your incantations have not been *quite* powerful enough to expel evil from all revolutions of time. Poor Mary's book¹ came back with a refusal, which has put me rather in ill spirits? Does any kind friend of yours, Marianne, know any bookseller, or has any influence with one? Any of those good-tempered Robinsons? All these things are affairs of interest and preconception.

¹ *Frankenstein* was offered to Ollier, who declined it, as did also Murray.

You have seen Clarke about this loan. Well, is there any proposal—anything in bodily shape? My signature makes any security infallible in fact though not in law,—even if they would not take Hunt's. I shall have more to say on this.¹

The while—

Your faithful friend,

P. B. S.

To

Mrs. Hunt.

¹ In the eventful period between the dates of this letter and the next, Shelley's longest work had been printed and published under the title of *Laon and Cythna*, withdrawn from circulation, very largely altered by means of cancel-leaves, and published again as *The Revolt of Islam*. The house and neighbourhood in which he had settled "for ever" had lost sufficient of their charms to make their abandonment not only possible but urgently desirable; and the Shelleys had decided to make their way to Italy, little dreaming that the farewell to England was farewell for ever, at least so far as four of them were concerned—Shelley, William, Clara, and Allegra.

LETTER IV.¹

CALAIS.

March 13th, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After a stormy but very short voyage we have arrived at Calais, and are at this moment on the point of proceeding. We are all very well, and in excellent spirits. Motion has always this effect upon the blood, even when the mind knows that there are causes for dejection.

With respect to Taylor and Hess[e]y I am ready to certify, if necessary in a Court of Justice, that one of them said he would give up his copyright for the £20; and that in lieu of that he would accept the profits of *Rimini* until it was paid.

Yours ever affectionately,

P. B. SHELLEY.

Pray write to Milan.

¹ This little letter is of great price as settling satisfactorily a point of friendship. On the evening of the 10th of March the Hunts paid their farewell visit at the lodgings of the Shelleys in Great Russell Street. Shelley fell into a deep sleep; and it was decided not to rouse him, as he was to leave England with his family on the 11th. The Hunts went home; and the earliest published letter after the 11th is that written from Lyons on the 22nd of March, in which Shelley upbraids Hunt thus:—"Why did you not wake me that night before we left England, you and Marianne? I take this as rather an unkind piece of kindness in you . . . tell Marianne she defrauded me of a kiss . . ." Eleven days to think of that! And certainly it did seem strange that people so affectionately intimate as the Shelleys were with the Hunts should not have sent word from Calais of their safe passage. Well, here is the "missing word," written after a night's rest at Calais.

[Written by Mary Shelley.]

Shelley is full of business, and desires me to finish this hasty notice of our safety. The children are in high spirits, and very well. Our passage was stormy but very short. Both Alba and William were sick, but they were very good, and slept all the time. We now depart for Italy, with fine weather, and good hopes.

Farewell my dear Friend, may you be happy.

Your affectionate friend,

MARY W. S.

[Addressed outside.]

*Mr. Leigh Hunt,
13, Lisson Grove North,
Paddington,
London.*

Angleterre.

LETTER V.

NAPLES.

December 22nd, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A letter from you is always so pleasant that one never feels less inclined to complain of the long absence of such a pleasure than at the moment when it is conferred. Neither Ollier's parcel nor any of the letters it contains have arrived. I do confess we had been saying now and then, "Well, this is just like Hunt"—as indeed it was a little; but we never attributed your silence to neglect or want of affection. You don't tell me if your book is published yet, or is about to be published soon. As to my little poem, I can only lament that it is not more worthy of the lady whose name it bears; though it may derive, it cannot confer, honour on the situation where you have placed it.¹

I saw the *Quarterly* at Venice, and was much pleased with the Review of *Frankenstein*² though it distorts the

¹ *Marianne's Dream* first appeared in Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* for 1819, the first number of that excessively rare series of books. The poem represents a real dream of Mrs. Leigh Hunt's, and is now the chief stimulus of collectors in the vain quest for a copy of the book.

² Not being "cast down with æ rebute," Shelley had found a publisher (Lackington) for his wife's wonderful novel, of which he had himself written the preface, she being otherwise engaged. The same number of the *Quarterly* which greeted Lackington's venture contained a notice of Leigh Hunt's *Foliage*, in which Keats, finding himself vituperated without any mention of his name, was afforded the opportunity for a *bon mot*: "I have more than a laurel from the Quarterly Reviewers for they have smothered me in 'Foliage.'"—

story. As to what relates to yourself and me, it makes me melancholy to consider the dreadful wickedness of heart which could have prompted such expressions as those with which the anonymous writer exults over my domestic calamities, and the perversion of understanding with which he paints your character. There can be no doubt, with respect to me, that personal hatred is intermingled with the rage of faction. I know that Southey on one occasion said to a friend of his that he on his own knowledge knew me to be the *blackest of villains*. When we consider *who* makes this accusation, and against *whom*, I need only rebut such an accusation by silence and a smile. I thought, indeed, of writing to Southey ; but that, as he is really guilty, would have only exposed me to misrepresentation, and I shall on my return¹ seek an opportunity of expostulating with him in person, and enquiring by what injury I have awakened in his heart such dreadful hatred ; and if, indeed, I have injured him unintentionally, to endeavour to repair it ; and if not, to require that he should produce his proof of my meriting the appellation he employs. As far as the public is concerned, it is not for him whom Southey accuses, but for him whom all the wise and good among his contemporaries accuse of delinquency to all public faith and honour, to defend himself. Besides, I never will be a party in making my private affairs or those of others to be topics of general discussion. Who can

¹ He never returned ; but he wrote. Professor Dowden found the letters among the Southey papers which he edited and published in the volume entitled *The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles, to which are added Correspondence with Shelley, and Southey's Dreams*. [Dublin University Press Series] Dublin, 1881.

know them but the actors? And if they have erred, or often when they have not erred, is there not pain enough to punish them? My public character as a writer of verses—as a speculator on politics, or morals, or religion—as the adherent of any party or cause—is public property; and my good faith or ill faith in conducting these, my talent, my penetration, or my stupidity, are all subjects of criticism. I am almost certain that Southey, not Gifford, wrote that criticism on your poems. I never saw Gifford in my life, and it is impossible that he should have taken a personal hatred to me. Gifford is a bitter partisan, and has a very muddled head; but I hear from those who know him that he is rather a mild man personally, and I don't know that he has ever changed sides. So much for myself. As far as you are concerned, I can imagine why Southey should dislike you, as the *Examiner* has been the crown of thorns worn by this unredeemed Redeemer for many years.

Do you ever see Peacock? He will tell you all about where we go, what we do or see; and, as I write him an account of these things, I do not like writing twice over the same things. There are *two* Italies—one composed of the green earth and transparent sea, and the mighty ruins of ancient time, and aerial mountains, and the warm and radiant atmosphere which is interfused through all things, the other consists of the Italians of the present day, their works and ways. The one is the most sublime and lovely contemplation that can be conceived by the imagination of man; the other is the most degraded, disgusting and odious. What do you think? Young women of rank actually

eat—you will never guess what—*garlick* ! Our poor friend Lord Byron is quite corrupted by living among these people ; and, in fact, is going on in a way not very worthy of him. We talked a good deal about you, and among other things he said that he wished you would come to Italy, and bade me tell you that he would lend you the money for the journey (£400 or £500) if you were prevented by that consideration. Pray could you not make it in some way even profitable to visit this astonishing country ? We return to Venice next Spring. What an inexpressible pleasure it would give us to meet you there ! I fear (if you will allow me to touch on so delicate a subject) it would be hardly possible for you to bring *all* your family, but you would know best. I should not wonder if Peacock would join you, and then the ensuing Spring we would all return together. Italy has the advantage of being exceeding cheap, when you are once there ; particularly if you go to market yourself, otherwise the cheating makes it approach English prices. If you are indifferent as to seeing France, you may sail from London to Livorno, and we would meet then a month earlier than at Venice. I don't think you need feel at all uncomfortable at accepting Lord Byron's offer, (if *I could* make it, you know that I would not give you this advice) as 'twas very frankly made, and it would not only give him great pleasure, but might do him great service, to have your society. Write to me quickly what you think of this plan, on which my imagination delights itself.

Mine and Mary's love to Marianne and Miss K[ent] and all the little ones. Now pray write directly, addressed as

usual to Livorno, because I shall be in a fever until I know whether you are coming or no. I ought to say I have neither good health nor good spirits just now, and that your visit would be a relief to both.

Most affectionately and sincerely your friend,

P. B. S.

[Written by Mary Shelley.]

Ollier has orders to pay Marianne £5. I owe her part of it, and with the other I wish her to pay £1. 10. 0. to the tailor who made my habit if he calls for it. His charge will be more, but do not pay it him.

[Addressed outside.]

*Leigh Hunt, Esq.,
8, York Buildings,
New Road,
London.*

Inghilterra.

LETTER VI.¹

LIVORNO.

September 3rd, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

At length has arrived Ollier's parcel, and with it the portrait. What a delightful present! It is almost yourself, and we sat talking with it, and of it, all the evening. There wants nothing but that deepest and most earnest look with which you sometimes draw aside the veil of your nature when you talk with us, and the liquid lustre of the eyes. But it is an admirable portrait and admirably expresses you—it is a great pleasure to us to possess it, a pleasure in time of need, coming to us when there are few others. How we wish it were you and not your picture! How I wish we were with you!

This parcel, you know, and all its letters, are now a year old—some older. There are all kinds of dates, from *March* to *August*, and “your date,” to use Shakspeare's expression, “is better in a pie or a pudding, than in your letter.”—“Virginity,” Parolles says, but letters are the same thing in another shape.

With it came, too, Lamb's Works. I have looked at

¹ This letter has long been before the public in one form or another, and is printed from the holograph in the Bundle for the sake of restoring some fine passages formerly omitted from it. Its complete recovery is very fortunate.

none of the other books yet. What a lovely thing is his *Rosamond Gray*! How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest parts of our nature in it! When I think of such a mind as Lamb's—when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?

I have seen too little of Italy, and of pictures. Perhaps Peacock has shown you some of my letters to him. But at Rome I was very ill, seldom able to go out without a carriage: and though I kept horses for two months there, yet there is so much to see! Perhaps I attended more to sculpture than painting, its forms being more easily intelligible than that of the latter. Yet, I saw the famous works of Raffaele, whom I agree with the whole world in thinking the finest painter. Why, I can tell you another time. With respect to Michael Angelo I dissent, and think with astonishment and indignation of the common notion that he equals, and in some respects exceeds, Raffaele. He seems to me to have no sense of moral dignity and loveliness; and the energy for which he has been so much praised, appears to me to be a certain rude, external, mechanical quality, in comparison with anything possessed by Raffaele, or even much inferior artists. His famous painting in the Sixtine Chapel seems to me deficient in beauty and majesty, both in the conception and the execution. It might have contained all the forms of terror and delight—and it is a dull and wicked emblem of a dull and wicked thing. Jesus Christ is like an angry pot-boy, and God like an old

ale-house keeper looking out of window. He has been called the Dante of painting; but if we find some of the gross and strong outlines which are employed in the most distasteful passages of the *Inferno*, where shall we find *your* Francesca—where the spirit coming over the sea in a boat, like Mars rising from the vapours of the horizon—where Matilda gathering flowers, and all the exquisite tenderness, and sensibility, and ideal beauty, in which Dante excelled all poets except Shakspeare?

As to Michael Angelo's *Moses*—but you have a cast of that in England. I write these things, heaven knows why?

I have written something and finished it, different from anything else, and a new attempt for me; and I mean to dedicate it to you.¹ I should not have done so without your approbation, but I asked your picture last night, and it smiled assent. If I did not think it in some degree worthy of you, I would not make you a public offering of it. I expect to have to write to you soon about it. If Ollier is not turned Jew, Christian, or become infected with *the Murrain*,² he will publish it. Don't let him be frightened, for it is nothing which, by any courtesy of language, can be termed either moral or immoral.

Mary has written to Marianne for a parcel, in which I beg you will make Ollier enclose what you know would most interest me—your *Calendar*³ (a sweet extract from

¹ *The Cenci*.

² This jest at Mr. Murray's expense grew out of his relations with Byron during the *Don Juan* period.

³ *A Calendar of Observers* was the leading article in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* for 1820, which contained also *Robin Hood, a Child*, and other poems by him.

which I saw in the *Examiner*), and the other poems belonging to you; and, for some friends of mine, my *Eclogue*.¹ This parcel, which must be sent instantly, will reach me by October, but don't trust letters to it, except just a line or so. When you write, write by the post.

Ever your affectionate,

P. B. S.

[Addressed outside.]

Leigh Hunt, Esq.,

"*Examiner*" Office,

19, Catharine Street,

London.

Angleterre.

¹ *Rosalind and Helen.*

LETTER VII.

PISA.

April 5th, 1820.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

You may conceive the surprise and sorrow with which I hear both from you and Bessy, whom I wrote to for the purpose of having some information about your money affairs, that you have undergone all the torments which your letter describes. When I reflect too that I begun for you what I was unable to finish, and that having intended to set you free, I left you in the midst of those accumulating perplexities from which you must have suffered so dreadfully, these regrets touch me personally. But your letter persuades me that things will go on better, and meanwhile I may see you.

There is one subject connected with the actual state of my financial imbecility about which I wish your assistance. I believe the bills for my piano and for yours came due this year. Of course you know that in the question of a just debt I am totally incapable of taking advantage of my residence abroad, and especially in a debt so contracted. But I have not the money to pay it instantly. Could you solicit for me a renewal of it? Of course the pianoforte maker is afraid of the ultimate payment, or I would do anything he requires to assure him of it further. And I would consent to make him any compensation he chose for the delay; and if he will

accept nothing of that kind, will do my best when it is in my power to make him no loser by his forbearance. I forget how this affair was arranged, but if I rightly recollect it was through Novello's mediation. I cannot but be anxious to stand well in the estimation of so excellent and friendly a person as Novello, and I should therefore consider it as a special act of friendship in you to explain this business, and arrange it for me without loss of time.

We are living here very considerably within our income, on which we have unfortunately heavy claims which I will take another occasion of explaining. But if we go on as now we shall soon get up. We have pleasant apartments on the Arno, at the top of a house, where we just begin to feel our strength, for we have been cooped up in narrow rooms all this severe winter, and I have been irritated to death for the want of a study. I have done nothing therefore until this month, and now we begin our accustomed literary occupations. We see no one but an Irish lady and her husband, who are settled here. She is everything that is amiable and wise; and he is very agreeable. You will think it my fate either to find or to imagine some lady of 45, very unprejudiced and philosophical, who has entered deeply into the best and selectest spirit of the age; with enchanting manners, and a disposition rather to like me, in every town that I inhabit. But certainly such this lady is.

We shall remain in Pisa until June, when we migrate to the Baths of Lucca; and after that our destination is uncertain. Much stress is laid upon a still more southern

climate for my health, which has suffered dreadfully this winter; and if I could believe that Spain would be effectual, I might possibly be tempted to make a voyage thither, on account of the glorious events of which it is at this moment the theatre. You know my passion for a republic, or anything which approaches it.

I am extremely curious to see your tragedy. It appears to me that you excel in the power of delineating passion; and, what is more necessary, of connecting and developing it. This latter part of a dramatic writer's business is to me an incredible effort; if I have in any degree succeeded, I shall have at least earned the applause. But to you this is easy. As to your being out of conceit with your tragedy, I assure myself that it is only the effect of criticism upon the nerves. At all events the moment it is printed send it to me. Meanwhile I am curious to hear what you think of mine. I am afraid the subject will not please you, but at least you will read my justification of it in the preface. I lay much stress upon that argument against a diversity of opinion to be produced by works of imagination. The very Theatre rejected it with expressions of the greatest insolence.¹ I feel persuaded that they must have guessed at the author. But about all this I don't much care. But of all that I have lately sent, *Prometheus* is my favourite.

We hear that there is no chance of seeing you in Italy—and yet how much you would enjoy it—and how much we should enjoy your society! For you should come to

¹ It would be interesting indeed to see what the Covent Garden managers said in rejecting *The Cenci*, offered to them through Thomas Love Peacock.

Rome, which is the metropolis of taste and memory still,—and we would see the fine pictures and statues together, and the ruins, things greater than I can give you a conception of.

For the present adieu. Write to me especially about your affairs, and whether they proceed in the same good train.

Adieu.—Mary desires her love to you all.

Your affectionate,

P. B. S.

I don't remember if I acknowledged the receipt of *Robin Hood*¹—no more did you of *Peter Bell*.² There's tit for tat! I thought the introductory verses very pretty, but I think you diluted yourself by the measure you chose. Then Thornton's *esquisse de la legislation*, from which no doubt both Bentham and Beccaria have plagiarised all their discourses, accommodating them to the notions of the vulgar. Then on my side is the letter to Carlisle, in which I must tell you I was considerably interested.

[Addressed outside.]

Leigh Hunt, Esq.,
13, Mortimer Terrace,
Kentish Town—near London,
Inghilterra.

¹ Charles Ollier, who was an excellent critic, thought very highly of this poem, which Hunt chose to leave buried in the *Literary Pocket-Book*. It is a long poem, 133 lines.

² *Peter Bell the Third* had been sent in manuscript to Hunt enclosed in a letter from Shelley dated the 2nd of November 1819.

LETTER VIII.

LEGHORN.

February 23rd, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have only a single instant to tell you that I cannot cash Lord Byron's bills for you¹ . . . of the £250 who will pay you on Lady Day. It was better to wait a week or so, than lose so enormous a percentage. I have written to Brookes to pay you this, while I keep Lord Byron's bills to answer my engagements, and send you this. The additional 36 pounds which shall be sent in a few posts you must lose upon, but that is of less moment.

Remember it is Brookes and Co., Chancery Lane.—Do not apply for payment before the 25th.

I'll write next post.—Kindest love to Marianne, and pray don't delay in letting me hear how you are all getting on.—

[Addressed outside.]

Leigh Hunt, Esq.,

Plymouth,

Devonshire.

Angleterre.

¹ The signature to this letter has been cut out with scissors, which causes several words on the first page to be missing. The seal remains unbroken.

LETTER IX.

PISA.

March 2nd, 1822.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

My last two letters have, I fear, given you some uneasiness, or at least inflicted that portion of it which I felt in writing them. The aspect of affairs has somewhat changed since the date of that in which I expressed a repugnance to a continuance of intimacy with Lord Byron, so close as that which now exists; at least, it has changed so far as regards you and the intended journal.¹ He expresses again the greatest eagerness to undertake it, and proceed with it, as well as the greatest confidence in you as his associate. He is for ever dilating upon his impatience of your delay, and his disappointment at your not having already arrived. He renews his expressions of disregard for the opinion of those who advised him against this alliance with you, and I imagine it will be no very difficult task to execute that which you have assigned me—to keep him in heart with the project until your arrival. Meanwhile, let my last letters, as far as they regard Lord Byron, be as if they had not been written. Particular

¹ This of course refers to the much discussed scheme of a periodical publication to be written mainly by Byron, Shelley, and Hunt, and edited by Hunt. The tangible result of the scheme, the four numbers of *The Liberal, Verse and Prose from the South*, has long been one of those books “without which no gentleman’s library is complete.”

circumstances, or rather, I should say, particular dispositions in Lord Byron's character, render the close and exclusive intimacy with him in which I find myself intolerable to me; thus much, my best friend, I will confess and confide to you. No feelings of my own shall injure or interfere with what is now nearest to them—your interest, and I will take care to preserve the little influence I may have over this Proteus in whom such strange extremes are reconciled, until we meet—which we now must at all events, soon do.

Lord Byron shewed me your letter to him which arrived with mine yesterday. How shall I thank you for your generous and delicate defence and explanation of my motives? I fear no misinterpretation from you, and from any one else I despise and defy it.

So you think I can make nothing of Charles the First; *Tanto peggio*. Indeed I have written nothing for this two months: a slight circumstance gave a new train to my ideas, and shattered the fragile edifice when half built. What motives have I to write? I *had* motives, and I thank the God of my own heart they were totally different from those of the other apes of humanity who make mouths in the glass of time. But what are *those* motives now? The only inspiration of an ordinary kind I could descend to acknowledge would be the earning £100 for you; and that it seems I cannot.

Poor Marianne, how ill she seems to have been! Give my best love to her, and tell her I hope she is better, and that I know as soon as she can resolve to set sail, that she will be better. Your rooms are still ready for you at Lord

Byron's. I am afraid they will be rather hot in the summer ; they were delightful winter rooms. My post [MS. illegible] must be transformed by your delay into a *paulo post futurum*.

Lord Byron begs me to ask you to send the enclosed letter to London in an enclosure, stating when you mean to sail, and in what ship. It is addressed to the wife of his valet Fletcher, who wishes to come out to join him under your protection, and, I need not tell you to promise her safety and comfort. . . . All happiness attend you, my best friend, and believe that I am watching over your interests with the vigilance of painful affection. Mary will write next post.

Adieu.

Yours, S.

LETTER X.

PISA.

April 10th, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I write in the firm hope and persuasion that you have already set sail, and that this letter will undergo the lingering and obscure revolutions of those which are directed by people who return from a voyage round the world by Cape Horn, to those who are set off on a voyage round the world by the Cape of Good Hope.¹

You will, I hope, have received the £220 from Brookes before this; as well as my order upon them, which I *think* I sent to you. It is of no consequence whether I did or not, as Brookes have orders to pay this sum to you, and would have done so even without your application—though it was quite right to take this precaution.

Lord Byron has the greatest anxiety for your arrival, and is now always urging me to press you to depart. I

¹ Peacock has left on record the following brief statement bearing on this subject:—"Mr. Hunt and his family were to have embarked for Italy in September 1821; but the vessel was delayed till the 16th of November. They were detained three weeks by bad weather at Ramsgate, and were beaten up and down channel till the 22nd of December, when they put in at Dartmouth. Mrs. Hunt being too ill to proceed, they went to Plymouth, resumed their voyage in another vessel on the 13th of May 1822, and arrived at Leghorn about the end of June, having been nine months from the time of their engagement with the first vessel in finding their way to Italy. In the present days of railways and steam navigation, this reads like a modern version of the return of Ulysses."

know that you need no spur. I said what I thought with regard to Lord Byron, nor would I have breathed a syllable of my feelings in any ear but yours; but with you, I would, and I may think aloud. Perhaps time has corrected me, and I am become, like those whom I formerly condemned, misanthropical and suspicious. If so, do you cure me; nor should I wonder, for if friendship is the medicine of such diseases I may well say that mine have been long neglected—and how deep the wounds have been, you partly know, and partly can conjecture. Certain it is, that Lord Byron has made me bitterly feel the inferiority which the world has presumed to place between us, and which subsists no where in reality but in our own talents, which are not our own but Nature's—or in our rank, which is not our own but Fortune's.

I will tell you more of this when we meet. I did wrong in carrying this jealousy of my Lord Byron into his loan to you, or rather to me; and you in the superiority of a wise and tranquil nature have well corrected and justly reproved me. And plan your account with finding much in me to correct and to reprove. Alas, how am I fallen from the boasted purity in which you knew me once exulting!

How is poor Marianne? My anxiety for *her* is greater than for any of you, and I dread the consequences of the English winter from which she could not escape! Give my most affectionate love to her, and tell her we will soon get her well here. Write before you set off. Your house is still ready for you. We are obliged to go into the country both for mine and Mary's health, to whom the

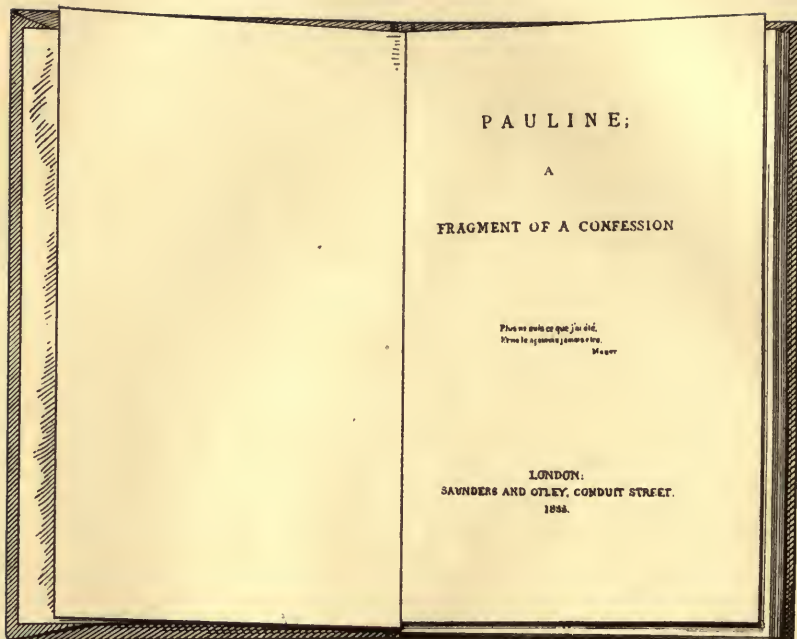
sea air is necessary ; but the moment I hear of your arrival, I shall set off, if already in the country, and join you.

Yours affectionately and ever,
P. B. S.

[*Addressed outside.*]

*Leigh Hunt, Esq.,
Stonehouse,
Plymouth,
Devon.
Inghilterra.*

MATERIALS FOR A BIBLIOGRAPHY
OF THE WRITINGS OF ROBERT
BROWNING.



Pauline, Robert Browning's First Book.

From a copy in the original drab boards in the Library of Mr. Walter B. Slater.

MATERIALS FOR A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF
THE WRITINGS IN PROSE AND
VERSE OF ROBERT BROWNING.

PART I.

EDITIONES PRINCIPES, ETC.

(I.)

[PAULINE: 1833.]

Pauline ; / A / Fragment of a Confession. / Plus ne suis ce
que j'ai été, / Et ne le scaurois jamais être. / Marot. /
London : / Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street. / 1833.

Collation:—Large 12mo., pp. 71: consisting of Title-page, as
above (with imprint “*London: | Ibotson and Palmer,
Printers, Savoy Street, Strand,*” at the foot of the reverse),
pp. 1-2; Extract from “*H. Cor. Agrippa, De Occult. Phil.*”
dated “*London, January, 1833. V.A. XX.*”¹ with blank
reverse, pp. 3-4; and Text, pp. 5-71. The headline is
Pauline throughout, upon both sides of the page. The
imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 71. The poem is
dated at the end, “*Richmond, October 22, 1832.*”

¹ In a letter dated November 5th, 1886, addressed to Mr. T. J. Wise, Mr. Browning writes: “V.A. XX. is the Latin abbreviation of ‘Vixi annos’—I was twenty years old—that is, the imaginary subject of the poem was of that age.”

Issued in drab boards, with white paper back-label bearing the single word 'Pauline.'

Reprinted in the 6 vol. edition of 1868, where it forms the first poem in Vol. I.

When inserting the poem in his collected Works, Mr. Browning recast entirely the whole of the punctuation, a change which rendered clear and simple several passages which had before seemed somewhat involved. The minute and careful manner in which this was done will be readily seen if a close comparison between the two versions be made, for the variations in the pointing number at least two or three in every line. Beyond the correction of one or two printers' errors, however, the text was allowed to remain almost intact, only two fresh readings being introduced. The first of these is on page 30, where the asterisks are removed, and their place supplied by the following :—

“ And my choice fell
Not so much on a system as a man——”

The second change will be found on page 33 of the original edition, where the last line

“ Well I remember * * * * ”

is quietly dropped.

Pauline is one of the scarcest volumes in the list of modern poetical rarities. As much as £63 has been paid for an “uncut” copy in original condition.

Second Edition : 1886.

No other separate edition of *Pauline* was published until 1886, when a facsimile reprint was prepared with Mr. Browning's permission, and issued by the Browning Society to its members. The following is a transcript of the title-page :—

Pauline ; / A Fragment of a Confession. / By / Robert
Browning. / A Reprint of the Original Edition of 1833. /
Edited / by Thomas J. Wise. / London : / Printed by
Richard Clay and Sons. / 1886.

The collation is identical with that given for the first edition, with the addition of twelve preliminary pages, as follows : Half-

title, Title-page (as above), Certificate of issue, Fly-title to Prefatory Note (each with blank reverse), pp. i-viii; Prefatory Note pp. ix-xi; and p. xii, blank.

Issued in drab boards, with white paper back-label, precisely similar to the binding of the first edition. Four hundred copies were printed. There were also twenty-five copies upon large hand-made paper, and four upon pure vellum. The size of these was demy octavo.

(2.)

[PARACELSUS: 1835.]

Paracelsus. / by Robert Browning. / London: / Published by / Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange. / MDCCCXXXV.

Collation:—Small octavo, pp. xii + 216: consisting of Half-title (with imprint: “*London: / Printed by G. Eccles, 101 Fenchurch Street,*” upon the centre of the reverse), pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; Dedication “*To the Comte A. De Ripert-Monclar*” (with blank reverse) pp. v-vi; Preface pp. vii-ix; p. x is blank; “*Persons*” (with blank reverse), pp. xi-xii; Text, pp. 1-200; and *Note* pp. 201-216. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“*G. Eccles, Printer, 101 Fenchurch street, London*”—is repeated at the foot of last page.

Issued in drab boards, with white paper back-label. The published price was Six Shillings.

First reprinted in the two volumes of collected Poems, issued by Chapman & Hall in 1849.

(3.)

[STRAFFORD: 1837.]

Strafford: / An Historical Tragedy. / By / Robert Browning / Author of ‘Paracelsus.’ / London: Printed for / Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, / Paternoster-Row. / 1837.

Collation :—Octavo, pp. viii + 132 : consisting of Title-page, as above (with blank reverse, imprint at foot : “ *London : / Printed by A. Spottiswoode, New-street-square* ”), pp. i-ii ; Dedication, “ *To William C. Macready, Esq.* ” (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv ; Preface, pp. v-vi ; Dramatis Personæ (with advertisement of *Sordello* upon the reverse) pp. vii-viii ; and Text, pp. 1-131. There are headlines throughout.

The imprint is repeated upon the reverse of the last page.

Issued in drab-coloured paper wrappers, with white paper label on side, which reads—“ *Strafford : / An Historical Tragedy, / By / Robert Browning. / Price 4s.* ”

The Manuscript of *Strafford* is preserved in the Forster Library, at South Kensington Museum.

In 1882 an “ Acting Edition ” was printed (in small 8vo.) for the use of the pupils of the North London Collegiate School for Girls.

Another edition, small 8vo., was published in 1884, with a preface by Miss E. H. Hickey, and an introduction by S. R. Gardiner.

(4.)

[SORDELLO: 1840.]

Sordello. / By Robert Browning. / London : / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / MDCCCXL.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. iv + 253 : consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i-ii ; Title-page, as above (with imprint “ *London : / Bradbury and Evans, Printers, / Whitefriars* ” upon the centre of the reverse) pp. iii-iv ; and Text pp. 1-253. The headline is *Sordello* throughout, upon both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated upon the reverse of p. 253.

Issued in drab boards, with white paper back-label. The published price was Six Shillings and Sixpence. The book sold slowly, and whilst still on hand the change in fashion (from ‘ boards ’ to ‘ cloth ’) took place, and copies were afterwards made

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Song from "Pippa passes" -
The year's at the Spring,
The Day's at the noon;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pledged;
The bee's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his Heaven -
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning.

Paris, October 17. '58.

FAC-SIMILE OF A SONG FROM PIPPA PASSES, IN

ROBERT BROWNING'S HAND WRITING.

up in dark-green cloth, lettered in gilt across the back, *Sordello* / *R. Browning*. Some thirty years or so later the 'Remainder' copies were put up in grass-green morocco-grained cloth, with the original back-label. These were sold by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, at 2s. apiece. The present value is about £5.

Sordello was also first reprinted in the two volumes of collected Poems, issued by Chapman and Hall in 1849.

(5.)

[BELLS AND POMEGRANATES: 1841—6.]

No. 1.

Bells and Pomegranates. / No. 1.—Pippa Passes. / By Robert Browning, / Author of "Paracelsus." / London: / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / MDCCCXLI.

Collation:—Royal octavo, pp. 16: consisting of Title-page, as above (with *Advertisement* upon the reverse), pp. 1—2; and Text pp. 3—16. There are headlines throughout.

Issued in yellow paper wrappers,¹ with the title-page (enclosed with an ornamental double ruled frame) reproduced upon the front; *Price Sixpence* being added at top, and the imprint—"Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars;"—at foot.²

The *Advertisement* mentioned above, which has not been reprinted in any later edition, reads as follows:—

"Two or three years ago I wrote a Play, about which the chief matter I much care to recollect at present, is, that a Pit-full of good-natured people applauded it: ever since I have been desirous of doing something in the same way that should better reward their attention. What

¹ The colour of these wrappers varies somewhat in different examples: some being a pale cream colour, whilst others are a light brown.

² Page 4 of the wrappers of each part contains a list of "Cheap Editions of Popular Works" published by Moxon. Advertisements of *Paracelsus*, *Sordello*, and *Bells and Pomegranates* appear upon p. 3 of the wrappers of all except No. 1.

follows I mean for the first of a series of Dramatical Pieces, to come out at intervals ; and I amuse myself by fancying that the cheap mode in which they appear will for once help me to a sort of Pit-audience again. Of course such a work must go on no longer than it is liked ; and to provide against a certain and but too possible contingency, let me hasten to say now—what, if I were sure of success, I would try to say circumstantially enough at the close—that I dedicate my best intentions most admiringly to the author of ‘ Ion ’—most affectionately to Serjeant Talfourd. . . . “ Robert Browning.”

No. 2.

Bells and Pomegranates. / No. ii.—King Victor and King Charles. / By Robert Browning, / Author of “ Paracelsus,” / London : / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / MDCCCXLII.

Collation :—Royal octavo, pp. 20 : consisting of Half-title¹ (with blank reverse) pp. 1—2 ; Title-page as above (with *Advertisement* upon the reverse), pp. 3—4 ; and Text pp. 5—20. There are headlines throughout.

Issued in yellow paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed within an ornamental double ruled frame) reproduced upon the front ; *Price One Shilling* being added at top, and the imprint—as before—at foot.

No. 3.

Bells and Pomegranates. / No. iii.—Dramatic Lyrics. / By Robert Browning, / Author of “ Paracelsus.” / London : / Edward Moxon, Dover Street, / MDCCCXLII.

Collation :—Royal octavo, pp. 16 : consisting of Title-page as above (with *Advertisement* upon reverse) pp. 1—2 ; and Text, pp. 3—16. There are headlines throughout.

¹ When binding the eight numbers into one volume this Half-title should, of course, be inserted at the commencement of the book.

Issued in yellow paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed within an ornamental double ruled frame) reproduced upon the front; *Price One Shilling* being added at top, and the imprint—as before—at foot.

Contents.

Page		Page
Cavalier Tunes :—	Queen-Worship :—	
(i) Marching along	(i) Rudel and the Lady of	
(ii) Give a Rouse.....	Tripoli	12
(iii) My Wife Gertrude ...	(ii) Cristina	12
Italy and France.....	Madhouse Cells	13
Camp and Cloister	Through the Metidja to Abd-	
In a Gondola	el-Kadr. 1842	14
Artemis Prologuizes	The Pied Piper of Hamelin	14
Waring		

No. 4.

Bells and Pomegranates. / No. iv.—The Return of the Druses. / A Tragedy. / In Five Acts. / By Robert Browning. / Author of “Paracelsus.” / London: / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / MDCCCXLIII.

Collation:—Royal octavo, pp. 19 : consisting of Title-page, as above (with list of *Persons* upon the reverse) pp. 1—2 ; and Text pp. 3—19. There are headlines throughout. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans' imprint is placed in the centre of the reverse of p. 19.

Issued in yellow paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed within an ornamental double ruled frame) reproduced upon the front; *Price One Shilling* being added at top, and the imprint—as before—at foot.

The Return of the Druses was originally christened *Mansoor the Hierophant*, and under this title it was duly advertised at the end of

the 1840 edition of *Sordello*. Thanks are due to Mr. Edmund Gosse for the loan of the following very interesting note :—

“ 19, Warwick Crescent, W.,
June 4th, 1879.

“ Dear Mr. Gosse,

“ ‘ Mansoor ’ was one of the names of the third Vatemite Caliph, Biamvallah,—but the word ‘ Hierophant ’ was used inadvertently. I changed the title to ‘ The Return of the Druses,’ and the name to ‘ Djabal.’ It is very good of you to care about the circumstance.

“ May I say how much I was delighted yesterday at the Grosvenor by the two jewel-like pictures¹ which I had somehow failed to observe before ?

“ Ever truly yours,
“ Robert Browning.”

No. 5.

Bells and Pomegranates. / No. v.—A Blot in the ‘Scutcheon. / A Tragedy, / In three Acts. / By Robert Browning, / Author of “Paracelsus.” / London : / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / MDCCXLIII.

Collation :—Royal octavo, pp. 16 : consisting of Title-page, as above (with list of *Persons* upon the reverse) pp. 1—2 ; and Text pp. 3—16. There are headlines throughout. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans’ imprint occurs at the foot of p. 16.

Issued in yellow paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed within an ornamental double ruled frame) reproduced upon the front ; *Price One Shilling* being added at top, and the imprint—as before—at foot.

Second Edition.

Part V. is the only one of the eight numbers of *Bells and Pomegranates* which passed into a Second Edition. This latter agrees with the First Edition in every particular, save that it has the words *Second Edition* above the publisher’s imprint upon both title-page and wrapper.

¹ Two landscapes by Mrs. Edmund Gosse.

No. 6.

Bells and Pomegranates. / No. vi.—Colombe's Birthday. / A Play, / in Five Acts. / By Robert Browning, / Author of "Paracelsus." / "*Ivy and violet, what do ye here, / With blossom and shoot in the warm spring-weather, / Hiding the arms of Monchenci and Vere?*" / Hanmer. / London: / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / MDCCCXLIV.

Collation :—Royal octavo, pp. 20: consisting of Title-page, as above (with *Dedication—To Barry Cornwall*—and list of *Persons* upon the reverse) pp. 1—2; and Text pp. 3—20. There are headlines throughout. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans' imprint occurs at the foot of p. 20.

Issued in yellow paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed within an ornamental double ruled frame) reproduced upon the front; *Price One Shilling* being added at top, and the imprint—as before—at foot.

The manuscript of *Colombe's Birthday*, which is preserved in the Library of Mr. Buxton Forman, may be safely said to be the only extant manuscript of Browning's poetry of this period,—that is to say, the period covered by the composition of the numerous poems and dramas issued under the general title of *Bells and Pomegranates*. In those days the poet's sister was his amanuensis, copying the poems and plays from scraps and rough drafts which were destroyed as the "copy" went to the press. In the single case of *Colombe's Birthday*, Browning himself made a fair copy. This he did for Charles Kean and his wife, who were so much taken with the play that they undertook to act it, but after an interval during which it was to be kept in manuscript; and that interval was longer than the poet cared to keep the work back. He therefore withdrew the manuscript and sent it to press as No. VI. of *Bells and Pomegranates*; and, when it was returned by the printer, very little the worse for the vicissitudes of the workshop, Browning's father had it bound. How it came to be offered for public sale the author did not know. It is a beautifully neat folio manuscript written upon 30 sheets of blue foolscap paper, on one side only. Each sheet is numbered in the poet's handwriting

on the first leaf. Of the 60 leaves the first bears the title, list of *dramatis personæ*, &c. : the rest are numbered "1" to "59" in another hand, doubtless that of the foreman who gave out the "copy" to the compositors, whose names are written at the top of the various portions of the manuscript allotted to them.—See also in *The Athenæum*, September 1st and 15th, 1894; also in *Letters from Robert Browning to Various Correspondents*, Vol. i, 1895, pp. 55–56.

No. 7.

Bells and Pomegranates. / No. vii. / Dramatic Romances and Lyrics. / By Robert Browning, / Author of "Paracelsus." / London: / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / MDCCCXLV.

Collation:—Royal octavo, pp. 24: consisting of Title-page, as above (with *Dedication—To John Kenyon*—and *Contents* upon the reverse) pp. 1–2; and Text pp. 3–24. There are head-lines throughout. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans' imprint occurs at the foot of p. 20.

Issued in yellow paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed within an ornamental double ruled frame) reproduced upon the front; *Price Two Shillings* being added at top, and the imprint—as before—at foot.

Contents.

	Page		Page
"How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" ..	3	France and Spain :—	
Pictor Ignotus	4	(i) The Laboratory.....	11
Italy in England	4	(ii) The Confessional.....	11
England in Italy	5	The Flight of the Duchess ...	12
The Lost Leader	8	Earth's Immortalities	19
The Lost Mistress	8	Song: "Nay but you, who do not love her"	19
Home Thoughts from Abroad	8	The Boy and the Angel	19
The Tomb at St. Praxed's ...	9	Night and Morning	20
Garden Fancies :—		Claret and Tokay	20
(i) The Flower's Name.....	10	Saul	21
(ii) Sibrandus Schafnabur- gensis	10	Time's Revenges	22
		The Glove	23

No. 8.

Bells and Pomegranates. / No. viii. and last. / Luria ; / and /
 A Soul's Tragedy. / By Robert Browning, / Author of
 "Paracelsus." / London : / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. /
 MDCCCXLVI.

Collation :—Royal octavo, pp. 32 : consisting of Title-page, as above (with imprint—*London : Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars*—in the centre of the reverse) pp. 1—2 ; Dedication to *Walter Savage Landor* (with list of *Persons* upon the reverse) pp. 3—4 ; Text of *Luria* pp. 5—20 ; Fly-title to *A Soul's Tragedy* (with note of explanation upon the reverse) pp. 21—22 ; and Text of *A Soul's Tragedy* pp. 23—32. There are headlines throughout. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans' imprint occurs at the foot of p. 20.

Issued in yellow paper wrappers, with the Title-page (enclosed within an ornamental double ruled frame) reproduced upon the front : *Price Two Shillings and Sixpence* being added at top, and the imprint—as before—at foot.

The 'Note of explanation' mentioned above, which has not been reprinted, reads as follows :—

"Here ends my first Series of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' and I take the opportunity of explaining, in reply to inquiries, that I only meant by that title to indicate an endeavour towards something like an alternation, or mixture, of music with discoursing, sound with sense, poetry with thought ; which looks too ambitious, thus expressed, so the symbol was preferred. It is little to the purpose, that such is actually one of the most familiar of the many Rabbinical (and Patristic) acceptations of the phrase ; because I confess that, letting authority alone, I supposed the bare words, in such juxtaposition, would sufficiently convey the desired meaning. 'Faith and good works' is another fancy, for instance, and perhaps no easier to arrive at : yet Giotto placed a pomegranate fruit in the hand of Dante, and *Raffaelle* crowned his *Theology* (in the 'Camera della Segnatura') with blossoms

of the same ; as if the Bellari and Vasari would be sure to come after, and explain that it was merely ' simbolo delle buone opere—il qual Pomogranato fu però usato nelle vesti del Pontefice appresso gli Ebrei.' " R. B."

NOTE.—The text of *Bells and Pomegranates* is printed in double columns, surrounded by plain rules.

Collected issue.

Upon the completion of the series 'remainder' copies of the eight numbers of *Bells and Pomegranates* were made up into one volume, and issued in dark stamped cloth of various colours. All such 'remainder' copies contain the *second* Edition of Part V., and, of course, do not include the original wrappers.

(6.)

[CHRISTMAS-EVE AND EASTER-DAY: 1850.]

Christmas-Eve / and / Easter-Day. / A Poem / By Robert Browning. / London : / Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand. / 1850.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. iv + 142, consisting of: Half-title (containing advertisement of Poetical Works of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning upon the reverse) and Title-page, as above (with imprint in centre of the reverse—"London: | Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars"), pp. i-iv; and Text pp. 1-142. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—"London: Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars"—is in centre of blank leaf at end of book.

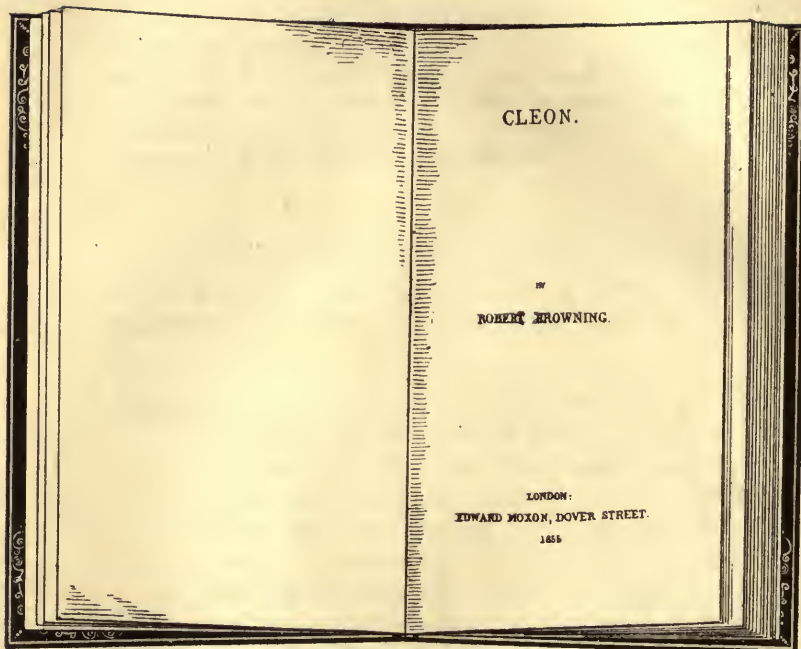
Issued in 1850, in dark-green cloth, lettered in gilt across the back: "*Christmas-Eve | and | Easter-Day | Robert Browning.*"

Contents.

	Page		Page
Christmas-Eve	I	Easter-Day	80

The Manuscript of this book is preserved in the Forster Library, at South Kensington.





Cleon, as originally printed in pamphlet form.

From a copy in the Library of Mr. Buxton Forman.

(7.)

[CLEON : 1855.]

Cleon : / By / Robert Browning. / London : / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / 1855.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. 1-23, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. 1-2 ; Title-page, as above (with imprint : “*London : / Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars,*” in centre of the reverse), pp. 3-4 ; and Text pp. 5-23. There are headlines throughout. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued in coloured paper wrappers, unlettered. Printed the same year in *Men and Women*, 1855, vol. ii. pp. 171-189.

(8.)

[THE STATUE AND THE BUST : 1855.]

The / Statue and the Bust. / By / Robert Browning. / London : / Edward Moxon, Dover Street. / 1855.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. 1-22, consisting of: Half-title (with imprint on the centre of the reverse : “*London : / Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars,*”) pp. 3-4 ; and Text pp. 5-22. There are headlines throughout.

Issued in coloured paper wrappers, unlettered. Printed the same year in *Men and Women*, 1855, vol. i. pp. 156-172.

(9.)

[MEN AND WOMEN : 1855.]

Men and Women. / By / Robert Browning. / In Two Volumes. / Vol. i. [Vol. ii.] / London : / Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. / 1855.

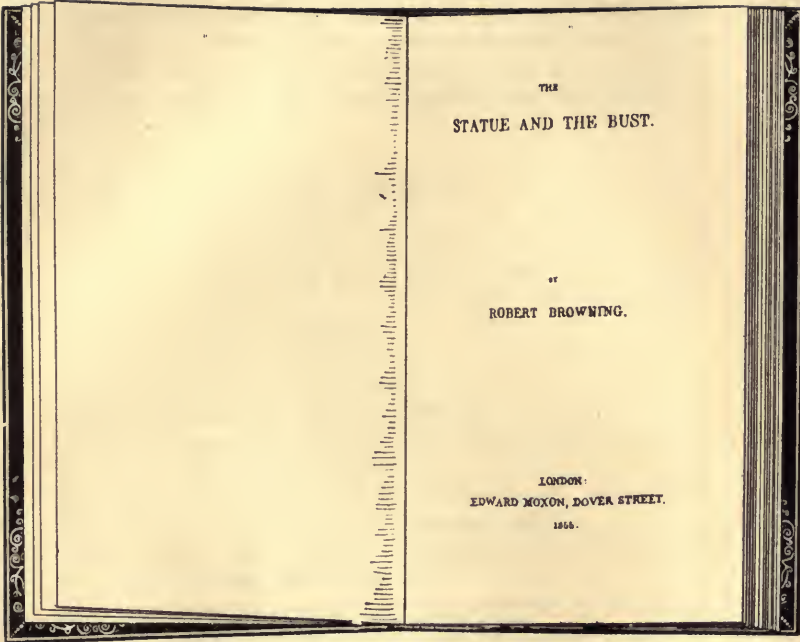
Collation : [Vol. i.] :—Foolscap octavo, pp. iv + 260, consisting of : Title-page, as above (with imprint—“*London : | Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars*”—in centre of reverse), pp. i-ii ; Contents pp. iii-iv ; and Text pp. 1-260. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“*Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars*”—is repeated at foot of last page.

Issued in green cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back : “*Men | and Women, | Robt. Browning. | Vol. i. [Vol. ii.] | Chapman and Hall.*” The published price was Twelve Shillings.

Contents.

Page		Page
1	Love among the Ruins.....	122
7	A Lovers' Quarrel.....	123
19	Evelyn Hope	128
23	Up at a Villa—down in the City. (As Distinguished by an Italian Person of Quality.)	134
31	A Woman's Last Word ...	149
35	Fra Lippo Lippi	151
56	A Toccata of Galuppi's.....	156
63	By the Fireside	173
81	Any Wife to Any Husband	175
90	An Epistle containing the Strange Medical Experi- ence of Karshish, the Arab Physician	177
107	Mesmerism.....	184
117	A Serenade at the Villa ...	191
	My Star	194
	Instans Tyrannus	205
	A Pretty Woman	259
	“Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came”	
	Respectability	
	A Light Woman	
	The Statue and the Bust... ..	
	Love in a Life	
	Life in a Love	
	How it strikes a Contem- porary	
	The Last Ride Together	
	The Patriot—An old Story	
	Master Hugues of Saxe- Gotha	
	Bishop Blougram's Apology	
	Memorabilia	

Collation : [Vol. ii.] :—Foolscap octavo, pp. iv + 242, consisting of : Title-page, as above (with imprint—“*London : | Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars*”—in centre of reverse), pp. i-ii ; Contents pp. iii-iv ; and Text pp. 1-242. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“*Brad-*



The Statue and the Bust, as originally printed in pamphlet form.
From a copy in the Library of Mr. Buxton Forman.

bury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars"—is in centre of blank leaf of last page.

Upon the publication of *Men and Women*, Mr. Browning forwarded a copy to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and followed his gift by a letter (dated 102, Rue de Grenelle, Paris, October 29th, 1855) containing the following interesting list of *Errata* :—

"By the way, let me tell you something. I perceive some blunders in my poems, which I shall not, I think, draw attention to, but quietly correct hereafter.¹ But it happens unluckily that the worst of them occur just in a thing [*Old Pictures in Florence*] I would have you like if it might be—so, please alter the following in your copy, before you begin it, won't you?"

Vol. II.

Page 34, line 3, all their work is—their work is.

7, That a—*dele* That.

35 4, there's its transit—then *sec tran.*

36 3, Change the line to ("Earth here, rebuked by Olympus there")

36 4, You grew—And grew.

39 6, His face—Man's face.

13, the Hopes—new hopes.

40 6, Which if on the earth—*dele the.*

1, Change the line to : "Give these, I exhort you, their guerdon and glory."

44 11, For "Rot or are left to the mercies still," read "Their pictures are left to the mercies still."

46 11, For "But a kind of Witanagemot," read "But a kind of sober Witanagemot."

13, For "To ponder Freedom restored to Florence," read, "Shall ponder, once Freedom restored to Florence."

47 12, For "Turning the Bell-tower's altatissimo," read "And turn the bell-tower's *alt* to *altissimo.*"

188 18, one called—him called.

189 3, one circumcised—and circumcised.

231 4, with it—cried too.

¹ These corrections have all been made in the later editions of the poems.

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Andrea del Sarto. (Called "The Faultless Paint- er")	Annual Christian Sermon in Rome)
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Before	The Guardian-Angel: A Picture at Fano
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After.....	Cleon
19	171
In Three Days	The Twins
21	190
In a Year	Popularity
24	193
Old Pictures in Florence...	The Heretic's Tragedy. A Middle-Age Interlude ...
30	198
In a Balcony.—First Part	Two in the Campagna
49	205
In a Balcony.—Second Part	A Grammarian's Funeral...
70	210
In a Balcony.—Third Part	One Way of Love
88	218
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111	220
"De Gustibus—"	"Transcendentalism": A Poem in Twelve Books...
147	223
Women and Roses	Misconceptions
150	227
Protus	One Word More, To E. B. B.
154	229
Holy-Cross Day. (On which the Jews were forced to attend an	

Men and Women was never reprinted separately. The Poems it contains were incorporated in the succeeding collected editions. With the exception of *In a Balcony* they were distributed under the respective headings of *Dramatic Lyrics*, *Dramatic Romances*, and *Men and Women*. It is to be noted that the three divisions into which *In a Balcony* was originally broken disappeared in this edition, where it was reprinted as a one-act drama.

(10.)

[GOLD HAIR: 1864.]

Gold Hair: / A Legend of Pornic. / By / Robert
Browning. / 1864.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. 1-15, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. 1-2; Title-page, as above (with imprint —"London: Printed by W. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street and Charing Cross"—at foot of the reverse), pp.



Gold Hair: the English "Copyright" Edition.

From a copy bound in morocco by Tout, in the Library of Mr. Buxton Forman.

3-4 ; and Text pp. 5-15. There are headlines throughout.

The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Stitched in paper wrappers, unlettered, and reserved for private circulation only. Printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xiii., 1864, pp. 596-599. Reprinted in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 27, as one poem of twenty-seven stanzas.

The only variation that occurs in the text of *Gold Hair* as printed privately in 1864, and as given in *The Atlantic Monthly*, is in the spelling of the word "armour" in stanza 16—

"A baron with armour-adornments quaint"—

and in the fact that the sections and stanzas are numbered in the former, but not in the latter. The difference in spelling is, of course, a mere matter of English and American printing offices.

The first edition of *Dramatis Personæ* also gives the poem textually as in the private print ; but in the second edition three fresh stanzas were added. For this addition George Eliot was responsible. The great novelist remarked upon reading the poem that its motive was not made sufficiently clear at the point where the money is discovered. Browning took away her copy of the book after one of the renowned Sunday gatherings at the Priory, and brought it back at another with the following three stanzas added. These were intended for insertion between two on page 32, but were written upon the blank space at page 34, the final lines extending on to the half-title of the next poem, *The Worst of It* :—

21.

[*Hid there? Why? Could the girl be wont
(She, the stainless soul) to treasure up
Money, earth's trash and Heaven's affront?
Had a spider found out the communion-cup,
Was a toad in the christening font?*

22.

*Truth is truth: too true it was.
Gold! She hoarded and hugged it first,
Longed for it, leaned o'er it, loved it—alas—
Till the humour grew to a head and burst,
And she cried, at the final pass,—*

23.

"Talk not of God, my heart is stone!
 Nor lover nor friend—be gold for both!
 Gold I lack; and, my all, my own,
 It shall hide in my hair. I scarce die loth,
 If they let my hair alone!"

The copy of the book in which these stanzas were written passed into the hands of Charles Lee Lewes, with the rest of the Priory treasures.

As a matter of minor bibliographical detail it may be mentioned that copies of the separate print of *Gold Hair*—as also of the separate issues of *Cleon* and *The Statue and the Bust*—occasionally occur bound up at the end of cloth copies of the first collected edition of the *Poems* (2 vols., 1849), and of the first edition of *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*; they may, however, have been so inserted in such copies only of the books in question as were given away as presents by their author.

(II.)

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: 1864.]

Dramatis Personæ. / By / Robert Browning. / London: / Chapman and Hall, / 93 Piccadilly. / 1864.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. vi+250, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with imprint—"London: Printed by W. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street and Charing Cross"—at foot of the reverse), pp. iii-iv; Contents pp. v-vi; and Text pp. 1-250. Each of the eighteen poems is preceded by a fly-title (with blank reverse). There are headlines throughout. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page—"London: Printed by William Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street | and Charing Cross."

Issued in 1864, in cloth boards of a dull red colour, lettered in gilt across the back: "*Dramatis Personæ* / Robert Browning." The published price was Seven Shillings.

Contents.

	Page		Page
James Lee	3	Natural Theology in the	
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Pornic	27	Confessions.....	139
The Worst of it.....	37	May and Death.....	145
Dûs Aliter Visum ; or, Le		Prospice	147
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Too Late.....	57	A Face.....	161
Abt Vogler	67	A Likeness	165
Rabbi Ben Ezra.....	77	Mr. Sludge, "The Medium"	171
A Death in the Desert.....	91	Apparent Failure	239
Caliban upon Setebos ; or,		Epilogue	245

Second Edition.

The Second Edition of *Dramatis Personæ* was also issued in 1864. The poems were afterwards incorporated in the collected edition of 1868, when several changes were made in the text. For instance, in the fifteenth section of *A Death in the Desert*, after the line "Is not His love at issue still with sin," there follows in the first edition the line "Closed with and cast and conquered, crucified." This line is omitted altogether in the 1868 edition. The changes in the text of *Gold Hair* and *James Lee* are highly interesting, and suffice to make the second edition of *Dramatis Personæ* a volume of considerable importance in the eyes of the Browning student.

(12.)

[THE RING AND THE BOOK : 1868.]

The / Ring and the Book. / By / Robert Browning, / M.A., / Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. / In Four Volumes. / Vol. I. [Vol. II., &c.] / Smith, Elder and Co., London. / 1868. / [The Right of Translation is reserved.]

Collation [vol. i.] :—Post octavo, pp. iv + 246, consisting of: Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; and Text pp. 1-246. There

are headlines throughout. The imprint—"London : | Printed by Smith, Elder, and Co., | Old Bailey, E.C."—is in the centre of last page.

Contents.

<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 80%;"></td> <td style="text-align: right; vertical-align: bottom;">Page</td> </tr> <tr> <td>I. The Ring and the Book</td> <td style="text-align: right;">1</td> </tr> <tr> <td>II. Half-Rome</td> <td style="text-align: right;">75</td> </tr> </table>		Page	I. The Ring and the Book	1	II. Half-Rome	75		<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 80%;"></td> <td style="text-align: right; vertical-align: bottom;">Page</td> </tr> <tr> <td>III. The other Half-Rome</td> <td style="text-align: right;">157</td> </tr> </table>		Page	III. The other Half-Rome	157
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I. The Ring and the Book	1											
II. Half-Rome	75											
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III. The other Half-Rome	157											

Collation [vol. ii.] :—Post octavo, pp. iv + 252, consisting of : Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv ; and Text pp. 1-252. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—"London | Printed by Smith, Elder, and Co. | Old Bailey, E.C."—is in the centre of last page.

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<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 80%;"></td> <td style="text-align: right; vertical-align: bottom;">Page</td> </tr> <tr> <td>IV. Tertium Quid.....</td> <td style="text-align: right;">1</td> </tr> <tr> <td>V. Count Guido Frances-</td> <td></td> </tr> </table>		Page	IV. Tertium Quid.....	1	V. Count Guido Frances-			<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 80%;"></td> <td style="text-align: right; vertical-align: bottom;">Page</td> </tr> <tr> <td>chini.....</td> <td style="text-align: right;">73</td> </tr> <tr> <td>VI. Giuseppe Caponsacchi</td> <td style="text-align: right;">161</td> </tr> </table>		Page	chini.....	73	VI. Giuseppe Caponsacchi	161
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Collation [vol. iii.] :—Post octavo, pp. iv + 250, consisting of : Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; Contents (with blank reverse) pp. iii-iv ; and Text pp. 1-250. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—"London | Printed by Smith, Elder, and Co., | Old Bailey, E.C."—is in centre of last page.

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Collation [vol. iv.] :—Post octavo, pp. iv + 236, consisting of : Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; Contents (with blank reverse) pp. iii-iv ; and Text pp. 1-236. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—"London | Printed by Smith, Elder, and Co., | Old Bailey, E.C."—is in centre of last page.

Dear Mother
I received your letter of the 10th and was
glad to hear from you. I am well and
hope these few lines will find you the same.
I have not much news to write at present.
The weather here is very warm and
pleasant. I have been out for a walk
every day and enjoy it very much.
I hope to hear from you again soon.

With love,
Your affectionate son,
John Doe

100 Main Street
New York City

And so, although she has some other name,
we only call her Wild-pomegranate-flower,
Balaustron; since, wherever the red bloom grows,
's the dull dark verdure of the bounteous tree,
dethroning, in the Rosy Isle, the rose,
you shall find food, drink, odours, all at once;
cool leaves to bind about an aching brow,
And, never much away, the nightingale.

From "Balaustron's Adventure"

Robert Browning.
London,
Nov. 22. 71.

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X. The Pope	Page 1	XII. The Book and the	Page
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Issued in dark-green cloth boards, bevelled, lettered in gilt across the back : “*The Ring and the Book | Robert Browning | Vol. I. [Vol. II. &c.] | Smith, Elder, & Co.*” The published price was Seven Shillings and Sixpence each volume.

The volumes were published separately :—Vol. i. in November, 1868 ; vol. ii. in December, 1868 ; vol. iii. in January, 1869 ; vol. iv. in February, 1869. A Second Edition was issued in *brown* cloth boards.

The manuscript of *The Ring and the Book* is in the possession of Mr. George Smith.

(13.)

[BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE: 1871.]

Balaustion's Adventure : / Including / a Transcript from Euripides. / By / Robert Browning. / London : / Smith, Elder and Co., 15 Waterloo Place. / 1871. / The Right of Translation is reserved.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. iv + 170, consisting of: Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; Dedication *To the Countess Cowper* (with quotation from Mrs. Browning's *Wine of Cyprus* upon the reverse) pp. iii-iv ; and Text pp. 1-170. The head-line is *Balaustion's Adventure* throughout, upon both sides of the page. At the close of the book is an unnumbered leaf, with Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.'s imprint upon its recto.

Issued in cloth boards, bevelled, of a reddish-brown colour, lettered in gilt across the back : “*Balaustion's | Adventure | By | Robert Browning | Smith | Elder & Co.*” The published price was Five Shillings.

This book is now in the Third Edition. No variations occur in the text.

(14.)

[PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU: 1871.]

Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, / Saviour of Society. / By / Robert Browning. / Smith, Elder and Co., London. / 1871. / The Right of Translation is Reserved.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. iv + 148, consisting of: Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii; Motto (with blank reverse), iii-iv; and Text pp. 1-148. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“*London: Printed by Smith, Elder & Co., Old Bailey, E.C.*”—is at foot of last page.

Issued in dark-blue bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: “*Prince | Hohenstiel- | Schwangau | By Robert | Browning | London | Smith, Elder & Co.*” The published price was Five Shillings.

(15.)

[FIFINE AT THE FAIR: 1872.]

Fifine at the Fair / By / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder and Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1872 / The Right of Translation is reserved.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. xii + 171, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; extract from Molière’s *Don Juan* (with translation upon reverse) pp. v-vi; Prologue pp. vii-xii; Text pp. 1-168; and Epilogue pp. 169-171. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“*London: | Printed by Smith, Elder & Co., | Old Bailey, E.C.*”—is upon reverse of last page.

Issued in dark-brown bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: “*Fifine / at the / Fair / By / Robert / Browning / Smith / Elder & Co.*” The published price was Five Shillings.

(16.)

[RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY: 1873.]

Red Cotton Night-Cap Country / or / Turf and Towers /
By / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder, & Co.,
15 Waterloo Place / 1873 / The right of translation is
reserved. The published price was Nine Shillings.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. iv + 282, consisting of: Title-page,
as above (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii; Dedication "*To
Miss Thackeray*" (with blank reverse) pp. iii-iv; and Text
pp. 1-282. There are headlines throughout. The imprint
—"London: Printed by / Spottiswoode and Co., New-street
Square / and Parliament Street"—is at the foot of the last
page.

Issued in dark-green bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across
the back: "*Red Cotton / Night-Cap / Country / By / Robert
Browning / Smith, Elder & Co.*"

The manuscript of *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* is in the possession
of Mrs. George Smith.

(17.)

[ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY: 1875.]

Aristophanes' Apology / including / A Transcript from
Euripides / Being the / Last Adventure of Balaustion /
By / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15
Waterloo Place / 1875 / All rights reserved.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. vi + 366, consisting of: Half-title
(with blank reverse) pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with
blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; Motto (with blank reverse), pp.
v-vi; and Text pp. 1-336. There are headlines throughout.
The imprint—"London: Printed by / Spottiswoode & Co.,

New-street Square | and Parliament Street—is at the foot of the last page.

Issued in dark olive-green bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: "*Aristophanes' Apology | By | Robert Browning | Smith, Elder & Co.*" The published price was Ten Shillings and Sixpence.

(18.)

[THE INN ALBUM: 1875.]

The / Inn Album / By / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1875 / All rights reserved.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. iv + 211, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; and Text pp. 1-211. Upon the reverse of the last page is a series of advertisements of poems of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—"*London: Printed by | Spottiswoode and Co., | New-street Square | and Parliament Street*"—occurs at the foot of p. 211.

Issued in dark-green bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: "*The | Inn | Album | By | Robert | Browning | London | Smith, Elder, & Co.*" The published price was Seven Shillings.

(19.)

[PACCHIAROTTO: 1876.]

Pacchiarotto / and / How he Worked in Distemper: / with other Poems. / By / Robert Browning. / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. / 1876. / All rights reserved.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. viii + 241, consisting of : Blank leaf pp. i-ii ; Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. v-vi ; Contents, pp. vii-viii ; and Text, pp. 1-241. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“*London : Printed by | Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square | and Parliament Street*”—is in the centre of the reverse of the last page.

Issued in slate-coloured bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back—“*Pacchiarotto | and | other Poems | By | Robert | Browning | Smith, Elder & Co.*” The published price was Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

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Shop.....	64	Hervé Riel	117
Pisgah-Sights. 1.....	75	A Forgiveness	131
Pisgah-Sights. 2.....	78	Cenciaja	162
Fears and Scruples	83	Filippo Baldinucci on the privilege of Burial.....	184
Natural Magic	88	Epilogue	223
Magical Nature.....	90		

A letter addressed by Mr. Browning to Mr. Edmund Gosse on July 25th, 1876, contains the following interesting reference to *Pacchiarotto* :—

“*Let me tell you there are some odd pieces of oversight in the book—attributable to my own carelessness, I believe. Especially, in a poem¹ written while the earlier sheets were passing through the press, read (page 194), for ‘ aloft ’—‘ from bier ’² : (213) for ‘ crowns ’—*

¹ *Filippo Baldinucci on the Privilege of Burial. A Reminiscence of A.D. 1676.*

² Stanza 16, line 2 :

In just a lady borne aloft [from bier].

'crowned'¹: and (214) for 'disbursed'—'unpursed.'² There is also (page 164) in the 8th line a 'who' for 'how.'³ The punctuation—as is the way with printed verse—has been suffered to slip out of the endings, and confuse the sense in many instances. In *Numpholeptos* (p. 97) the 8th line should run: 'So grant me—love—whole, sole,' etc."⁴

¹ Stanza 45, line 2 :

Resolve me ! Can it be, the crowns,—[crowned,—].

² Stanza 45, line 7 :

Only for Mary's sake, disbursed [unpursed].

³ *Cenci*. Page 164, line 8 :

Relating who [how] the penalty was paid.

⁴ As printed the line reads :

Love, the love whole and sole without alloy !

(20.)

[THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS: 1877.]

The Agamemnon of Æschylus / Transcribed by / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1877 / All rights reserved.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. xii + 148, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; Preface, pp. v-xi; p. xii is blank; Fly-title (with a list of *Persons of the Drama* upon the reverse), pp. 1-2; and Text, pp. 3-148. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—"London: Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square | and Parliament Street"—is at the foot of the last page.

Issued in dark-green bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: "Agamemnon | of | Æschylus | Robert Browning | Smith | Elder & Co." The published price was Five Shillings.

(21.)

[LA SAISIAZ: 1878.]

La Saisiaz: / The Two Poets of / Croisic: / By / Robert Browning, / London: / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. / 1878. / [All rights reserved.]

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. viii + 202, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; Dedication (with blank reverse) “*To Mrs. Sutherland Orr*,” pp. v-vi; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. vii-viii; and Text, pp. 1-201. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“*London: Printed by / Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square / and Parliament Street*”—is upon the reverse of the last page. Each of the two poems is preceded by a fly-title, with blank reverse.

Issued in bluish-green bevelled boards, lettered in gilt across the back: “*La Saisiaz: / The / Two / Poets / of / Croisic / By / Robert / Browning / Smith, Elder & Co.*” The published price was Seven Shillings and Sixpence.

Contents.

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(22.)

[DRAMATIC IDYLS: FIRST SERIES: 1879.]

Dramatic Idyls / By / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1879 / *All rights reserved.*

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. vi—143, consisting of: Half-title, Title-page, and Contents (each with blank reverse), pp. i-iv;

and Text, pp. 1-143. Each of the six poems composing the volume is preceded by a fly-title, with blank reverse. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—"London: Printed by | Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square | and Parliament Street"—is at the foot of the last page.

Issued in 'old-gold' bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: "*Dramatic Idyls* | *Robert Browning* | *Smith, Elder & Co.*" The published price was five shillings. Some copies were bound from quire stock, after the publication of the Second Series; these have "First Series" across the back, below the title.

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The first series of *Dramatic Idyls* is now in its Second Edition. No variations were made in the text.

(23.)

[DRAMATIC IDYLS: SECOND SERIES: 1880.]

Dramatic Idyls / Second Series / By / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1880 / All rights reserved.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. viii+149, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. v-vi; Prologue (with blank reverse) pp. vii-viii; and Text pp. 1-147; p. 148 is blank; and Epilogue p. 149. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—"London: Printed by | Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square | and Parliament Street"—is at the foot of last page, which is unnumbered.

Issued in dark-brown bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back : “ *Dramatic Idyls | Second Series | Robert Browning | Smith | Elder & Co.* ” The published price was Five Shillings.

Contents.

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Mulékéh	43	Pan and Luna	137

(24.)

[JOCOSERIA : 1883.]

Jocoseria / By / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1883 / [*All rights reserved.*]

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. vi + 144, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; Contents (with blank reverse) pp. v-vi; and Text pp. 1-144. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“ *London : Printed by | Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square | and Parliament Street.* ” —is at foot of last page. Each of the ten poems composing the volume is preceded by a fly-title, with blank reverse.

Issued in dark-red bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back : “ *Jocoseria | Robert | Browning | Smith | Elder & Co.* ” The published price was Five Shillings.

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Mary Wollstonecraft and		Place	133
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Jocoseria has passed into a Third Edition, but the text throughout has remained unchanged.

(25.)

[FERISHTAH'S FANCIES: 1884.]

Ferishtah's Fancies / By / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1884 / [*All rights reserved.*]

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. vi + 144, consisting of: Half-title (with quotations from Jeremy Collier and Shakspeare upon the reverse), pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. v-vi; and Text, pp. 1-144. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—"Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London"—is at the foot of the last page.

Issued in November, 1884, in olive-green bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back: "*Ferishtah's Fancies / Robert Browning / Smith / Elder & Co.*" The published price was Five Shillings.

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The Sun	33	Eating	105
Mihrab Shah	46	Epilogue	140
A Camel-Driver.....	59		

'Ferishtah's Fancies' also has passed into a Third Edition, the text remaining unaltered.

(26.)

[PARLEYINGS: 1887.]

Parleyings with certain People / of importance in their day: / To wit: Bernard de Mandeville, / Daniel Bartoli, / Christopher Smart, / George Bubb Dodington, / Francis

Furini, / Gerard de Lairese, / and Charles Avison. / Introduced by / A Dialogue between Apollo and the Fates ; / concluded by / another between John Fust and his Friends. By Robert Browning. / London : / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. / 1887. / [*All rights reserved.*]

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. viii + 268, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv ; Dedication (“*In Memoriam / J. Milsand / Obiit iv Sept. mdlxxxvi*¹ / *Absens absentem auditque videtque*”), with blank reverse, pp. v-vi ; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. vii-viii ; and Text, pp. 1-268. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“*Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London*”—is at the foot of the last page.

Issued in light-brown bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back : “*Parleyings / with / certain / people / By / Robert Browning / Smith, Elder & Co.*” The published price was Ten Shillings.

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		Epilogue	221

¹ This is of course a misprint for mdccclxxxvi.

(27.)

[ESSAY ON SHELLEY: 1888.]

An Essay / on / Percy Bysshe Shelley / By / Robert Browning / Being a Reprint of the Introductory Essay prefixed to the volume of / [25 spurious] Letters of Shelley

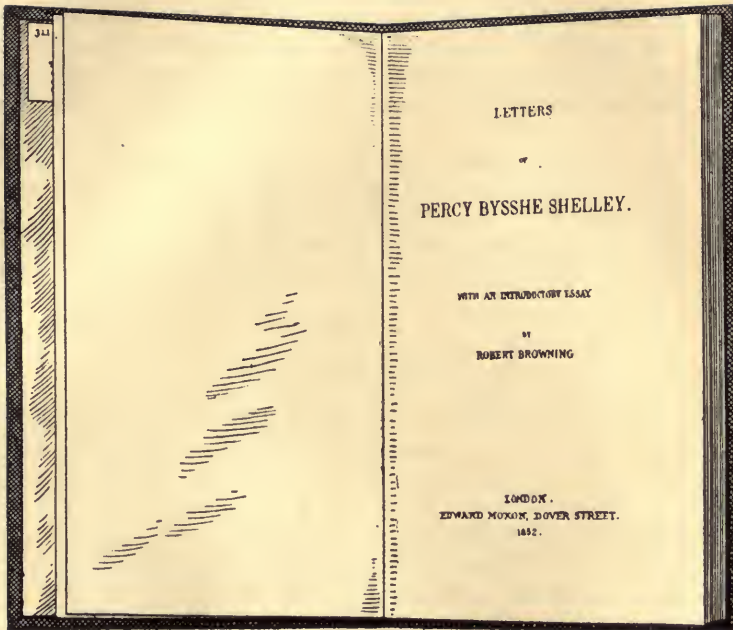
published by / Edward Moxon in 1852. / Edited / By W. Tyas Harden / London / Published for the Shelley Society / By Reeves and Turner 196 Strand / 1888.

Collation :—Octavo, pp. 27, as follows : Half-title (with Certificate of Issue upon the reverse), pp. 1-2 ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 3-4 ; Fly-title to Introduction (with blank reverse), pp. 5-6 ; Introduction, pp. 7-8 ; Prelude (a reprint of Browning's *Memorabilia*—with blank reverse), pp. 9-10 ; and Text of the 'Essay,' pp. 11-27. The imprint—"London : / Printed by Richard Clay & Sons, Bread Street Hill. / February, 1888"—is upon the reverse of the last page. There is a headline throughout.

Issued in green paper boards, lettered both upon the side and up the back. Five hundred copies were printed, all upon Dutch hand-made paper. Four additional examples were privately printed upon pure vellum. Some copies have an inserted slip containing two *Errata*. The volume was a gift to the Shelley Society from the editor, Mr. W. Tyas Harden. The published price was Six Shillings.

As duly set forth upon the title-page transcribed above, Mr. Browning's *Essay* was first printed in an octavo volume of *Letters*, presumably by Percy Bysshe Shelley, published by Moxon in 1852, with the following title :—*Letters | of | Percy Bysshe Shelley | With an Introductory Essay, | by | Robert Browning, | London : | Edward Moxon, Dover Street,—1852. Pp. viii + 165. Mr. Browning's 'Essay' occupies pp. 1-44.*

It is not necessary to enter here into any detailed account of the letters themselves, more especially as the matter belongs to the bibliography of Shelley rather than to that of Browning. Suffice it to say briefly that the letters, together with a number of spurious Byron manuscripts, were in all probability produced by an individual who styled himself the natural son of Lord Byron. They were in the first instance bought of William White, a bookseller of Pall Mall, who consigned them to Messrs. Sotheby's rooms for sale by public auction. They were there purchased by Mr. Edward Moxon, who at once proceeded



The suppressed volume of Shelley *Letters*, with Introduction by Robert Browning.
From a copy in the original purple cloth in the Library of Mr. Thos. J. Wise.



to publish them, and at whose suggestion Mr. Browning undertook to supply a suitable introduction. Mr. Browning (who was then—December, 1851—in Paris) told Mr. Wise that he never saw the original holographs, having been provided either with manuscript copies of the letters, or printed proofs of the book, he was uncertain which. Upon ascertaining that the documents were forgeries, Moxon withdrew the volume from circulation. The whole of the facts were commented upon by the *Athenæum*, and White replied in a pamphlet (which ran to two editions, both of which have now become of considerable scarcity) entitled ‘*The Calumnies of the “Athenæum” Exposed*,’ &c.¹ The original letters were presented by Moxon to the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, where they may now be seen and consulted.

¹ *The Calumnies of The “Athenæum” Journal exposed. Mr. White’s Letter to Mr. Murray, on the subject of the Byron, Shelley, and Keats MSS. “Calumny will sear Virtue itself.”—Shakespeare. London: William White, Pall Mall mdccclii.—Octavo, pp. 15. The Second Edition extended to pp. 16, and was considerably revised. The tract has never been reprinted.*

(28.)

[ASOLANDO: 1890.]

Asolando: / Fancies and Facts. / By / Robert Browning. / London: / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place. / 1890. / [All rights reserved.]

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. viii + 158, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; Dedication “*To Mrs. Arthur Bronson*,” pp. v-vi; Contents, pp. vii-viii; and Text, pp. 1-158. There are headlines throughout. The imprint—“*Printed by Spottiswoode and Co., New-street Square London*”—is at the foot of the last page.

Though dated “1890,” this volume was issued in December, 1889, in bright-red bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across back: “*Asolando | Robert Browning | Smith | Elder & Co.*” It was published at Five Shillings.

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The demand for *Asolando*, consequent upon the decease of its author, was very considerable, and it passed rapidly into a Seventh Edition. The text of all is uniform.

(29.)

[PROSE LIFE OF STRAFFORD: 1892.]

Robert Browning's / Prose / Life of Strafford, / with an In-
 troduction / by C. H. Firth, M.A., Oxon., / and / Fore-
 words / by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Hon. Dr. Phil. / Publisht
 for / The Browning Society / By Kegan Paul, Trench,
 Trübner & Co. / London. 1892.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. lxxvi + 319: consisting of Half-
 title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above
 (with imprint: “*Richard Clay & Sons, Limited / London
 and Bungay*” upon the centre of the reverse), pp. iii-iv;
 Forewords by F. J. Furnivall, pp. v-xii; Introduction by

C. H. Firth, pp. xiii-lxxvi; Text, pp. 1-278; Appendices, pp. 279-303; and Index, pp. 304-319. There are headlines throughout. The imprint is repeated upon the reverse of the last page.

Issued in cloth boards, lettered across the back, uniform with the 17 Vol. edition of Robert Browning's *Works*. The published price was 7s. 6d. Five hundred copies were printed.

Two Hundred and Fifty large hand-made paper copies were also printed in demy octavo, and bound in straw-coloured buckram, with white paper back-label, uniform with the large paper copies of the 17 Vol. edition of the *Works*. The price of these was 12s. 6d. *net*. The book was issued simultaneously in America by Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, of Boston.

The above *Life of Strafford*, only in 1892 first attributed to Robert Browning, was originally published in 1836 as the work of John Forster in a volume of *Lives of Eminent British Statesmen* in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Dr. Furnivall's reasons for fathering the work upon Browning are set forth at length in his clever *Fore-words*. His arguments, however, are far from being absolutely convincing, though the following passage is, as evidence, sufficiently direct:—

Three times during his life did Browning speak to me about his prose Life of Strafford. The first time he said only—in the course of chat—that very few people had any idea of how much he had helpt John Forster in it. The second time he told me at length that one day he went to see Forster and found him very ill, and anxious about the 'Life of Strafford,' which he had promist to write at once, to complete a volume of 'Lives of Eminent British Statesmen' for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Forster had finisht the Life of Eliot—the first in the volume—and had just begun that of Strafford, for which he had made full collections and extracts; but illness had come on, he couldn't work, the book ought to be completed forthwith, as it was due in the serial issue of volumes; what was he to do? 'Oh,' said Browning, 'don't trouble about it. I'll take your papers and do it for you.' Forster thankd his young friend heartily, Browning put the Strafford papers under his arm, walkt off, workt hard, finisht the Life, and it came out

to time in 1836, to Forster's great relief, and past under his name. A third time—in the spring of 1889, I think, almost the last time I saw Browning—he began to tell me how he had written almost all Forster's 'Life of Strafford'; but I stopt him by saying that he'd told me before, and we went on to chat of something else.

At the first and second times, I had the 'Eminent British Statesmen' on my shelves, and once thought of reading the *Life of Strafford* and asking the poet to point out his large share of it to me. But life in London is such a hurry that anything which gets into a busy man's head is driven out by another thing within the next half-hour. Later, my 'Statesmen' volumes went to one of the Free Libraries that appeal'd to me for books, and I never lookt at the 'Life of Strafford' till after Browning's death. Then Prof. S. R. Gardiner one day in the British Museum renew'd our talk of some years before about this *Life*. I took it off the shelves, read the last paragraph and felt—as every other Browning student will feel—that I could swear it was Browning's.

On the other hand it is only fair to state that the surviving relatives of both Browning and Forster are firm in their assertions that the *Life* was the work of the Biographer, and not that of the Poet. But perhaps it is best to print without further comment the two following letters which sufficiently introduce and explain themselves:—

Palace-Gate House, Kensington, W.

July 30th, 1894.

Dear Sir,

An announcement that you are preparing a Bibliography of Mr. Browning's Works must be my plea for troubling you with this note. It has reference to the extraordinary claim which has been set up by Dr. Furnivall for Mr. Browning's authorship of nearly the whole of my husband's "*Life of Strafford*." Against this claim, so distressing to me, I make the most emphatic protest. I enclose you a copy of a letter from Mr. Browning's son on the subject, and also add an extract from a subsequent letter to my niece, in which he says: "Mrs. Forster is most welcome to make what use she likes of the whole of mine dated Feb. 27th, 1893."

Mr. Browning's own acknowledgment to his friend Mr. Forster is to be found in the first edition of his tragedy of "*Strafford*." I also

take leave to forward you a copy of the letter Mr. Charles Kent sent to "The Times" after Dr. Furnivall brought out the book in 1892, which may have escaped your notice.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
Eliza Ann Forster.

T. J. Wise, Esq.

Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice.
February 27th, 1893.

My Dear Mrs. Forster,

Your kind letter reached me after some little delay, or I would have written to thank you sooner.

Let me say at once that I have long ceased having anything to do with Dr. Furnivall, nor have I seen his book; but I presume, and gather from what you write, that he has been claiming the authorship of Mr. Forster's "Life of Strafford" for my father—in which case he has done this in spite of all I could do to prevent him, and in opposition to my earnest desire, expressed soon after my father's death. It is a fact that my father assisted Mr. Forster, who was more or less incapacitated from working by indisposition and domestic anxiety—I believe his father was ill—but I need not say that that would not justify any claim of authorship! No letters of Mr. Forster could be found throwing any light on the matter, and the only ones in my possession are of a later date. These, of course, I will lend you with great pleasure when I return to Venice.

I am indeed sorry that you have been pained in this way. My father would, I am sure, have been indignant at such a proceeding, and I, as I have said, opposed it to my utmost when the subject was brought up by Dr. Furnivall. I am much obliged for the copy of my father's letter which you kindly send me, although I needed no reminding of the friendship between him and Mr. Forster. My aunt, who is with me, asks to be affectionately remembered.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Forster, always
and with warmest regard,
Yours very sincerely,
R. Barrett Browning.

I am writing from Asolo.

But the weightiest argument against Mr. Browning's assumed authorship of the prose *Life of Strafford* is probably the second paragraph of the Preface to the first edition (published in 1837) of his own Historical Tragedy:—

“The portraits are, I think, faithful; and I am fortunate in being able, in proof of this, to refer to the subtle and eloquent exposition of the characters of Eliot and Strafford, in the Lives of Eminent British Statesmen now in course of publication in Lardner's Cyclopædia, by a writer whom I am proud to call my friend; and whose biographies of Hampden, Pym, and Vane will, I am sure, fitly illustrate the present year—the Second Centenary of the Trial concerning Ship-Money. My Carlisle, however, is purely imaginary: I at first sketched her singular likeness roughly in, as suggested by Matthew and the memoir writers—but it was too artificial, and the substituted outline is exclusively from Voiture and Waller.”

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Browning would have referred to the *Life* as “subtle and eloquent” had the major portion of the work in question been the product of his own pen.

(30.)

[LETTERS: 1895.]

Letters / from / Robert Browning / to / Various Correspondents. / Edited by Thomas J. Wise. / Volume One. / London: Privately Printed. / 1895.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. xii + 98, consisting of: Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. i-ii; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv; Certificate of issue (with blank reverse), pp. v-vi; Contents, pp. vii-xii; and Text, pp. 1-98. There are headlines throughout. Facing the last page is a leaf with the colophon of *The Ashley Library* upon its recto.

Issued (in *June*, 1895) in plum-coloured cloth boards, bevelled, lettered in gilt across the back: “*Letters | Vol. I. | Robert | Browning | 1895.*” The volume forms one of “*The Ashley Library*” series of *Privately Printed Books*. Thirty copies were

printed upon Whatman's hand-made paper, and Four upon fine Vellum. An additional Forty copies were printed on ordinary paper for distribution to members of the Browning Society. These were stitched in pale green paper wrappers, lettered "*The Browning Society. | Robert Browning's Letters. | Vol. I. | London : | Printed for Members of the Browning Society only. | 1895*" upon the front cover. All copies contain as frontispiece a *facsimile*, upon 'Japanese vellum' paper, of a holograph letter from Robert Browning to the Editor.

The xxxiii. letters which the volume contains are addressed to Miss Sarah Flower (1 letter), John Macready (1 letter), Mr. Christopher Dowson, Junr. (1 letter), Richard Henry Horne (2 letters), Edward Moxon (1 letter), Dante G. Rossetti (1 letter), Mr. E. S. Dallas (1 letter), Mr. W. G. Kingsland (1 letter), Rev. Alexander B. Grosart (1 letter), Mr. John H. Ingram (4 letters), a 'Lady Correspondent' (1 letter), Mr. Edmund Gosse (4 letters), Mr. H. Buxton Forman (3 letters), Mr. George Barnett Smith (1 letter), and Dr. F. J. Furnivall (10 letters).

Two more volumes, completing the series, are in the press, and will be issued shortly.

PART II.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICAL
LITERATURE, ETC.

(1.)

The Monthly Repository, Vol. viii, New Series, 1834, p. 712.

SONNET. ("Eyes, calm beside thee, Lady, couldst thou know !")

Reprinted in *Browning Society's Papers*, Part XII, p. 36*.

(2.)

The Monthly Repository, Vol. ix, New Series, 1835, pp. 707—708.

THE KING. ("A King lived long ago.")

Reprinted (with considerable variations) in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. I, 1841, p. 12, where it forms one of Pippa's songs in *Pippa Passes*.

(3.)

The Monthly Repository, Vol. x, New Series, 1836, pp. 43—44.

PORPHYRIA. ("The rain set early in to-night.")

Reprinted (under the title of *Madhouse Cells—II*) in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. III, 1842, p. 13.

(4.)

The Monthly Repository, Vol. x, New Series, 1836, pp. 45—46.

JOHANNES AGRICOLA. ("There's Heaven above ; and night by night.")

Reprinted (under the title of *Madhouse Cells—I*) in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. III, 1842, p. 13.

(5.)

The Monthly Repository, Vol. x, New Series, 1836, pp. 270—271.

LINES. ("Still ailing, wind? Wilt be appeased or no?")

Reprinted in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. xiii, July, 1864, pp. 737—738. Afterwards included in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, where it forms the first six stanzas of Section VI of *James Lee*.

(6.)

Hood's Magazine, Vol. i, No. VI, June, 1844, pp. 513—514.

THE LABORATORY (ANCIEN RÉGIME).

Reprinted (under the title of *France and Spain*) in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. VII, 1845, p. 11.

(7.)

Hood's Magazine, Vol. i, No. VI, June, 1844, p. 525.

CLARET AND TOKAY.

Reprinted in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. VII, 1845, pp. 20—21.

(8.)

Hood's Magazine, Vol. ii, No. VII, July, 1844, pp. 45—48.

GARDEN FANCIES. I. *The Flower's Name*; II. *Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis*.

Reprinted in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. VII, 1845, pp. 10—11.

(9.)

Hood's Magazine, Vol. ii, No. VIII, August, 1844, pp. 140—142.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

Reprinted (with considerable variations, and the addition of five new couplets) in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. VII, 1845, pp. 19—20.

(10.)

Hood's Magazine, Vol. iii, No. III, *March*, 1845, pp. 237—239.THE TOMB AT ST. PRAXED'S (*Rome* 15—).Reprinted in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. VII, 1845, p. 9.

(11.)

Hood's Magazine, Vol. iii, No. IV, *April*, 1845, pp. 313—318.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS. Part the First.

Reprinted in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. VII, pp. 12—19.

(12.)

Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley, London, 1852, pp. 1—44.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Reprinted separately, as follows:—*An Essay | on | Percy Bysshe Shelley | By | Robert Browning | . . . | Edited | by W. Tyas Harden | London | . . . | 1888.* Octavo, pp. 27.Also included in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part I, pp. 5—19.

(13.)

The Keepsake, 1856, p. 16.BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM. (" ' *Would a man 'scape the rod' ?* ")Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part I, p. 56. It has not been included in any collection of Mr. Browning's poems.

(14.)

The Keepsake, 1857, p. 164.MAY AND DEATH. (" *I wish that when you died last May.* ")Reprinted (with some variations) in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, p. 145.

(15.)

Last Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London, 1862.

DEDICATION ("To Grateful 'Florence'") BY ROBERT BROWNING, p. v.

PREFATORY NOTE (styled *Advertisement*) BY ROBERT BROWNING, p. vii.

Mrs. Browning died at Florence on *June 29th*, 1861, and the volume was posthumous. It was arranged and edited by Robert Browning.

(16.)

The Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London, 1863, pp. iii—iv.

PREFACE (styled *Advertisement*) BY ROBERT BROWNING.

This volume was also posthumous. Its contents were reprinted from the pages of *The Athenæum*.

(17.)

Royal Academy Exhibition Catalogue, 1864, p. 13.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. ("But give them me—the mouth, the eyes, the brow!")

Reprinted in the *Selections from the Works of Robert Browning* ("Moxon's Miniature Poets"), 1865, p. 215, under the title "Eurydice to Orpheus. A Picture by Frederick Leighton, A.R.A."; and in the *Poetical Works* of 1868, where it is inserted in *Dramatis Personæ*.

(18.)

The Atlantic Monthly, Vol. xiii, *May*, 1864, pp. 596—599.

GOLD HAIR: A LEGEND OF PORNIC.

Printed privately in pamphlet form, as follows:—*Gold Hair: | A Legend of Pornic. | By | Robert Browning. | 1864. Post octavo, pp. 15.*

Also reprinted in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 27—34. In the Second Edition of *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, three fresh stanzas were added. They were inserted between stanzas 20 and 21.

(19.)

The Atlantic Monthly, Vol. xiii, June, 1864, p. 694.

PROSPICE. ("Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat.")

Reprinted, with slight changes in one or two lines, in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 149—150.

(20.)

A Selection from the Poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. First Series. London, 1866, p. v.

PREFATORY NOTE BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Reprinted in all later editions of the *Selections*.

(21.)

The Cornhill Magazine, Vol. xxiii, March, 1871, pp. 257—260.

HERVÉ RIEL.

Reprinted in *Pacchiarotto and other Poems*, 1876, p. 117.

(22.)

The Hour will Come. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. Translated from the German by Clara Bell. London [1879], Vol. ii, p. 174.

SONG. ("The Blind Man to the Maiden said.")

Reprinted in the *Whitehall Review*, March 1, 1883; also in *Browning Society's Papers*, Part IV., p. 410.

(23.)

Euripides. By J. P. Mahaffy. (*Macmillan's Classical Writers*.) London, 1879, p. 116.

LYRIC OF EURIPIDES. ("Oh Love, Love, thou that from the eyes diffusest.")

Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part I., p. 69.

(24.)

The Century. Vol. xxv, 1882, pp. 159—160.

TEN NEW LINES TO "*Touch him ne'er so lightly*"
(*Dramatic Idyls*, Second Series, 1880, p. 149). ("*Thus I wrote in London, musing on my betters.*")

These lines were printed in *The Century* without Mr. Browning's consent; they have not been added to any reprint of the original verses, as they were not intended to form a permanent addition thereto. They were reprinted in the first edition of the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part IV, p. 48. At Mr. Browning's request the lines were cancelled, and did not appear in later issues of the Part.

(25.)

The Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 8, 1883.

SONNET ON GOLDONI. ("*Goldoni,—good, gay, sunniest of souls,—*")

Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part V, p. 98*.

(26.)

The Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 13, 1883.

PARAPHRASE FROM HORACE. ("*All singers, trust me, have this common vice.*")

Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part V, p. 99*.

(27.)

The Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 28, 1883.

HELEN'S TOWER. ("*Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream perchance.*")

Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part V, p. 97*.

(28.)

The Century Magazine, Vol. xxvii, February, 1884, p. 640.SONNET ON RAWDON BROWN. ("Sighed Rawdon Brown :
'Yes, I'm departing, Toni !'")Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part V, p. 132*.

(29.)

The World, April 16, 1884.THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST. ("Enter my palace, if a
prince should say—")Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part VII, p. 18*.

(30.)

The Divine Order and other Sermons and Addresses. By the late
Thomas Jones. London, 1884.

INTRODUCTION BY ROBERT BROWNING.

(31.)

The Shakspearean Show Book, 1884, p. 1.THE NAMES. ("Shakespeare?—to such name's sounding,
what succeeds.")Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part V, p. 105*.

(32.)

Why am I a Liberal? Edited by Andrew Reid. London, 1885, p. 11.WHY AM I A LIBERAL? ("Why? Because all I haply
can and do.")Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part VIII, p. 92*

(33.)

The New Amphion. The Book of the Edinburgh University Union
Fancy Fair, 1886, p. 1.

SPRING SONG. (“*Dance, yellows and whites and reds!*”),
with a full page illustration by Elizabeth Gulland.

Reprinted in *Parleyings*, VI, “Gerard de Lairese,” p. 189.

(34.)

Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London :
Smith, Elder & Co., 1887.

PREFATORY NOTE BY ROBERT BROWNING, occupying
three unnumbered pages inserted between Title-page
and Dedication.

Only a portion of the copies issued contain this *Preface*, which
was designed to controvert certain statements made by the
author of a (then) recent *Memoir* of Elizabeth Barrett
Browning.

(35.)

*Lines accompanying Memorial of the Queen's Jubilee, in St.
Margaret's Church, Westminster* [1887].

MEMORIAL LINES. (“*Fifty years' flight! wherein should
he rejoice.*”)

Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part X, p. 234*.

(36.)

The Athenæum, No. 3,220, July 13, 1889, p. 64.

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD. (“*I chanced upon a new book
yesterday.*”) Dated “July 8, 1889.”

Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part XI, p. 347*

These unhappy lines were occasioned by the following passage in one of FitzGerald's letters printed by Mr. Aldis Wright in *The Life and Letters of Edward FitzGerald* :—

“Mrs. Browning's death is rather a relief to me, I must say. No more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius, I know; but what is the upshot of it all! She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and the children; and perhaps the poor. Except in such things as little novels, they only devote themselves to what men do much better, leaving that which men do worse or not at all.”

Despite the fact that the words do not bear the meaning Mr. Browning attached to them, their retention in a letter published during the life-time of the husband of the dead poetess betrayed a sad lack of editorial discretion. Although Mr. Browning afterwards acknowledged that the conclusion at which he had arrived upon a first hasty perusal of the letter was erroneous, he never formally withdrew his bitter verses; at the same time he refrained from reviving them when issuing the final (17 vol.) edition of his collected works.

In the succeeding number (*July 20th*) of *The Athenæum* appeared the following letter :—

*Trinity College,
Cambridge, July 16, 1889.*

I find that by a grave oversight I have allowed a sentence to stand in one of Edward FitzGerald's letters which has stirred the just resentment of Mr. Browning. FitzGerald's expression was evidently thrown off with the freedom that men permit themselves in correspondence with their intimate friends; and I feel how great an injustice I have done to FitzGerald in making public what was but the careless outburst of a passing mood, and thus investing it with a significance which was never designed. That I should have allowed a passage to remain which has so wronged the dead and pained the living causes me, I need not say, extreme vexation, and I can only beg publicly to express my sincere regret.

William Aldis Wright.

PART III.

PUBLISHED LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

This list includes only such letters as have appeared at various times in scattered volumes, in magazines, or in the columns of the public press. They are arranged according to the date of *publication*. For Mr. Browning's 'collected' letters see *ante*, Part I. pp. 398-399.

(1.)

Life of William Etty, R.A. By Alexander Gilchrist. London, 8vo., 1855. Letter to William Etty.

(2.)

The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his Eldest Son. London: 8vo, 1862, Vol. ii, pp. 264-266. Letter to Leigh Hunt on *Aurora Leigh*, Keats's *Lamia, Isabella, &c.*, and a manuscript (originally preserved by Captain Roberts) of Shelley's *Indian Serenade*. Some interesting variations of the text between this MS. and the version of the *Serenade* printed in the *Posthumous Poems* are given by Mr. Browning. The close of the letter mentions the lock of Milton's hair given by Hunt to Mr. Browning.¹ Signed "R. B.," and dated *Bagni di Lucca, 6th October, 1857.*

¹ This lock of Milton's hair was one of Mr. Browning's most cherished treasures. He never tired of exhibiting it to his friends.

(3.)

The Daily News, February 10th, 1871. Letter to the Editor stating that his contribution to the French Relief Fund was the payment by his publishers for a lyrical poem [*Hervé Riel*]. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19 Warwick Crescent, W. Feb. 9" [1871].

(4.)

The Daily News, November 21st, 1874. Letter to the Editor of *The Daily News*, referring to the "Doctrine of the enclitic *De*" in the poem of the *Grammarian's Funeral*. Signed "R. B.," and dated "Nov. 20" [1874].

(5.)

The Poetical Works of Laman Blanchard, London, 8vo, 1876, pp. 6-8. Letter to Laman Blanchard.

(6.)

The Prose Works of William Wordsworth. Edited by Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. London, 1876. Vol. i. p. xxxvii. Letter to the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, on the poem of *The Lost Leader* and Wordsworth. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19 Warwick Crescent, Feb. 24, 1875." Reprinted in *Letters from Robert Browning to Various Correspondents*, Edited by Thos. J. Wise, 1895, Vol. i., pp. 28-29.

(7.)

Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, Edited by H. Buxton Forman. London, 1876-1880, Vol. ii, pp. 418-420.

Letter to Mr. Buxton Forman on the value to be attached to the termination "aia" in the poem *Cenciaja*. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19 *Warwick Crescent, W., July, 27 '76.*"

(8.)

Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning addressed to R. H. Horne. Edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer. 2 Vols. London, 8vo, 1877.

- (1) Page 182. Letter to R. H. Horne, chiefly regarding Mrs. Browning's improvement in health. Signed "R. Browning," and dated "*Pisa, Dec. 4.*"
- (2) Page 194. Letter to R. H. Horne [in the hand-writing of Mrs. Browning], announcing their departure from England, and the despatch of the new editions of their works. Signed "Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning," and dated "*London, September 24th, [1851].*"

(9.)

The Times, November 20th, 1877. Letter to the Editor of *The Times* concerning his nomination as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews. He explains that directly he heard of his nomination he wrote declining the honour, "as I had found myself compelled to do on some former occasions." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19 *Warwick Crescent, Nov. 19.*" [1877.]

(10.)

The Academy, December 20th, 1878. Letter to Dr. Furnivall.

(11.)

The Pall Mall Gazette, June, 1888. Letter to a correspondent on the beauty of the vale of Llangollen: "I received an impression of the beauty around me which continued ineffaceable during all subsequent experience of varied foreign scenery, mountain, valley, and river." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29 *De Vere Gardens*, June 5, 1888."

(12.)

The Athenæum, December 21st, 1889, p. 860. Letter to Mr. Charles Kent, accompanying a copy of Volume 3 of the new collected edition of the *Poetical Works*. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29 *De Vere Gardens*, W., 28 August, 1889."

(13.)

The Browning Society's Papers, 1889-90, Part XI, p. 338*. Extract (undated and unsigned) from a Letter to Dr. Furnivall on the meaning of the poem *Nympholeptos*.

(14.)

The Browning Society's Papers, 1889-1890, Part XII.
(1) Page 41*. Letter to Alfred, Lord Tennyson, congratulating him upon his birthday. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29 *De Vere Gardens*, W., August 5th, 1889."

Also printed in *The Academy*, No. 922, for January 4th, 1892, p. 8.—thence copied extensively by the Daily Press.

- (2) Page 65*. Letter to Theodore Tilton: "I have lost the explanation of American affairs, but I assure you of my belief in the justice and my confidence in the triumph of the great cause. For the righteousness of the principle I want no information. God prosper it and its defenders." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*St. Enogat, près Dinard, France, Sept. 11, 1861.*"
- (3) Page 122*. Letter to Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, thanking her for her "goodness in caring so effectually for my interest with Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*19 Warwick Crescent W., Nov. 7, '84.*"

(15.)

Life of Robert Browning By William Sharp. London, 8vo, 1890.

- (1) Page 53. Letter to Mr. Sharp on "Rossetti's *Pauline* letter"—"It was to the effect that the writer, personally and altogether unknown to me, had come upon a poem in the British Museum . . . that he judged to be mine, but could not be sure, and wished me to pronounce in the matter—which I did." Neither signature nor date is given.
- (2) Page 189. Letter to Mr. Edmund Yates, *apropos* of the Browning Society: "I cannot wish harm to a Society of—with a few exceptions—names unknown to me, who are busied about my books so disinterestedly." The signature and date are not given.
- (3) Page 191. Letter to "Alma" [a child-friend of

Mr. Browning's], detailing a conversation with the Shah, in which the latter requested the gift of a volume of his poems. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29 *De Vere Gardens, W.*, 6th July, 1889."

(16.)

The Academy, No. 922, *January 4th*, 1890, p. 8. Letter to Lord Tennyson, congratulating him upon his birthday. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29 *De Vere Gardens, W.* Aug. 5, 1889."

(17.)

Alma Murray,¹ *Portrait as Beatrice Cenci, with Critical Notice, containing four Letters from Robert Browning.* London, 8vo, 1891.

- (1) Page 6. Letter to Mrs. Forman, upon her "admirable impersonation of that most difficult of all characters to personate" (*i.e.* *Beatrice Cenci*). Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*May 8th*, 1886." This letter is also printed in the *Note-book of the Shelley Society*, Part I., 1888, p. 105.
- (2) Page 6 (*at foot*). Letter to Mrs. Forman, acknowledging receipt of her "charming photograph" in character as *Beatrice Cenci*. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29 *De Vere Gardens, W.* *May 9th*, 1888."
- (3) Page 7. Letter to Mrs. Forman, upon her performance of *Colombe* in *Colombe's Birthday*. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*Venice, December 29th*, 1885."

¹ "*Alma Murray*," the stage-name of Mrs. Alfred Forman.

- (4) Page 8. Letter to Mrs. Forman, mentioning "how beautifully and how powerfully she acted the part of *Mildred* in *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "March, 1888."

(18.)

Poet Lore, Vol. ii, No. 2, *February*, 1890, p. 101. Letter to the printers of *Asolando* [Messrs. Spottiswoode & Co.] expressing his "gratitude for the admirable supervision of the gentleman whose care to correct my mistakes or oversights has so greatly obliged me." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29 *De Vere Gardens*, June 5, 1889."

(19.)

The Jewish Chronicle, 1890. Letter to Mr. O. J. Simon on the religious persecutions in Russia in the winter of 1881-82. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "Feb. 2, '82."

(20.)

The Nonconformist, 1890. Letter to a lady on the love and power of God: "It is a great thing, the greatest, that a human being should have passed the probation of life, and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19, *Warwick Crescent, W.*, May 11, '76." This letter is also printed in *Kingsland's Robert Browning: Chief Poet of the Age*, p. 83. Also in *Letters from Robert Browning to Various Correspondents*, Edited by Thos. J. Wise, 1895, Vol. i, pp. 35-38.

(21.)

Robert Browning: Chief Poet of the Age. New Edition.
By William G. Kingsland. London, 8vo, 1890.

- (1) Page ii. Letter to Mr. W. G. Kingsland: "How can I be other than most grateful to you for your generous belief in me?—unwarranted as it may be by anything I have succeeded in doing, although somewhat justified, perhaps, by what I would fain have done if I could." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19, *Warwick Crescent, W., March 17th, 1887.*"
- (2) Page 6. Letter to Mr. Thos. J. Wise on "the early editions of Shelley... obtained for me some time before 1830 (or even earlier), in the regular way, from Hunt and Clarke, in consequence of a direction I obtained from the *Literary Gazette*... I got at the same time, nearly, *Endymion*, and *Lamia*, &c., just as if they had been published a week before—and not years after the death of Keats." Dated "*March 3rd, 1886.*" Signature not given.
- (3) Page 8. Letter to Mr. Thos. J. Wise concerning his facsimile reprint of the original edition of *Pauline*: "I really have said my little say about the little book already elsewhere, and should only increase words without knowledge... There was a note of explanation in the copy I gave John Forster,—which contained also a criticism by John Mill." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*November 5, 1866.*"
- (4) Page 13. Extract from a letter referring to his having re-written *Sordello*: "I did certainly at one time

intend to re-write much of it, but changed my mind."
Signature and date not given.

- (5) Page 25. Letter to Mr. Thos. J. Wise, answering certain queries concerning *The Statue and the Bust*. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "Jan. 8th, '87."
- (6) Page 32. Letter to Mr. W. G. Kingsland explanatory of the poem *Fears and Scruples*. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19, Warwick Crescent, W., Feb. 9th, '85."
- (7) Page 35. Letter to Mr. W. G. Kingsland on the subject of a proposed cheap volume of selections from his poems. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19 Warwick Crescent, Jan. 6th, '86."
- (8) Facing Page 36. Facsimile of a letter addressed to Mr. W. G. Kingsland telling of the death of "my belovedest of friends, Milsand." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*Hand Hotel, Llangollen, N. Wales, Sept. 6, '86.*"
- (9) Page 46. Letter to Mr. W. G. Kingsland acknowledging receipt of magazines [*Poet Lore*] from America. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29 *De Vere Gardens, W., Aug. 26, '89.*"
- (10) Page 56. Letter to Mr. W. G. Kingsland on the alleged obscurity of his poems: "I can have little doubt but that my writing has been, in the main, too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar, or a

game at dominoes to an idle man." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19 *Warwick Crescent, W., Nov. 27, '68.*" Reprinted in *Letters from Robert Browning to Various Correspondents, Edited by Thomas J. Wise, 1895, Vol. i, pp. 25-26.*

(22.)

Poet Lore, 1890, p. 108. Letter to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps concerning the New Shakspeare Society and Mr. Browning's position as president. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*Jan. 27, '81.*"

(23.)

Merry England, 1890. Letter to Mr. Meynell concerning the merits of some "prose and verse" brought to his notice. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*Asolo, Veneto, Italia, Oct. 7, '89.*"

(24.)

Browning's Message to his Time. . By Edward Berdoe.
London, 8vo, 1890.

- (1) Page 6. Letter to Dr. Berdoe acknowledging a communication concerning the help received from Mr. Browning's writings. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19 *Warwick Crescent, W. Jan. 12, 1885.*"

This letter is also given in facsimile upon an unnumbered leaf facing p. 6.

- (2) Letter (given in facsimile upon an unnumbered leaf facing p. 127) to Dr. Berdoe, expressing "my sense

of the obligation your goodness lays me under by the paper in which you so generously estimate my attempts to make use of the few materials of a scientific nature I have had any opportunity of collecting." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19, *Warwick Crescent, W. June 11, '85.*"

- (3) Page 218. Letter to Dr. Berdoe stating his willingness to become a patron of a proposed Anti-vivisectionist Hospital. Signed "Robert Browning," dated "29 *De Vere Gardens, W. August 27th, 1889.*" This letter is also given in facsimile upon an unnumbered leaf, facing p. 218.

(25.)

Poet Lore, Vol. ii, No. 5, *May, 1890*, p. 283.

An article containing many extracts from various letters of Robert Browning.

(26.)

The Critic (New York), *Oct. 25th, 1890.*

Letter to Mr. Irving concerning a reminiscence of Kean, and asking his acceptance of the empty purse found upon Kean after his death. Signed "Robert Browning;" undated.

(27.)

Poet Lore, vol. iii, No. 10, *October 1891*, p. 524.

Article upon Mrs. Sutherland Orr's *Life of Robert Browning*, containing extracts from various letters not quoted by Mrs. Orr.

(28.)

Life and Letters of Robert Browning. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. London, 8vo, 1891.

- (1) Page 55. Letter to Rev. W. J. Fox concerning the approaching issue of *Pauline*. Signed "R. B." (Undated.)
- (2) Page 55. Letter to Rev. W. J. Fox accompanying copies of *Pauline*. Signed "R. Browning." (Undated.)
- (3) Page 56. Letter to Rev. W. J. Fox referring to a probably favourable notice of *Pauline*. Signed "R. B." (Undated, but post-marked "March 29, 1833.")
- (4) Page 57. Letter to Rev. W. J. Fox conveying thanks for the notice of *Pauline*. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "March 31, 1833."
- (5) Page 68. Letter to Rev. W. J. Fox on *Paracelsus*: "I hope my poem will turn out not utterly unworthy your kind interest, and more deserving your favour than anything of mine you have as yet seen." Signed "Robt. Browning," and dated "April 2, 1835."
- (6) Page 69. Letter to Rev. W. J. Fox on the securing a publisher for *Paracelsus*, and other matters. Unsigned, but dated "April 16."
- (7) Page 90. Two letters to Rev. W. J. Fox on *Strafford*. Both signed "Robert Browning," and both undated.
- (8) Page 95. Letter to John Robertson, Esq., informing him that he had that morning sailed for Venice, "intending to finish my poem [*Sordello*] among the scenes it describes." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "Good Friday, 1838."

- (9) Page 96. Letter to Miss Haworth relating his adventures in Italy, and other matters. Signed "R. B.," and dated "1838."
- (10) Page 102. Letter to Miss Haworth on Rev. W. J. Fox — "who used to write in reviews when I was a boy, and to whom my verses, written at the ripe age of twelve and thirteen, were shown: which verses he praised not a little; which praise comforted me not a little." (Signature and date not given.)
- (11) Page 110. Letter to Miss Flower: "Praise what you can praise, do me all the good you can, you and Mr. Fox (as if you will not!) for I have a head full of projects." Signed "Robert Browning." Date not given. This letter is printed in full in *Letters from Robert Browning to Various Correspondents. Edited by Thomas J. Wise, 1895, vol. i, pp. 3-4, where it is dated "London, March 9th [1842]."*
- (12) Page 118. Letter to Mr. Hill on Macready and the performance of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* at Drury Lane, in February 1843. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19 *Warwick Crescent: Dec. 15, 1884.*"
- (13) Page 123. Letter to Mr. Hill containing a last word regarding the reputed failure of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* at Drury Lane in Feb. 1843: "I would submit to anybody drawing a conclusion from one or two facts past contradiction, whether that play could have thoroughly failed which was not only not withdrawn at once, but acted three nights in the same week." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated *December 21, 1884.*"

- (14) Page 132. Letter to Miss Lee on the *Lost Leader* and Wordsworth controversy: "I thought of the great Poet's abandonment of liberalism, at an unlucky juncture, and no repaying consequence that I could ever see. But—once call my fancy portrait *Wordsworth*—and how much more ought one to say—how much more would not I have attempted to say." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*Villers-sur-mer, Calvados, France: Sept. 7, '75.*"
- (15) Page 133. Extract from an undated letter to Miss Haworth, detailing the writing an impromptu verse for a picture by Maclise. Signed "Robert Browning." Undated.
- (16) Page 135. Letter to Miss Flower relating apparently to the publication of *Hymns, &c.* Signed "Robert Browning," and headed "*New Cross, Hatcham, Surrey: Tuesday morning.*" Precise date not given.
- (17) Page 135. Letter to Miss Flower expressing his admiration for her music. Signature and date not given.
- (18) Page 193. Letter to Lady (then Mrs. Theodore) Martin [Helen Faucit] on the projected performance of *Colombe's Birthday*. Signature not given, but dated "*Florence: Jan. 31, '53.*"
- (19) Page 222. Letter to W. J. Fox (written in continuation of a letter of Mrs. Browning's), asseverating his old feelings of friendship and goodwill. Signed "Robert Browning," but undated.
- (20) Page 226. Letter to Mr. (now Sir Frederic) Leighton, on various matters. Signed "R. Browning," and dated "*Kingdom of Piedmont, Siena: Oct. 9, '59.*"

- (21) Page 242. Letter to Mr. (now Sir Frederic) Leighton anticipatory of his movements. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "Florence: *July 19, '61.*"
- (22) Page 249. Letter to Miss Haworth, narrating the circumstances of his wife's death: "At four o'clock there were symptoms that alarmed me. . . . Then came what my heart will keep till I see her again, and longer—the most perfect expression of her love to me within my whole knowledge of her. Always smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's—and in a few minutes she died in my arms; her head on my cheek." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*Florence: July 20, 1861.*"
- (23) Page 251. Extract from a letter to Miss Blagden, on the subject of the provisional disinterment of his wife's remains. Unsigned, but dated "*Sept. '61.*"
- (24) Page 256. Letter to Madame du Quaire concerning the best course to pursue as to the education of his son. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*M. Chauvin St.-Enogat près Dinard, Ile et Vilaine: Aug. 17, '61.*"
- (25) Page 258. Letter to Miss Blagden: "My heart is sore for a great calamity just befallen poor Rossetti. . . . There has hardly been a day when I have not thought, 'if I can, to-morrow, I will go and see him, and thank him for his book, and return his sister's poems.' Poor, dear fellow!" Signature not given: dated "*Feb. 15, '62.*"
- (26) Page 259. Letter to Miss Blagden, on his stay at St.

- Jean de Luz. Signature not given : dated "*Biarritz, Maison Gastonbide: Sept. 19, '62.*"
- (27) Page 261. Letter to Miss Blagden on his being "pestered with applications for leave to write the *Life* of my wife—I have refused—and there's an end." Signature not given : dated "*Jan. 19, '63.*"
- (28) Page 268. Letter to Miss Blagden on the "gossiping going about" concerning himself and his books. Signature not given : dated "*August '65.*"
- (29) Pages 271—273. Short extracts from letters to Miss Blagden. Unsigned : dated respectively "*Sept. '65,*" "*Feb. 19, '66,*" and "*May 19, '66.*"
- (30) Page 273. Letter to Miss Blagden on the death of his father—"this good, unworldly, kind-hearted religious man, whose powers, natural and acquired, would so easily have made him a notable man, had he known what vanity or ambition or the love of money or social influence meant." Signature not given : dated "*June 20, '66.*"
- (31) Page 276. Letter to Dr. Scott, Master of Balliol, acknowledging the distinction of Honorary Fellow of Balliol College which had been conferred upon him. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*19, Warwick Crescent: Oct. 21, '67.*"
- (32) Pages 277—284. Short extracts from letters to Miss Blagden, and others, on various topics.
- (33) Page 286. Letter to Miss Blagden : "Florence would be irritating, and, on the whole, insufferable—Yet I never hear of anyone going thither but my heart is twitched." Signature not given : dated "*Feb. 24.*"

- (34) Page 287. Letter to Miss Blagden, touching on various reminiscences. Signature not given: dated "St. Aubin: August 19, 1870."
- (35) Letter to Mr. George Smith, asking him to buy the right of printing a poem [*Hervé Riel*] in the *Pall Mall*, or the *Cornhill Magazine*, the proceeds to go to the relief of the distressed people of Paris: "Would, for the love of France, that this were a *Song of a Wren*—then should the guineas equal the lines; as it is, do what you safely may for the song of a Robin—Browning," dated "Feb. 4, '71."
- (36) Page 291. Letter to Miss Blagden on the poem *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*: "I am told my little thing is succeeding—sold 1,400 in the first five days, and before any notice appeared." Signature not given: dated "Jan. 1872."
- (37) Page 309. Letter to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald on his visit to Oxford. Signed "R. Browning," and dated "Jan. 20, 1877."
- (38) Page 312. Letter to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald on "the harmless drolleries of the young men" [at Oxford]. Signed "R. Browning"; date not given.
- (39) Page 314. Letter to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald on his sojourn at La Saisiaz. Signature not given: dated "August 17, 1877."
- (40) Page 324. Letter to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald describing his visit to Asolo after an absence of forty years. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "Sept. 28, 1878."
- (41) Page 332. Letter to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald giving an account of his residence in Venice. Signature not

given : dated "*Albergo dell' Universo, Venezia, Italia : Sept. 24, '81.*"

- (42) Pages 336—339. Extracts from letters, signatures and dates not given.
- (43) Page 346. Letter to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald on the Browning Society and the close of its first session : "They always treat me gently in *Punch*—why don't you do the same by the Browning Society? They give their time for nothing, offer their little entertainment for nothing, and certainly get next to nothing in the way of thanks—unless from myself, who feel grateful to the faces I shall never see, the voices I shall never hear." Signed "R. Browning:" date not given.
- (44) Page 353. Letter to Miss Hickey on her annotated edition of *Strafford* for the use of students. Signed "Robert Browning" : and dated "19, *Warwick Crescent, W., February 15, 1884.*"
- (45) Page 354. Letter to Professor Knight on the variations in the text of Wordsworth's poem, *The Daisy* : "Your method of giving the original text, and sub-joining in a note the variations, each with its proper date, is incontestably preferable to any other." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19, *Warwick Crescent, W. : July 9, '80.*"
- (46) Page 355. Letter to Professor Knight on the classifying of Wordsworth's poems : "In my heart I fear I should do it almost chronologically—so immeasurably superior seem to me the 'first sprightly runnings.'" Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19, *Warwick Crescent, W. : March 23, '87.*"

- (47) Page 359. Letter to Mrs. Charles Skirrow on his anticipated purchase of the Manzoni Palace, on the Canal Grande, Venice. Signed "Robert Browning": and dated "*Palazzo Giustiniani Recanati, S. Moïse: Nov. 15, '85.*"
- (48) Page 378. Letter to Mrs. Hill on an "impromptu sonnet"—correctly printed in the *Century*, but incorrectly extracted by the *Pall Mall*: "So does the charge of unintelligibility attach itself to your poor friend—who can kick nobody." Signed "Robert Browning": dated "*Jan. 31, 1884.*"
- (49) Page 391. Letter to Professor Knight on his unwillingness to speak at public festivals. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19, *Warwick Crescent, W.: May 9, '84.*"
- (50) Page 402. Letter to Mr. George Bainton on any special "influence" that may have moulded his "style." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29, *De Vere Gardens: Oct. 6, '87.*"
- (51) Page 403. Letter to Mr. Smith concerning certain corrections in *Pauline*. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29, *De Vere Gardens, W.: Feb. 27, '88.*"
- (52) Page 405. Letter to Lady Martin, mentioning the acquisition, by his son, of the Rezzonico Palace, in Venice. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29, *De Vere Gardens, W.: Aug. 12, '88.*"
- (53) Page 407. Letter to Miss Keep, on his sojourn at Primiero: "It is, I am more and more confirmed in believing, the most beautiful place I was ever

- resident in." Signature not given: dated "*Primerio*: Sept. 7, '88."
- (54) Page 409. Letter to Professor Knight on his view of the position and function of Poetry: "Philosophy first, and Poetry, which is its highest outcome, afterward—and much harm has been done by reversing the natural process." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "29, *De Vere Gardens, W.*: June 16, 1889."
- (55) Page 413. Letter to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald on Asolo. The signature is not given: dated "Oct. 8, 1889."
- (56) Page 414. Letter to Mrs. Skirrow, on his stay at Asolo. Signed "Robert Browning": dated "Oct. 15."
- (57) Page 415. Letter to Mr. George Smith descriptive of Asolo: "The one thing I am disappointed in is to find that the silk-cultivation with all the pretty girls who were engaged in it are transported to Cornuda and other places." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*Asolo, Veneto, Italia*: Oct. 22, '89."
- (58) Page 420. Letter to Mr. George Moulton-Barrett descriptive of Asolo—"which strikes me,—as it did fifty years ago, which is something to say, considering that, properly speaking, it was the first spot of Italian soil I ever set foot upon—having proceeded to Venice by sea, and thence here." The signature is not given: dated "*Asolo, Veneto*: Oct. 22, '89."
- (59) Page 423. Letter to Miss Keep on his arrival at

Venice—"magnificently lodged in this vast palazzo which my son has really shown himself fit to possess, so surprising are his restorations and improvements." The signature is not given, but dated "9th of November."

(29.)

Poet Lore, Vol. IV, No. 5, *May*, 1892, p. 233. Article entitled *Excerpts from a Sheaf of Browning Letters*, containing extracts from many letters by Robert Browning.

(30.)

Poet Lore, Vol. IV, Nos. 8 and 9, *Aug.-Sept.* 1892, p. 473. Letter to a correspondent distinguishing "between the good of having the poetical temperament, and the not-good of attempting to make poetry one's self, except in the extraordinary cases where there is original creative power added to the merely sensitive and appreciative,—valuable and distinguishing as these are." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "19, *Warwick Crescent, Upper Westbourne Terrace, W. Apr. 27, '66.*"

(31.)

Poet Lore, Vol. V, No. 5, *May*, 1893, p. 231.

(1) Page 231. Letter to Mr. W. G. Kingsland explanatory of his apparent neglect in replying to a communication. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*June, 1889.*"

(32.)

(2) Page 232. Letter to a lady [Miss C. G. Barnard] stating how much he valued "all such sympathy as you are pleased to express;" and assuring her that "I am the better for having heard of your care to see me while it was yet possible." Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*Warwick Crescent, May, 1884.*"

(33.)

The Daily Chronicle, July 19th, 1895. Letter to Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. regarding the Trans-Atlantic publishing arrangements for *The Ring and the Book*. Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*September 2nd, 1868.*"

* * * The *Chronicle* avowedly reproduced this letter from the Catalogue of an American firm of Autograph-dealers.

(34.)

The Critic (New York). Letter to Mr. Edmund Gosse selecting the four of his poems he would prefer to have inserted in a volume of poetical selections: "Let me say—at a venture—lyrical: *Saul* or *Abt Vogler*; narrative: *A Forgiveness*; dramatic: *Caliban upon Setebos*; idyllic (in the Greek sense): *Clive.*" Signed "Robert Browning," and dated "*19 Warwick Crescent, W., March 15, 1885.*"

PART IV.

An alphabetical list of Robert Browning's Poems, with references to the positions of each in the various editions of his works.

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1843, No. v. pp. 3-20.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. p. 1-60.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. ii. p. 216-274.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. p. 1-60.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. p. 1-70.

This play was first performed at Drury Lane on February 11th, 1843, when Miss Helen Faucit (now Lady Martin) took the part of *Mildred Tresham*, Mrs. Stirling that of *Guendolen Tresham*, Mr. Phelps *Lord Tresham*, Mr. Hudson *Austin Tresham*, Mr. Anderson Henry *Earl Mertoun*, and Mr. Bennett *Gerard*. The circumstances attending the production of the play, as also its rehearsal, were by no means favourable to its success, and must in any case have militated against it. *The Examiner* (Feb. 18, 1843) remarks that "of the performance we have little to say, but that we think it was on the whole under-acted." Some measure of success, however, was vouchsafed the play—for we are told that at the close of the performance "the applause greatly predominated."

On the 27th of November, 1848—some five years later—the play was revived by Mr. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and on this occasion was a decided success. Mr. Phelps himself took the part of *Lord Tresham*, Miss Cooper that of *Mildred Tresham*, and Miss Huldart *Guendolen Tresham*, Mr. Dickinson representing *Earl Mertoun*. It was excellently mounted, and well acted—evidently giving satisfaction to a numerous audience.

Not for some seven-and-thirty years after Mr. Phelps's revival was *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* again put on the boards: when

on May 2nd, 1885, it was performed at St. George's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Charles Fry, and was a most interesting performance, Mr. Browning himself being present in a private box. Three years later (March 18th, 1888) a still more interesting revival of the play has to be recorded, on this occasion under the auspices of the Browning Society. It was performed in the Olympic Theatre, and there was an excellent caste—Miss Alma Murray (now Mrs. Alfred Forman) taking the part of *Mildred Tresham*, a part which was rendered with refined delicacy and grace of conception, and was indeed an intellectual performance of a very high order. Mr. Browning and his sister were present on this occasion also.

In March, 1885, Mr. Lawrence Barrett gave a very successful performance of the play at Boston, U.S.A.

À propos of the first performance of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, Lady Martin (formerly Miss Helen Faucit) writes as follows in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March, 1881: "It seems but yesterday that I sat in the green-room at the reading of Robert Browning's beautiful drama *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. As a rule, Mr. Macready always read the new plays. But owing, I suppose, to some stress of business, the task was entrusted on this occasion to the head prompter, a man . . . wholly unfitted to bring out, or even to understand, Mr. Browning's meaning. Consequently, the delicate, subtle lines were twisted, perverted, and sometimes even made ridiculous in his hands. My 'cruel father' (Mr. Elton) was a warm admirer of the poet. He sat writhing and indignant, and tried by gentle asides to make me see the real meaning of the verse. But somehow the mischief proved irreparable, for a few of the actors during the rehearsals chose to continue to misunderstand the text, and never took the interest in the play which they would have done had Mr. Macready read it—for he had great power as a reader. I always thought it was chiefly because of this *contretemps* that a play so thoroughly dramatic failed, despite its painful story, to make the great success which was justly its due."

Writing in 1842 to Forster, Charles Dickens says:—"Browning's play [*A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*] has thrown me into a perfect passion of sorrow. To say that there is anything in its

subject save what is lovely, true, deeply affecting, full of the best emotion, the most earnest feeling, and the most true and tender source of interest, is to say that there is no light in the sun, and no heat in the blood. It is full of genius, natural and great thoughts, profound and yet simple, and yet beautiful in its vigour. I know nothing that is so affecting, nothing in any book I have ever read, as Mildred's recurrence to that : ' I was so young—I had no mother.' I know no love like it, no passion like it, no moulding of a splendid thing after its conception, like it. And I swear it is a tragedy that **MUST** be played : and must be played, moreover, by Macready. There are some things that I would have changed if I could (they are very slight, mostly broken lines); and I assuredly would have the old servant *begin his tale upon the scene*; and be taken by the throat, or drawn upon, by his master, in its commencement. But the tragedy I shall never forget, or less vividly remember than I do now. And if you tell Browning that I have seen it, tell him that I believe from my soul there is no man living (and not many dead) who could produce such a work."

In reference to this letter, it may be desirable to note that Mr. Browning had lent the manuscript of his tragedy to John Forster, who took upon himself to pass it on to Charles Dickens—in the belief, as he says, " that it would profoundly touch him." That Forster was not mistaken in this belief is evident from the above letter. Unfortunately, however, he kept its contents to himself—and some thirty years were to elapse ere the poet knew how deeply his work had touched the great novelist. The letter was made public for the first time in *Forster's Life of Dickens* [vol. ii. pp. 24-25]; and Mr. Browning made no secret of his regret that the nature of its contents had been so long withheld : naturally feeling that such an expression of opinion from one so prominently before the public would have been invaluable to himself and his work at that period of his career.

A CAMEL-DRIVER.

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 59-67.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 40-46.

A DEATH IN THE DESERT.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 89-119.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 110-135.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 120-148.

In revising this poem for subsequent editions, no alteration seems to have been made save in one instance—when a whole line was omitted. It would be interesting to know whether this was deleted by the poet, or was a mistake on the part of the printer: this latter, however, being hardly a tenable hypothesis, as such a blunder would scarcely have escaped the notice of the printer's "reader." In the original edition, from line 212, the reading was as follows:

"Is not his love at issue still with sin,
Closed with and cast and conquered, crucified
Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?"

The poem now reading—

"Is not his love at issue still with sin,
Visibly when a wrong is done on earth?"

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 210-217.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 278-284.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 270-275.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 154-160.

In the *Daily News* of Nov. 21, 1874, appeared the following letter from Mr. Browning: "Sir—In a clever article this morning you speak of 'the doctrine of the enclitic *De*'—'which, with all deference to Mr. Browning, in point of fact does not exist.' No, not to Mr. Browning: but pray defer to Herr Buttman, whose fifth list of 'enclitics' ends with 'the inseparable *De*'—or to Curtius, whose fifth list ends also with '*De* (meaning "towards," and as a demonstrative appendage).' That this is not to be confounded with the accentuated '*De*, meaning *but*,' was the 'doctrine' which the Grammarian bequeathed to those capable of receiving it."

A FACE.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 161-162.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. p. 158.
Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 176-177

A FORGIVENESS.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 131-161.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 86-103.

A LIGHT WOMAN.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 151-155.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 226-228.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 217-220.
Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. 92-95.

A LIKENESS.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 163-168.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 159-161.
Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 178-181.

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 7-18.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 42-48.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 115-122.
Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 58-65.

A PEARL, A GIRL.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 14-15.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. p. 12.

A PILLAR AT SEBZEVAH.

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 93-103.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 62-68.

A PRETTY WOMAN.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 128-134.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 125-128.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 197-200.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 163-167.

A SERENADE AT THE VILLA.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. p. 117-121.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. ii. pp. 119-122.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 191-194.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 155-158.

A SOUL'S TRAGEDY.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. viii. pp. 21-32.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 211-251.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. ii. pp. 428-467.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 1-41.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iii. pp. 257-302.

So well known and so widely circulated is the anecdote about Douglas Jerrold and *Sordello*, that the following extract from that writer's magazine (*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, June 1846) will be of more than ordinary interest: "*A Soul's Tragedy* is one of the most intensely dramatic works ever penned. The deepest emotions and the nicest traits of character are developed by the mere external conduct and expression. The villain of the piece is a thorough human villain, and the unfolding his villainy is a masterly exposition of the degradations and weakness of human nature. The truly good and the noble are equally powerfully portrayed, and Mr. Browning has fulfilled the mission of the poet and the dramatist by giving new and valuable illustrations of our human nature. The theatre and Mr. Browning's dramas are never likely to come in contact; not at all events until, as in the early days of our true drama, the most refined minds, and therefore the comparatively few, again visit the playhouse as a place to study nature and philosophy. The high drama was always played in its entirety,

and always must be, to the reflecting few. When we have another 'Globe' or 'Blackfriars,' containing a few hundred cultivated spectators, Mr. Browning's dramas may be performed."

A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 56-62.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 54-58.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 127-130.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 72-76.

In her *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*, "Vernon Lee" says of the Venetian Baldassarre Galuppi, surnamed Buranello, that he was "an immensely prolific composer, and abounded in melody, tender, pathetic, and brilliant, which in its extreme simplicity and slightness occasionally rose to the highest beauty. . . He defined the requisites of his art to Burney in very moderate terms—'Chiarezza, vaghezza, e buona modulazione'—clearness, beauty, and good modulation, without troubling himself much about any others. . . Galuppi was a model of the respectable modest artist, living quietly on a moderate fortune, busy with his art and the education of his numerous children; beloved and revered by his fellow artists; and, when some fifteen years later [than 1770] he died, honoured by them with a splendid funeral, at which all the Venetian musicians performed, the great Pachierotti writing to Burney that he had 'sung with much devotion to obtain a rest for Buranello's (Galuppi's) soul.'"

Ritter, in his *History of Music* (p. 245), has a concise but expressive notice of Galuppi: "*Balthasar Galuppi*, called Buranello (1706-1785), a pupil of Lotti, also composed many comic operas. The main features of his operas are melodic elegance, and lively and spirited comic forms; but they are rather thin and weak in their execution. He was a great favourite during his lifetime."

Concerning the technical musical allusions in this poem, which are all found in the seventh, eighth, and ninth verses, Miss Helen A. Clarke writes as follows [*Poet Lore*, Vol. ii. pp. 546-547]: The "lesser thirds" are of course minor thirds, and are

of common occurrence, but the diminished sixth is an interval rarely used, ordinarily a diminished sixth (seven semitones), exactly the same interval as a perfect fifth, instead of giving a plaintive, mournful or minor impression, would suggest a feeling of rest and satisfaction. As I have said, however, there is one way in which it can be used,—as a suspension, in which the root of the chord on the *lowered* super-tonic of the scale is suspended from above into the chord with added seventh on the super-tonic, making a diminished sixth between the root of the first and the third of the second chord. The effect of this progression is most dismal, and possibly Browning had it in mind, though it is doubtful almost to certainty if Galuppi knew anything of it. Whether it be an anachronism or not, or whether it is used in a scientifically accurate way or not, the figure is true enough poetically, for a diminished interval—namely, something less than normal—would naturally suggest an effect of sadness.

Suspensions are notes which are held over from one chord into another, and must be made according to certain musical rules as strict as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This holding over of a note always produces a dissonance, and must be followed by a concord,—in other words a *solution*. Sevenths are very important dissonances in music, and a commiserating seventh is most likely the variety called a minor seventh. Being a somewhat less mournful interval than the lesser thirds and the diminished sixths, whether real or imaginary, yet not so final as “those solutions” which seem to put an end to all uncertainty, and therefore to life, they arouse in the listeners to Galuppi’s playing a hope that life may last, although in a sort of dissonant, Wagnerian fashion. The “commiserating sevenths” are closely connected with the “dominant’s persistence” in the next verse.

“Hark ! the dominant’s persistence till it must be answered to :
So an octave struck the answer.”

The dominant chord in music is the chord written on the fifth degree of the scale, and it almost always has a seventh added to it, and in a large percentage of cases is followed by the tonic,

the chord on the first degree of the scale. Now, in fugue form a theme is first presented in the tonic key, then the same theme is repeated in the dominant key, the latter being called the answer ; after further contrapuntal wanderings of the theme the fugue comes to what is called an episode, after which the theme is presented first, in the dominant. "Hark! the dominant's persistence" alludes to this musical fact ; but according to rule this dominant must be answered in the tonic an octave above the first presentation of the theme, and "So an octave struck the answer." Thus the inexorable solution comes in after the dominant's persistence. Although life seemed possible with commiserating sevenths, the tonic, a resistless fate, strikes the answer that all must end—an answer which the frivolous people of Venice failed to perceive, and went on with their kissing. The notion of the tonic key as a relentless fate seems to suit well with the formal music of the days of Galuppi, while the more hopeful tonic key of *Abt Vogler*, "the C major of this life," indicates that fate and the tonic key have both fallen more under man's control.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 31-34.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 34-35.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 108-109.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 48-50.

ABT VOGLER.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 67-75.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 92-98.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 101-108.

Abt Vogler (Georg Joseph Vogler)¹ was born at Pleicchart, a suburb of Würzburg, on June 15, 1749. He was educated by

¹ See *Abt Georg Joseph Vogler: sein Leben, Charakter, und musikalischer System, &c.*, by Dr. Karl Emil von Schafhüütl ; also Sir G. Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. An excellent epitome of the life and work of Abt Vogler, from the pen of Miss Helen Ormerod, will be found in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part x. p. 221.

Jesuits, and soon gave evidence of those brilliant qualities by which he was distinguished. At an early age—and indeed throughout his life—he was possessed by an untiring industry, courage and piety; while he was specially endowed with an aptitude for music, and an extraordinary linguistic facility. As an instance of this latter, it is related that during five months spent in Spain, Africa and Greece he confessed fifteen hundred persons in twelve different languages! It was an important moment in his life when, on the point of entering the Franciscan monastery at Würzburg, he received the appointment of almoner to the Elector. His fame as a musician soon spread, and Weber, at the age of seven, was placed under his tuition. In 1773 he visited Italy, studying under the best teachers Padua could afford. In 1775 he returned to Mannheim, where he was appointed Court chaplain and *Vice-Kapellmeister*. It was at Mannheim he founded his first school of music. In 1780 he followed the Elector to Munich, and visited Paris in the December of that year, giving a series of organ recitals. He then passed over to England, and expounded to the Royal Society, under the presidency of Sir Joseph Banks, his views upon organ-construction. In 1784 he was *Kapellmeister* at Munich, where he brought out his opera of *Castor and Pollux*; thence he proceeded to Berlin and Düsseldorf—where he was led to endeavour to render in music the impression made upon him by the pictures in the galleries of these two places. In 1786 he visited Sweden—two years later departing thence for Russia, where he made a tour of the celebrated organs and organ-builders of that country. Now it was that he came to a decision to construct on his own plan a portable organ, which he called “orchestron”—engaging the Swedish organ-builder Racknitz to carry out his plans. It had been his life-long endeavour to invent a portable organ on which to perform at his recitals, and his efforts were at last to meet with success. He had now the “instrument of his own invention” of which Browning speaks, and the plan of it led him to form schemes for the remodelling and simplification of existing organs. In his own “orchestron” he combined his inventions and improvements; conveying it with him from place to place. “It was about three feet square, and higher

in the middle than the sides ; it contained about 900 pipes, had shutters for crescendos and diminuendos, and naturally the reed stops were free reeds." In 1790, Vogler again visited England ; afterwards proceeding to Darmstadt, where he received a series of ovations. In 1796 he was in Paris, amid the throes of events happening there, and where he studied the national songs of the Revolution. In 1798 he again left Stockholm, where he had founded his second school of music. In 1803 he was invited to Vienna, and there produced his *Castor and Pollux*—returning to Munich two years later to superintend the performance of his opera before Napoleon. He subsequently accepted an invitation to Darmstadt, where for some years he resided in peace and honour, and whither Weber and Meyerbeer went to be his pupils. He died of apoplexy on May 6, 1814, loaded with honours, and with every proof of love and esteem.

ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE.

First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, pp. 51-54.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 197-198.

AFTER.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 19-20.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 141-142.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 213-214.
Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 186.

"ALL SINGERS, TRUST ME, HAVE THIS COMMON VICE."

First appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 13, 1883.
Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part v. p. 99*.

These lines were not included by Mr. Browning in the final, 17 vol., edition of his works.

This stanza is a translation of the well-known lines of Horace—

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati ;
Injussi, nunquam desistant.

They were Englished (impromptu) for Mr. Felix Moscheles, the painter ; who, having asked Mr. Browning if he knew of a good

translation of them, was answered by the Poet himself supplying the following free version :—

“ All singers, trust me, have this common vice :
To sing 'mid friends, you'll have to ask them twice.
If you don't ask them, 'tis another thing,
Until the judgment-day be sure they'll sing.”

AMPHIBIAN (“ The fancy I had to-day ”).

First appeared in *Fifine at the Fair*, 1872, pp. vii-xii.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xi. pp. 215-219.
This poem forms the prologue to *Fifine at the Fair*.

AN EPISTLE CONCERNING THE STRANGE MEDICAL EXPERIENCE OF KARSHISH, THE ARAB PHYSICIAN.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 90-106.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 332-343.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 218-229.
Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 186-198.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 1-14.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 360-369.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 248-257.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. p. 221-231.

As is probably known to most readers, this poem was suggested to Mr. Browning by Andrea del Sarto's portrait of himself and his wife Lucrezia, in the Pitti Palace, Florence. Writing from Florence [to Dr. Furnivall] apropos of this picture, Mr. Ernest Radford says : “ Any one who has sat, as I have, looking at the picture of which I write, will feel that the poem is *true*—not merely typically, but historically. The catalogue says : ‘ The painter, seen in three-corner face, appears by the gesture of his left hand to appeal to his wife, Lucrezia Fedè. His right hand rests on her shoulder [his arm is around her, I may remark—an act of tenderness which has much to do with the pathos of the composition]. Lucrezia is presented in full face, with a golden

chain on her neck, and a letter in her hand.' The artist and his wife are represented at half length. Andrea turns towards her with a pleading expression on his face—a face not so beautiful as that in the splendid portrait in the National Gallery; but when once felt it strikes a deeper chord. It wears an expression that cannot be forgotten—that nothing can suggest but the poem of Browning. Andrea's right arm, as I said, is round her; he leans forward as if searching her face for the strength that has gone from himself. She is beautiful. I have seen the face (varied as a musician varies his theme) in a hundred pictures. She holds the letter in her hand, and looks neither at that nor at him, but straight out of the canvas. And the beautiful face, with the red-brown hair, is passive and unruffled, and awfully expressionless. Byron speaks of the 'one simile for a *proud angry woman*, and that's thunder!' There is 'silent thunder' in this face, if ever there was, though there is no anger. It suggests only a very mild, and at the same time immutable determination to have 'her own way.' It seems rather a personification of obstinacy in the female type than a portrait. She is a magnificent *Rosamund Viney*, and will lure her husband to his own damnation as kindly and surely as George Eliot's heroine does the unfortunate Lydgate. . . . Really, whilst looking at it the words of the poem come little by little into my mind, and it seems as if I had read them in Andrea's face. And so now, when I read it in my room, the picture is almost as vividly before me as when I am in the gallery, so completely do the two seem complementary."—[*Browning Society's Papers*, Part ii., pp. 160-161. Dr. Furnivall remarks that the letter of Mr. Radford (who at the time was not aware that the poem had been *directly* inspired by the picture) "is at once a witness to his own penetration, and to the power and truth of Browning's creative art—which makes us claim him as the greatest 'Maker' and master of characterisation since Shakespere."]

Of Lucrezia as seen in Andrea's pictures, Mr. William Mercer also writes: "Lucrezia may be traced beyond dispute in the *Madonna del Sacco* and in the *Birth of the Virgin*, to be seen in the cloister and *cortile* of the church of the Annunziata, also in the Madonna called 'of the Harpies' in the Tribuna of the

Uffizi Gallery. Most exquisite among all, she appears in the girlish profile of the Madonna in the Pitti Palace in the painting of the *Holy Family*, so called for want of a better title, although San Giuseppe is absent. But there is no need to travel outside the cloister of the Scalzo; for in one of the scenes depicting the life of St. John the Baptist, the soft, sweet face that haunted and pursued the painter even to the Court of the French King Francis, is ever present, and as Herodias glances across a table in seeming confidence of sure recognition."

As to the accuracy of Browning's reading of the painter's life-history, Mr. Frederick Wedmore (a very high authority) says: "All the real Andrea del Sarto—at all events as men knew him when Mr. Browning wrote—is in this poem. That is his portrait, his history; its form, almost autobiography: incidents in the development—yes, also in the decay—of a soul."

ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 220-222.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 123-124.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 195-196.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 161-162.

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 81-89.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 110-115.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 182-187.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 142-149.

APOLLO AND THE FATES.

First appeared in *Parleyings*, 1887, pp. 1-28.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 97-116.

This poem forms the Prologue to the volume called *Parleyings with certain People of Importance in their Day*.

APPARENT FAILURE.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 237-242.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 219-221.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 246-249

Written to keep alive the memory of a once famous building in Paris, Mr. Browning in this poem sits in judgment on the bodies of three drowned men, which he saw exposed in the Morgue in that city in the summer of 1856.

APPEARANCES.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 106-107.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, Vol. xiv. p. 70.

ARCADES AMBO.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 56-57.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. p. 47.

ARISTOPHANES' APOLOGY ; including a Transcript from Euripides. Being the last Adventure of Balaustion.

First appeared (1875) in one vol. See *ante*, p. 383, No. 17.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiii. pp. 1-258.

"It appears," says Mr. Bury, "that Browning has been peculiarly drawn to a period in the history of the Hellenic spirit which, unlike his own century in other respects, resembles it in a moral and religious restlessness which produces a need of escape. In *Aristophanes' Apology* he shows how Euripides met this need, and exhibits the saving power, which he ascribes to his poetry, in the hopefulness of *Balaustion*. It may be objected that in many respects the character of *Balaustion* is an anachronism, that she is not a Greek but a modern woman. As a point of fact the objection is true as well as obvious ; but there is a reason for this modern character. Euripides was the first Greek who pointed beyond the Greek to a new world ; the beginnings of the modern spirit appear in him. And *Balaustion* is the interpretess of Euripides, who brings forth to light what is latent in his poetry, and therefore her soul must have a certain consonance with the modern world."—[*Browning Society's Papers*, Part viii. p. 79.]

ARTEMIS PROLOGIZES.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. iii. p. 9.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 280-284.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 327-331.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. v. pp. 213-217.

Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 181-185.

This poem had been destined to form part of a longer composition, and was suggested by the *Hippolytos* of Euripides. Mr. Browning writes concerning it: "I had better say perhaps that the above is nearly all retained of a tragedy I composed, much against my endeavour, while in bed with a fever two years ago—it went farther into the story of Hippolytus and Aricia; but when I got well, putting only thus much down at once, I soon forgot the remainder."

Some deviations from the first version of this poem may be duly noted here. For instance, lines 24-26, originally reading—

"But when Hippolotos exclaimed with rage
Against the miserable Queen, she judged
Intolerable life,"

now reads—

"Hippolotos exclaiming in his rage
Against the fury of the Queen, she judged
Life insupportable."

And in the last line, for the more sonorous—

"In fitting silence the event await,"

we now have—

"Await, in fitting silence, the event."

"ASK NOT ONE LEAST WORD OF PRAISE."

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, p. 104.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1889, Vol. xvi. p. 68.

AT THE "MERMAID."

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 47-59.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 31-38.

"[AT THE MIDNIGHT IN THE SILENCE OF THE SLEEP
TIME."

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 156-157.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 130-131.

This poem is the Epilogue to *Asolando*; and is of especial interest in that it is understood to have been the last poem written by Mr. Browning.

AVISON, CHARLES, PARLEYING WITH.

First appeared in *Parleyings*, 1887, pp. 191-220.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 221-240.

Charles Avison, a musician, was born in Newcastle about 1710. After studying in Italy, he returned to England and became a pupil under Geminiani. He was appointed organist of St. Nicholas Church, Newcastle, in 1736. His celebrated *Essay on Musical Expression* appeared in 1752, and startled the musical world by putting the French and Italian schools of music above the German, headed by Handel himself. This book led to a controversy with Dr. Hayes, in which, according to the *Dictionary of National Biography* (from which we glean these facts), "Hayes had the best of the argument, though Avison was superior from a literary point of view." Avison was said to be a man of much culture and polish, and issued several sets of sonatas and concertos. He died in 1770.

It is interesting to note that, on May 28, 1890, a new tombstone, erected over the grave of Charles Avison, in St. Andrew's Churchyard, Newcastle, was unveiled, with all due ceremony. In connection with this event, Mr. Barrett Browning wrote: "The ceremony would have a deep interest for me, as you can understand; for my father was really pleased to think he had been able to call attention to Charles Avison with such good result." The following lines from Mr. Browning's poem were inscribed on the tombstone:—

"On the list
Of worthies who by help of pipe or wire
Expressed in sound rough rage or soft desire
Thou whilom of Newcastle organist."

BAD DREAMS. I.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, p. 19.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, vol. xvii. p. 16.

BAD DREAMS. II.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 20-26.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii pp. 17-22.

BAD DREAMS. III.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 27-29.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 23-25.

BAD DREAMS. IV.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 30-33.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 26-28.

BALAUSTION, THE LAST ADVENTURE OF. See *Aristophanes' Apology*.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE; INCLUDING A TRANSCRIPT FROM EURIPIDES.

First appeared (1871) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 381, No. 13.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xi. pp. 1-122.

The structure upon which *Balaustion's Adventure* was raised may be found in the following description by Plutarch of the fate of the Athenians defeated under Nikias by the Syracusans : Some there were who owed their preservation to Euripides. Of all the Grecians, his was the muse whom the Sicilians were most in love with. From every stranger that landed in their island they gleaned every small specimen or portion of his works, and communicated it with pleasure to each other. It is said that on this occasion a number of Athenians, upon their return home, went to Euripides, and thanked him in the most respectful manner for their obligations to his pen ; some having been enfranchised for teaching their masters what they remembered of his poems, and others having got refreshments when they were wandering about after the battle for singing a few of his verses. Nor is this to be wondered at, since they tell us that when a ship from Caunus, which happened to be pursued by pirates, was going to take shelter in one of

their ports, the Sicilians at first refused to admit her, but upon asking the crew whether they knew any of the verses of Euripides, and having answered in the affirmative, they received both them and their vessel.

BARTOLI, DANIEL, PARLEYING WITH.

First appeared in *Parleyings*, 1887, pp. 51-75.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 132-147.

Daniel Bartoli—who was born at Ferrara in 1608 and died at Rome in 1685—was a learned Jesuit: his chief work being a history of his Order, in six volumes, published at various times. It is crowded with stories of miracles, and is enriched with facts drawn from the Vatican records, and from memoirs sent him by friends in England. His style is much esteemed by Italians for its purity and precision; while his manner of life is said to have been correct and virtuous.

BEATRICE SIGNORINI.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 76-98.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 62-81.

BEFORE.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 15-18.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 139-141.
Ditto ditto, 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 211-213.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 183-185.

BELLS AND POMEGRANATES.

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|-------|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| i. | <i>Pippa Passes</i> , | first appeared in 1841, pp. 1-16. |
| ii. | <i>King Victor and King Charles</i> , | „ „ 1842, pp. 1-20. |
| iii. | <i>Dramatic Lyrics</i> , | „ „ 1842, pp. 1-16. |
| iv. | <i>The Return of the Druses</i> , | „ „ 1843, pp. 1-19. |
| v. | <i>A Blot in the 'Scutcheon</i> , | „ „ 1843, pp. 1-16. |
| vi. | <i>Colombé's Birthday</i> , | „ „ 1844, pp. 1-24. |
| vii. | <i>Dramatic Romances and Lyrics</i> , | „ „ 1845, pp. 1-24. |
| viii. | <i>Lurá and A Soul's Tragedy</i> , | „ „ 1845, pp. 1-32. |

"I had hardly ended my first conversation [in their student days] with Rossetti," says Mr. W. Holman Hunt, "when he asked me if I knew Browning. I confessed I did not. Quickly he lent me the paper-covered volume of *Bells and Pomegranates*. . . . We discussed together the English and Tuscan poets; but there was no poet more honoured by us than Browning. At that time Browning was not found in every house; few knew his name—but that made him the more welcome to them. At that time, he remembered a certain barrister, Serjeant Thomas, saying that 'a great fuss had been made about one Browning, but it had all ended in smoke,' and that was then the general opinion. Since then, however, his reputation had grown and was still growing, and was now built on a sound and solid basis."—[*Browning Society's Papers*, Part iv, 64*.]

BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM.

First appeared in *The Keepsake*, 1856, p. 16.

Reprinted in *Browning Society's Papers*, Part i. p. 56.

Ditto, W. G. Kingsland's *Robert Browning: Chief Poet of the Age*, p. 26; also in *Sharpe's Life of Robert Browning*, p. 167.

"*Karshook* (Heb. : a Thistle)," writes Mr. Browning, in 1881, "belongs to the snarling verses I remember to have written, but forget for whom."

This poem appeared in *The Keepsake* for 1856, under the editorship of Miss Power, and was dated "Rome, April 27th 1854." As the "snarling verses" have not been reprinted in any edition of Mr. Browning's works, they are inserted here—in the exact form in which they appeared in *The Keepsake* :—

I.

"Would a man 'scape the rod?"

Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,

"See that he turn to God,

The day before his death."

"Ay, could a man inquire,

When it shall come!" I say.

The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—

"Then let him turn to-day!"

II.

Quoth a young Sadducee :
 " Reader of many rolls,
 Is it so certain we
 Have, as they tell us, souls ?"
 " Son, there is no reply !"
 The Rabbi bit his beard :
 " Certain, a soul have I—
 We may have none," he sneered.

Thus Karshook, the Hiram's-Hammer,
 The Right-hand Temple-column,
 Taught babes in grace their grammar,
 And struck the simple, solemn.

BIFURCATION.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 91-94.
 Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 61-62.

BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 205-258.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. 374-410.
 Ditto ditto, 1868, Vol. v. pp. 262-298.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 238-278.

Writing to Dr. Furnivall in August 1881, Mr. Browning says :
 " The most curious notice I ever had was from Cardinal
 Wiseman on *Blougram*—*i.e.*, himself. It was in the *Rambler*,
 a Catholic journal of those days, and certified to be his by
 Father Prout, who said nobody else would have dared put it in."

BOOT AND SADDLE (originally *My Wife Gertrude*). See
Cavalier Tunes.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 63-80.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 98-110.
 Ditto ditto, 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 170-182.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 126-141.

CALIBAN UPON SETEBOS; OR, NATURAL THEOLOGY IN
THE ISLAND.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 121-135.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 136-147.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 149-161.

In the first edition of this poem there was a motto prefixed, which gave a clear indication of the drift of the argument: "Thou thoughtedst that I was altogether such a one as thyself." When the poem was reprinted in the collected edition of 1868, this motto was, strangely enough, omitted. On calling Mr. Browning's attention to this circumstance, he at once admitted the gravity of the omission, and remarked that it must have been due to the carelessness of the printer, who had possibly mislaid the printed leaf of copy: he, however, said he would take care it was restored in any subsequent edition.

Concerning the character of *Setebos*, the following quotation from the Hukluyt Society's Englishing of *Magellan's Voyage*, and from *Purchas his Pilgrimes* (from which we get a reference to the origin of Shakspeare's *Setebos*), may be of interest: He comes from Patagonia, from among the people whom the captain Magellan named "Pataghom," on account of their big feet. In 1519, the captain put irons upon the feet of two giants, and "when they saw the trick which had been played them, they began to be enraged and to foam like bulls, crying out very loud '*Setebos*,' that is to say, the great devil, that he should help them." And "when one of them dies, ten or twelve devils appear, and dance all round the dead man. It seems that these are painted, and one of these enemies is taller than the others, and makes a greater noise, and more mirth than the others: that is whence these people have taken the custom of painting their faces and bodies, as has been said. The greatest of these devils is called in their language *Setebos*, and the others *Cheleule*." Again, Purchas says of the surviving giant, "On a time as one made a Crosse before him and kissed it, shewing it unto him, hee suddenly cried *Setebos*, and declared by signes that if they made any more Crosses, *Setebos* would enter into

his body, and make him burst. But when in fine hee saw no hurt came thereof, hee tooke the Crosse, and embraced and kissed it oftentimes, desiring that hee might be a Christian before his death. Hee was therefore baptized, and named Paul." This, Dr. Furnivall points out, was the original Setebos; and he infers that Shakespere, "fifteen years before *Purchas* was in print (1636), had got hold of the name from some sailor, and had put *Setebos* into the *Tempest*: Shakespere's conception of Setebos being that he is the god of Caliban's dam, yet such a poor god, that *Prospero*, who was powerful only in his books, could subdue *Setebos* and make him his vassel." Concerning the character of *Caliban*, Mr. Cotter Morison remarks that it was quite natural "that Browning's attention should be drawn to the strange figure of Caliban—one of the most singular creations of Shakespere's fancy. What an opportunity was offered by 'the freckled whelp, hag-born,' for subtle analysis and grotesque humour! 'The poisonous slave got by the devil himself upon his wicked dam' is a monster indeed; but he has a human element within his monsterhood. But there is nothing very complex and subtle in Shakespere's conception of Caliban. His physical form apart, he is little more than a depraved, brutish and malicious man. One cannot say that Shakespere has taken much pains with the character; we see little more than the surface of such mind as he has; his sulky anger, his fear of cramps and side stitches 'that shall pen his breath up,' his vindictive rage against the enchanter. This deficiency has been supplied by Browning in the most magnificent grotesque work of his poem. The proper province of grotesque would seem to be the exhibition of fanciful power by the artist; not beauty or truth in the literal sense, but inventive affluence of unreal yet absurdly comic forms, with just a flavour of the terrible added, to give a grim dignity, and save from the triviality of caricature. Our best grotesques belong to the art of the sculptor or modeller, as in mediæval and oriental work. In literature the grotesque does not seem to rise with the same spontaneity; the tendency there is either to broad farce or delicate comedy. Browning, however, has produced in this poem a grotesque in language which is as solid and sharp in

outline as if by ' Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for us.'—
[*Browning Society's Papers*, Part v. p. 489.]

CAVALIER TUNES.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. iii. p. 3.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 255-258.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 1-4.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 75-78.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 3-6.

CENCIAJA.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 162-183.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 104-116.

The facts of the Santa Croce case narrated in this poem were obtained by Mr. Browning from a MS. volume of memorials of Italian crime, in the possession of Sir John Simeon, who published it in the series of the Philobiblon Society—a version of the Cenci narrative differing in a few particulars from that which inspired Shelley to write his tragedy.

"Mr. Browning's *Cenciaja*," says Mr. Buxton Forman, "deals with the episode of Paolo Santa Croce, the matricide, whose crime had so disastrous a bearing on the issue of the Cenci tragedy. The main fact, on which Shelley places no very marked stress, though he introduces it, is that, when the fate of Beatrice and her brother and step-brother still hung in the balance, Paolo Santa Croce killed his mother and made good his escape, whereon the Pope became absolutely inflexible in his resolution that the three guilty Cenci should die. Mr. Browning details in *Cenciaja* the motives, not only of Paolo Santa Croce, but also of Cardinal Aldobrandino, the Pope's nephew, in incriminating Paolo's brother, Onofrio Santa Croce, and hunting him down to execution; and it is a noteworthy thing that this same Cardinal, whose deadly hatred availed to bring Onofrio Santa Croce to a disgraceful death, had also, indirectly, ruined the Cenci family. It was he who benefited so largely by the continuance of Count Francesco Cenci in his high-priced crimes; and but for him, the 'wickedest man on

record,' as Landor calls Cenci, would probably have perished before his daughter had been set in the dire necessity of compassing his death. How far Aldobrandino may have been interested in extinguishing the family, of whom only the innocent Bernardo escaped with difficulty, it were hazardous to surmise; but probably his enormous influence with the Pope would be against them. The story of Onofrio and this diabolical dignitary of the Church is within every one's reach, and should be read by all who are interested in those by-paths of history which have fed the imaginations of our greatest poets."

"Having occasion," continues Mr. Buxton Forman, "to write to Mr. Browning, I asked him the precise value we were to attach to the terminal *aja* in the title of his poem, and I received the following answer from the poet: "*Aia*" is generally an accumulative yet depreciative termination: "*Cenciaja*"—a bundle of rags—a trifle. The proverb means "Every poor creature will be pressing into the company of his betters," and I used it to deprecate the notion that I intended anything of the kind. Is it any contribution to "all connected with Shelley," if I mention that my "*Book*" (*The Ring and the Book*¹) has a reference to the reason given by Farinacci, the advocate of the Cenci, of his failure in the defence of Beatrice? "*Fuisse punitam Beatricem*" (he declares), "*pœnâ ultimi supplicii, non quia ex intervallo occidi mandavit insidiantem suo honori, sed quia ejus exceptionem non probavitibi. Prout, et idem firmiter sperabatur de sorore Beatrice si propositam excusationem probasset, prout non probavit.*" That is, she was expected to avow the main outrage, and did not: in conformity with her words, "That which I ought to confess, that will I confess; that to which I ought to assent, to that I assent; and that which I ought to deny, that will I deny." "Here is another *Cenciaja*!"

CHERRIES.

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 78-85.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 53-57.

¹ Of course, says Mr. Forman, this reference is to the "old square yellow book," giving the actual details of the tragedy—not to Mr. Browning's poem.

"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME."

First appeared in *Men and Women*, Vol. i. pp. 135-148.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. I, pp. 312-320.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 301-310.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 194-205.

This poem, Mr. Browning tells us, was "only a *fantaisie*," written "because it pleased his fancy." The incident of the horse, "his every bone a-stare," was imagined from a red horse with a glaring eye standing behind a dun one, on the right hand of a large tapestry that used to hang in his drawing-room.

CHRISTMAS-EVE AND EASTER-DAY.

First appeared in 1850, pp. 1-142.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. iii. pp. 163-251.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 115-204.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 209-307.

This poem was written in Florence in 1850, and published in London the same year. It is probably unnecessary to remark that the curious would search in vain for the identity of the "little chapel"—for (as Mr. Browning once said in conversation with Mr. W. G. Kingsland), "all the incidents are imaginary—save the lunar rainbow: I saw that."

Various alterations have been made in the text of this poem; those in *Christmas Eve* being for the most part verbal. In *Easter Day*, however, the deviations from the first edition are more numerous. For instance—in the original edition, section v. commences:

"I see!

You would grow smoothly as a tree,
Soar heavenward, straightly up like fire—
God bless you—there's your world entire
Needing no faith, if you think fit;"

This passage now reads—

"I see!

You would grow as a natural tree,
Stand as a rock, soar up like fire.
The world's so perfect and entire,
Quite above faith, so right and fit!"

Again, in section xiii, lines 11 to 15 in the original edition—

Seeing that as I carry through
My purpose, if my words in you
Find veritable listeners,
My story, reason's self avers
Must needs be false—the happy chance !—

Now read :

Seeing that if I carry through
My purpose, if my words in you
Find a live actual listener,
My story, reason must aver
False after all—the happy chance !

In some cases the alterations appear to be distinctly for the better—as, for instance, in section xiv, lines 69-70, which, originally reading

Your progressing is slower—right
We deal with progressing, not flight,

Now stand :

Your progressing is slower—right !
We deal with progress and not flight.

The alterations in punctuation are numerous, and in many cases the capital letters are changed to lower case.

CLEON.

Printed in London, in pamphlet form, privately, 1855.
First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 171-189.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 410-423.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 299-311.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 279-293.

CLIVE.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idylls*, II., 1880, pp. 9-42.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 88-107.

COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1844, No. vi.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. i. pp. 303-385.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. ii. pp. 275-356.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 61-143.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 71-169.

Writing to Mr. C. Dowson, March 10, 1844, Mr. Browning says :
 " Yesterday I read my play [*Colombe's Birthday*] to him [Charles Kean] and his charming wife, who is to take the principal part. All went off *au mieux*—but—he wants to keep it till 'Easter next year,' and unpublished all the time! His engagement at the Haymarket, next May, is merely for twelve nights, he says. . . . My play will take him two months at least to study, he being a special slow head, and after the Haymarket engagement nothing is to be done till this time next year. Of all which notable pieces of information I was apprised for the first time after the play was read and approved of, for it certainly never entered into my head that anybody, even an actor, could need a couple of months to study a part, only, in a piece, which I could match with such another in less time by a good deal. But though I could do such a thing, I have a head—that aches oftener now than of old—to take care of; and, therefore, will do no such thing as let this new work lie stifled for a year and odd, and work double tides to bring out something as likely to be popular this present season. For something I must print, or risk the hold, such as it is, I have at present on my public—and, on consideration of the two other productions I have by me in a state of forwardness, neither seems nearly so proper for the requirements of the moment as this play; and two or three hundred pounds will pay me but indifferently for hazarding the good fortune which appears slowly but not unmistakably setting in upon me just now. You will not wonder therefore that—though I was so far taken by surprise as to promise Kean a copy for Scotland and a fortnight's grace to come to terms in before I either published the play or accepted any other party's offer—I say, you will not wonder if I have determined to print it directly. Acting on the best advice I sent it to press yesterday, and merely put the right of the acting at his disposal—if he will purchase it with such a drawback as Macready would; for I fear the only other alternative I shall allow—that of his getting up the part for next May—is quite beyond his power.

The poorest man of letters (if really of letters) I ever knew is of far higher talent than the best actor I ever expect to know ; nor is there one spangle too many, one rouge-smutch too much on their outside man, for the inward. Can't study a speech in a month ! God help them, and bless you !"—[*Letters from Robert Browning*, edited by T. J. Wise. Vol. i. pp. 7-11.] So printed *Colombe's Birthday* accordingly was—and for "acting" had to await an interval of nine years : when, on the 25th of April, 1853, it was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, and aroused considerable interest in literary circles. Miss Helen Faucit (now Lady Martin) undertook the character of *Colombe*, Mr. Barry Sullivan impersonating *Valence*. "It was feared," says the *Athenæum* (April 25th, 1853), "that on performance, this fine poem would scarcely be intelligible to a mixed audience. Miss Faucit, however, by her skill, made them perfectly understand it, . . . and we can record its apparent perfect success on the first night." The play evidently excited considerable admiration and sympathy ; but, as in the case of other of Mr. Browning's plays, the "acting" (with the one exception of Miss Faucit) seems to have been somewhat dubious. Indeed, it would appear that to this cause is to be traced the apparent failure of Mr. Browning's plays as "acting" dramas. On this point, the *Literary Gazette* (April 30th, 1853) says that if *Colombe's Birthday* does not succeed upon the stage, "it is from no fault in itself, but partly from want of power in the actors. . . . The play demands performers of a higher stamp than are now upon the stage. . . . Speeches which are full of broken emotion, and where a great actor would electrify the house, fall cold and meaningless from Mr. Sullivan's lips." The *Colombe* of Miss Helen Faucit, however, "is a portraiture in which Mr. Browning's conception receives all the completeness and enrichment which a great actress is able to bestow. . . . Through the finished delicacy of the details, the traces of great latent power are evident, which, while they help to elevate our impression of the character of *Colombe*, increase our admiration of the powers of the actress who so skilfully subordinates her genius to perfect harmony with the Poet's idea. Her clear and melodious enunciation of the dialogue and delicate phases of emotion seem

to discover a force and beauty in the poem which is not elsewhere apparent." The *Examiner* (April 30th, 1853) also remarks that "if the great beauty of the contrast between the characters of *Berthold* and *Valence* could only have been better exhibited by the actors," the play might remain longer on the stage."

Colombe's Birthday was also produced at the Harvard Athenæum, Boston, U.S.A., either in 1853 or 1854; and Mr. Moncure D. Conway (who was present) writes that he "saw a vast miscellaneous crowd hanging with breathless attention upon every word of this interview [Act iv.]—every heart evidently feeling each word as an electric touch, and all giving vent at last to their emotion in round after round of hearty applause."

On November 19th, 1885, the play was revived by the Browning Society at St. George's Hall, that "most poetical of actresses" (as Mr. Browning aptly termed her), Miss Alma Murray (Mrs. Alfred Forman), taking the part of *Colombe*. It was a most finished performance; and, as in the case of Miss Faucit some thirty-two years previously, was a main factor in the undoubted success of the play on this occasion.

CONFESSIONS.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 137-141.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 148-149.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. p. 162-164.

COUNT GISMOND.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. iii. p. 4, under the heading, *Italy and France, II. France*.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 260-265.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 162-167.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 153-158.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 11-18.

The incident related here is purely imaginary—appertaining, as is self-evident, to the days of chivalry. It may be pointed out that in the poem as now printed there are various alterations from the original text. In stanza 1, last line, formerly

reading "'twas with full strength," now reads "with all his strength." In stanza viii. line 4, instead of

"The victor with his . . . there, 'twill last,"

we now have

"The victor's crown, but . . . there 'twill last."

Again, in stanza xvi. line 2, originally reading

"Was finished, there lay prone the Knight,"

now reads—

"Was finished, prone lay the false knight."

And in line 4, in lieu of "My Knight flew at him," we now read, "Gismond flew at him."

COUNT GUIDO FRANCESCHINI. See *The Ring and the Book*.

CRISTINA.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. iii. p. 12, under the heading, *Queen Worship, II. Cristina*.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. i. pp. 297-299.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 27-30.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 101-104.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 39-42.

In this poem there are to be duly noted some variations between the earlier and later readings. For instance, in the earlier version, the last lines of the last stanza were as follows :—

That just holds out the proving
Our powers, alone and blended—
And then, come next life quickly,
This life will have been ended !

They now read—

Life will just hold out the proving
Both our powers, alone and blended :
And then, come next life quickly !
This world's use will have been ended.

CRISTINA AND MONALDESCHI.

First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, pp. 33-44.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 188-194.

In Lord Malmesbury's *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister* (1884, Vol. i. p. 30) we read as follows : " Mr. Hill presented me at Court before I left Naples [in 1829]. . . . The Queen [Maria Isabella, second wife of Francis I., King of the two Sicilies] and the young and handsome Princess Cristina, afterwards Queen of Spain, were present. The latter was said at the time to be the cause of more than one inflammable victim languishing in prison for having too openly admired this royal coquette, whose manners with men foretold her future life after her marriage to old Ferdinand [VII., King of Spain]. When she came up to me in the circle, walking behind her mother, she stopped, and took hold of one of the buttons of my uniform, to see, as she said, the inscription upon it, the Queen indignantly calling upon her to come on."

In her own *Memoirs*, Cristina gives a striking account of the Marquis Monaldeschi. She describes him as " a gentleman of most handsome person and fine manners, who from the first moment reigned exclusively over my heart." " Italy," she says, " was a scene of enchantment to me when I met him there. The beautiful, proud Monaldeschi opened a new world to me." Monaldeschi, however, after having taken every advantage of his position, reaping riches and honours to himself, wearied of his royal mistress and sought new attractions. It is, in fact, the closing scene of Queen Cristina's *liason* with her Grand Equerry which inspired Browning to give us his fine poem. The poet chooses the moment when Cristina's eyes were opened to the treachery of her lover ; how her passion for him had been his " stock in trade " to amuse and interest a younger mistress in Rome. On learning this treachery, the maddened Queen arranged an interview with the Marquis in the picture gallery in the Palace of Fontainebleau. She was accompanied by an official of her Court, and had at hand a priest from the neighbouring Convent of the Maturins, armed with copies of Monaldeschi's letters to the Roman lady (which had come into

the Queen's possession through a certain Cardinal Azzolino), and which were to serve as his death-warrant. The *originals* she had on her own person. Added to this, she had in the background her Captain of the Guard, Sentinelli, with two other officers. It is from this point that Browning's poem opens. In the Galerie des Cerfs was a picture of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers.¹ To this picture the Queen leads the Marquis, pointing out the motto on the frame—"Quis separabit?" ["The crescent," writes Mrs. Ireland, "was the natural sign of Diane, but the salamander of François I. needs some explanation. As a bold, brave, and imperious youth, his father, to restrain his ardent nature, placed him at the age of thirteen in the care of a wise governor, Le Chevalier de Boissy, who, to express his tender and watchful care of his fiery-minded pupil, gave him for his device or crest the salamander, with the legend 'Nutrisco et extinguo (Je le nourris et je Péteins).'] This device of the salamander still exists on some of the old carvings and paintings at Fontainebleau."] Cristina renews her attack. "Stand, Sir! Read! *Quis separabit?*" It was true one vow had bound them. In the little church of Avon (a village on the east side of the park at Fontainebleau) they had stood, "on a memorable evening, close to the *bénitier* in a supreme moment. Before them lay an ancient tombstone: and here, pointing to the marble slab at their feet, the Marquis had vowed that as that grave kept a silence over the corpse which lay beneath, so would his love and trust hold fast the secret of Cristina's love to all eternity. Now she was scorned, her pride outraged, and felt she must assert her dignity. But the Marquis was 'silent'—and the priest and assassins approaching, she granted herself the bitter pleasure of such personal revenge as was possible." It is curious to note that in October, 1657, Cristina, suspicious of Monaldeschi, had led him on to a conversation touching a similar unfaithfulness. "What," said the queen, "does a man deserve who should so have betrayed a woman?" "Instant death," replied Monaldeschi. "It is well," said she; "I will

¹ Mr. Browning made a curious slip in this poem, making Francis I. the lover of Diane de Poitiers, whereas it was his son, Henri II., who was for a time infatuated with her.

remember your words." A word as to the rival painters mentioned in the poem may be interpolated here. François Primaticcio, who died in 1570 at Bologna, was the rival of Maître Roux or "Le Roux"; but Primaticcio was first in the field, and a terrible jealousy arose between the two painters. Primaticcio was the pet pupil of Giulio Romano. Rosso, who died in 1541, was a pupil of Michael Angelo. Both were patronised by François I., and both largely contributed to the magnificent decorations of the palace. Primaticcio had been sent to Italy by the King, nominally to collect works of art; and it was only after Rosso's untimely death that he returned. Rosso had ill-luck; he was only forty-five at the time of his death, and poisoned himself from bitter remorse at having falsely accused his friend Pellegrini. [*Browning Society's Papers*, Part xiii. p. 103.]

"DANCE, YELLOWS AND WHITES AND REDS!"

First appeared in *The New Amphion*, 1886, p. 1.

Reprinted in *Parleyings*, vi., "Gerard de Lairese," p. 189.

These lines were printed as *A Spring Song* in *The New Amphion* ("The Book of the Edinburgh University Union Fancy Fair"), 1886, and were accompanied with a full-page illustration by Elizabeth Gulland. They were subsequently inserted at the close of the *Parleying* with "Gerard de Lairese."

DEAF AND DUMB: A GROUP BY WOOLNER.

First appeared in *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. p. 151.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. p. 167.

These lines were written in 1862 for Woolner's partly-draped group of Constance and Arthur (the deaf and dumb children of Sir Thomas Fairbairn), which was exhibited in the International Exhibition of 1862.

"DE GUSTIBUS—"

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 147-149.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 70-72.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 143-144.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 92-93.

DEVELOPMENT.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 123-130.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 102-108.

DÎS ALITER VISUM ; OR, LE BYRON DE NOS JOURS.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 45-54.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 77-84.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 85-93.

DOCTOR ———.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* II. 1880, pp. 113-136.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 146-158.

DODINGTON, GEORGE BUBB, PARLEYING WITH.

First appeared in *Parleyings*, 1887, pp. 97-119.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 160-174.

George Bubb Dodington, who was born in 1691, was "the son of a gentleman of good fortune named Bubb." He was educated at Oxford, and in 1715 was elected member of Parliament for Winchelsea, and not long after this he was sent as envoy to Madrid. In 1720 he inherited the estate of Eastbury, in Dorsetshire, and took the name of Dodington. His career was full of political vicissitudes of a discreditable kind—by which he obtained a large share of the prizes in the political world. He held various offices—mostly in connexion with the navy, to which he was more than once treasurer. He was a great favourite with Lord Bute, from whom he received the title of Lord Melcombe. He was fond of surrounding himself with the noted men of the day, whom he entertained at his country seat. Both Pope and Churchill wrote in abuse of him, and Hogarth has immortalised his wig in his *Orders of Periwigs*. He died in 1726.

DOMINUS HYACINTHUS DE ARCHANGELIS, PAUPERUM
PROCURATOR. See *The Ring and the Book*.

DONALD.

First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, pp. 5-22.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 169-181.

In *The Keepsake* for 1832 will be found an interesting narrative from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, which bears so striking a resemblance to this poem that the following brief summary is appended :

"The story," writes Sir Walter, "is an old one : the actor and sufferer not being a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his clan. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer ; on the other, he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular. Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing in the Highlands. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock, and Duncan went himself in quest of the fugitive. In the course of his researches he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and, at the same time, so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of the Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon. He had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway he encountered a buck of the red-deer species coming down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space. At length the deer, which was one of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay. Duncan saw the danger, and,

as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock, not making the least motion for fear of alarming the animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours. At length the buck approached towards Duncan very slowly; he came close to the Highlander, when the devil, or the untamable love of sport, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact which certainly might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. Fortune ordered that the deer should fall undermost, and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view, but I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it."

"DON JUAN, MIGHT YOU PLEASE TO HELP ONE GIVE A GUESS."

First appeared in *Fifine at the Fair*, 1872, p. vi.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xi. p. 214.

These lines form a motto to *Fifine at the Fair*, and were translated from *Molière*.

DRAMATIC IDYLS: FIRST SERIES.

First appeared (1879) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 387, No. 22.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 1-80.

DRAMATIC IDYLS: SECOND SERIES.

First appeared (1880) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 388, No. 23.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, xv. pp. 81-163.

DRAMATIC LYRICS.

This was the title given to No. iii. (1842) of *Bells and Pomegranates*, which consisted of sixteen poems; afterwards rearranged in separate sections of the various collected editions of the *Poems*.

DRAMATIC ROMANCES AND LYRICS.

This was the title given to No. vii. of *Bells and Pomegranates* (1845), which consisted of twenty poems; these were afterwards rearranged in separate sections of the various collected editions of the *Poems*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

First appeared (1864) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 378, No. 11.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 41-222.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 43-255.

DUBIETY.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 8-9.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 6-7.

EARTH'S IMMORTALITIES.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 19.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 393-394.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 31-32.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 105-106.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 45.

EASTER DAY. See *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*.

ECHETLOS.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* II. 1880, pp. 1-7.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 85-87.

EPILOGUES.

"At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time"—see *Asolando*.
"First Speaker, as David;" "Second Speaker, as Renan;"
"Third Speaker"—see *Dramatis Personæ*.
First and his Friends—see *Parleyings*.
"Good to Forgive" ("Pisgah Sights, 3")—see *La Saisiaz*.
"Oh, Love—no, Love!"—see *Ferishtah's Fancies*.
The Householder—see *Fifine at the Fair*.
"The poets pour us wine"—see *Pacchiarotto*.
"Touch him ne'er so lightly"—see *Dramatic Idyls* II.
"What a pretty tale you told me"—see *The Two Poets of Croisic*.

EURIPIDES: TRANSCRIPTS FROM. See *Balaustion's Adventure* and *Aristophanes' Apology*.

EURYDICE TO ORPHEUS.

First appeared in the Royal Academy Catalogue, 1864, p. 13, under the title *Orpheus and Eurydice*.

Reprinted, *Selections*, 1865, p. 215.

Ditto, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. p. 153.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. p. 170.

These lines were interpretive of a picture by Sir Frederick Leighton, representing Orpheus leading Eurydice from Hades. So charmed were the nether gods with the music of Orpheus, that they consented to restore Eurydice to him on condition that he would refrain from looking at her till they had passed out of the nether world. To this Orpheus agreed; but desire proved too strong for him, and, like Lot's wife, he looked—and lost. Mrs. Orr says, in her invaluable *Handbook*: “The face of Leighton's Eurydice wears an intensity of longing which seems to challenge the forbidden look, and make her responsible for it. The poem thus interprets the expression, and translates it into words.”

EVELYN HOPE.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. p. 19.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 36–38.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 110–112.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 51–53.

EYES, CALM BESIDE THEE, (LADY COULD'ST THOU KNOW!).

First appeared in *The Monthly Repository*, Vol. viii. p. 712.

Reprinted in *The Browning Society's Papers*, Part xii. p. 36*

When published in *The Monthly Repository*, this sonnet appeared under the signature “Z.” It was not included by Mr. Browning in the final, seventeen vol., edition of his Works: it is therefore quoted here.

Eyes, calm beside thee, (Lady could'st thou know!)
 May turn away thick with fast-gathering tears :
 I glance not where all gaze : thrilling and low
 Their passionate praises reach thee—my cheek wears
 Alone no wonder when thou passest by ;
 Thy tremulous lids bent and suffused reply
 To the irrepensible homage which doth glow
 On every lip but mine : if in thine ears
 Their accents linger—and thou dost recall
 Me as I stood, still, guarded, very pale,
 Beside each votarist whose lighted brow
 Wore worship like an aureole, “O'er them all
 My beauty,” thou wilt murmur, “did prevail
 Save that one only :”—Lady couldst thou know !

FEARS AND SCRUPLES.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 83-87.
 Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 54-57.

In a letter (addressed to Mr. W. G. Kingsland) Mr. Browning has made the following remarks regarding *Fears and Scruples* :—

“Where there is a genuine love of the ‘letters’ and ‘actions’ of the invisible ‘friend,’—however these may be disadvantaged by an inability to meet the objections to their authenticity or historical value urged by ‘experts’ who assume the privilege of learning over ignorance,—it would indeed be a wrong to the wisdom and goodness of the ‘friend’ if he were supposed capable of overlooking the actual ‘love’ and only considering the ‘ignorance’ which, failing to in any degree affect ‘love,’ is really the highest evidence that ‘love’ exists.”

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

First appeared (1884) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 390, No. 25.
 Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 1-92.

Writing to a correspondent in October 1884, Mr. Browning says :
 “I hope and believe that one or two careful readings of the poem [*Ferishtah*] will make its sense clear enough. Above all, pray allow for the poet's inventiveness in any case, and do not

suppose there is more than a thin disguise of a few Persian names and allusions. There was no such person as Ferishtah ; and the stories are all inventions. The Hebrew quotations are put in for a purpose, as a direct acknowledgment that certain doctrines may be found in the Old Book which the Concocters of Novel Schemes of Morality put forth as discoveries of their own."

Confirmatory of the "inventiveness" mentioned here, the following mottoes are given on the blank reverse of the half-title page of this volume :—

'His genius was jocular, but, when disposed, he could be very serious.'—Article 'Shakespear,' Jeremy Collier's *Historical &c. Dictionary*, second edition, 1701.

'You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my Hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments : you will say they are Persian ; but let them be changed.'—*King Lear*, Act iii., sc. 6.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR.

First appeared (1872) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 382, No. 15.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xi. pp. 211-343.

It is interesting to note that "Fifine" had an "original"—being sketched from the recollection of a certain Gipsy whom the poet once saw at Pornic.

"FIFTY YEARS' FLIGHT ! WHEREIN SHOULD HE REJOICE."

First appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Reprinted in W. G. Kingsland's *Robert Browning: Chief Poet of the Age*, p. 31.

These lines were written, by request, for a memorial window, commemorative of the Queen's Jubilee, placed in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. They have not been reprinted in any edition of Mr. Browning's works ; and are as follows—

"Fifty years' flight ! wherein should he rejoice
Who hailed their birth, who as they die decays !
This—England echoes his attesting voice ;
Wondrous and well—thanks Ancient Thou of days."

FILIPPO BALDINUCCI ON THE PRIVILEGE OF BURIAL.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 184-222.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 117-140.

"FIRE IS IN THE FLINT: TRUE, ONCE A SPARK ESCAPES."

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, p. 45.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, Vol. xvi. p. 31.

FLUTE-MUSIC, WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 99-111.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 82-92.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 35-55.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. p. 346-359.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 234-248.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 205-220.

Apropos of the brief lyric breaks in this blank-verse poem, Miss Helen Clarke writes: "These little love-songs are called *stornelli*, and consist of three lines: the first, of five syllables, usually contains the name of a flower, which sets the rhyme; then the love theme is told in two lines of eleven syllables, each agreeing by rhyme, assonance, or repetition with the first. The address to the flower usually has no connection with the sentiment expressed in the following lines."

Concerning the reference to the Prior's niece (line 387), it may be interesting to compare Landor's view in his *Imaginary Conversation* between *Fra Filippo Lippi and Pope Eugenius the Fourth*:—

Filippo. In fact, there were only two genuine abbates, the third was Donna Lisetta, the good canonico's pretty niece, who looks so archly at your Holiness when you bend your knees before her at bed-time.

Eugenius. How? Where?

Filippo. She is the angel on the right hand side of the Holy

Family, with a tip of amethyst-coloured wing over a basket of figs and pomegranates. I painted her from memory; she was then only fifteen, and worthy to be the niece of an archbishop. . . .

Eugenius. Poor soul! So this is the angel with the amethyst-coloured wing? I thought she looked wanton.

FURINI, FRANCIS, PARLEYING WITH.

First appeared in *Parleyings*, 1887, pp. 121-159.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 175-200.

Francis Furini was born at Florence, in the year 1600. He took orders at the age of 40, and remained an exemplary parish priest until his death in 1649. In his earlier career he was especially famous for his painting of the nude figure. It is, indeed, complained by one of his French biographers that he painted the nude too well to be quite proper—pointing to the *Adam and Eve* in the Pitti Palace in proof of this assertion. The painter may have thought so too—for it is said that on his death-bed he desired all his pictures of the nude to be collected and destroyed. If this was so, his wishes were thwarted; for most private galleries in Florence have specimens of his art.

FUST AND HIS FRIENDS.

First appeared in *Parleyings*, 1887, pp. 221-268.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 241-275.

This poem forms the Epilogue to *Parleyings with certain People of Importance in their Day*.

GARDEN FANCIES.

First appeared in *Hood's Magazine*, Vol. ii. (July 1844), pp. 45-48.

Reprinted in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 10.

Ditto, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 349-354.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 13-18.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 87-92.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 19-25.

GIUSEPPE CAPONSACCHI. See *The Ring and the Book*.

In explanation of lines 1666, 1667 of this monologue—

“Verse, quotha? Bembo’s verse! When Saint John wrote
The tract, ‘*De Tribus*,’ I wrote this to match”—

Dr. Berdoe in his most useful ‘*Browning Cyclopædia*’ (p. 421) says that “Caponsacchi refers to the three heavenly witnesses, a verse held by all commentators to be an interpolated passage—as much as to say, I wrote these verses when St. John wrote the surrendered verse—that is, I did not write them at all.” In contradistinction to this, Dr. Hiram Corson writes that the professor of Romance Languages in Cornell University (Mr. T. F. Crane) suggests that the tract referred to is the legendary work known as the *De Tribus Impostoribus*, the three impostors being Moses, Christ, and Mohammed. “Such a work abundantly satisfies the idea involved in the Canon’s speech; and I am quite assured, after looking into the extensive material on the subject, contained in the White historical library of the University, that the Canon refers to this legendary work. It was whispered through three or four centuries, that such a blasphemous work existed somewhere, nobody knew where, or by whom; the result being finally that several works appeared, each pretending to be the original work, where there may have been no original.”

GIVE A ROUSE. See *Cavalier Tunes*.

GOLD HAIR: A STORY OF PORNIC.

First appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May 1864.

Also printed in London, in Pamphlet form, privately, 1864.

Reprinted in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 25-34.

Ditto, *Dramatis Personæ*, second edition, 1864.

Ditto, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 62-69.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 69-77.

In *The Atlantic Monthly*, the pamphlet of 1864, and the first edition of *Dramatis Personæ*, this poem consisted of twenty-

seven stanzas ; but in the second edition of *Dramatis Personæ* three fresh stanzas were added—the poem thus consisting of thirty stanzas. The fresh stanzas are those now numbered 21, 22, and 23.

“GOLDONI,—GOOD, GAY, SUNNIEST OF SOULS.”

First appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 8, 1883.
Reprinted in *The Browning Society's Papers*, Part v. p. 98*.
Ditto, W. G. Kingsland's *Robert Browning : Chief Poet of the Age*, p. 30.

This sonnet was written for the “Album” of the Committee of the Goldoni monument at Venice. Not having been reprinted in any edition of Mr. Browning's works, the lines are here given as they appear on the first page of the “Album” :—

Goldoni,—good, gay, sunniest of souls,—
 Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine,—
 What though it just reflect the shade and shine
Of common life, nor render, as it rolls,
Grandeur and gloom? Sufficient for thy shoals
 Was Carnival : Parini's depths enshrine
 Secrets unsuited to that opaline
Surface of things which laughs along thy scrolls.
There throng the People : how they come and go,
 Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb—see—
On Piazza, Calle, under Portico
 And over Bridge! Dear King of Comedy,
Be honoured! Thou that didst love Venice so,
 Venice and we who love her, all love thee!

“GONE NOW! ALL GONE ACROSS THE DARK SO FAR.”

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 246-248.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 223-224.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 251-253.

This poem is the “SECOND SPEAKER, as *Renan*,” of the Epilogue to *Dramatis Personæ*.

"GOOD TO FORGIVE."

First appeared in *La Saisiaz*, 1878, pp. 3-4.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 155-156.

This poem is the proem to *La Saisiaz*. It is printed in the second series of *Selections* as *Pisgah Sights*, 3.

GUIDO. See *The Ring and the Book*.

HALBERT AND HOB.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* I. 1879, pp. 45-55.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 26-31.

HALF-ROME. See *The Ring and the Book*.

HELEN'S TOWER.

First appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 28, 1883.

Reprinted in *The Browning Society's Papers*, Part v. p. 97*.

Ditto, W. G. Kingsland's *Robert Browning: Chief Poet of the Age*, p. 28.

This fine sonnet was written *apropos* of the Tower erected by the Earl of Dufferin to the memory of his mother, Helen, Countess of Gifford, at Clandeboye, Ireland. The sonnet is dated 1870, but it was not publicly acknowledged until 1883: Mr. Browning consenting to its publication on learning that Lord Tennyson had published the lines he had written on the same subject. As the sonnet is not included in the collected edition of Mr. Browning's *Poems* it is quoted here:—

Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream perchance
 How the Greek Beauty from the Scæan Gate
 Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
 Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.
 Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance,
 Lady, to whom this Tower, is consecrate!
 Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,
 Yet, unlike hers, was blessed by every glance.

The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange :
 A transitory shame of long ago,
 It dies into the sand from which it sprang ;
 But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shalt fear no change :
 God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,
 When all the morning stars together sang.

“ HERE'S TO NELSON'S MEMORY.” See *Nationality in Drinks*.

HERVÉ RIEL.

First appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1871, pp. 257-260.

Reprinted in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 117-130.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 77-85.

This poem was written in 1867—although not published till 1871. It appeared—against Mr. Browning's usual custom—in the *Cornhill* because he desired to give a subscription to the Fund on behalf of the French after the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870-71 : he accordingly sent the £100 given by Mr. Smith for the poem to that fund. When the poem appeared the facts of the story seem to have been forgotten, and were denied at St. Malo ; but on the reports to the French Admiralty of the time being looked up, they were found to be correct. It seems, however, that Browning was mistaken in stating that Hervé Riel was granted but one day's holiday in which to see his wife, “ La Belle Aurore ”—that is, if the *Notes sur le Croisic* (par Caillo Jeune) are correct : “ Ce brave homme ne demanda pour récompense d'un service aussi signalé, qu'un congé absolu pour rejoindre sa femme, qu'il nommait la Belle Aurore.” Under date December 16th, 1881, Mr. Browning writes to Dr. Furnivall : “ Where do you find that the holiday of *Hervé Riel* was for more than a day—his whole life-time ? If it is to be found I have strangely overlooked it.” That he had overlooked it is evident from a further letter, dated December 20th, 1881, when he again writes to Dr. Furnivall : “ You are undoubtedly right, and I have mistaken the meaning of the phrase—I suppose through thinking that, if the coasting-pilot's business ended with reaching land, he might claim as a

right to be let go : otherwise an absolute discharge seems to approach in importance a substantial reward. Still—truth above all things ; so treat the matter as you please.”

HOLY-CROSS DAY.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 158-166.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 291-296.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 280-285.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 167-174

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. vii. p. 8.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 343-344.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 72-73.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 145.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 95-96.

In *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. vii. p. 8, under the heading *Home Thoughts, from Abroad*, are included three poems : the poem now so-called being No. 1 ; *Here's to Nelson's memory* (now printed under the title *Nationality in Drinks*) as No. 2 ; and the poem now called *Home Thoughts, from the Sea*, as No. 3.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 8.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. p. 344.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. p. 73.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 146.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 97.

HOUSE.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 60-63.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 39-41.

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 177-183.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 323-327.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 209-212.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 176-180.

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT
TO AIX.”

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. vii. p. 3.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 318-320.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 6-9.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 80-83.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 9-12.

“There is no sort of historical foundation,” writes Browning, “about *Good News from Ghent*: I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse ‘York,’ then in my stable at home. It was written in pencil on the fly-leaf of Bartoli’s *Simboli*, I remember.” For the towns on the route the poet may have referred to an atlas on board the vessel; but the riders evidently went by the longest route. Dr. W. J. Rolfe (*Poet Lore*, Vol. iv. pp. 379-380) thus describes the “course”: “Aix-la-Chapelle is a little south of east from Ghent, and the distance in a straight line, as I measure it on four different maps, no two of which are on the same scale, is about 105 miles. It is a level country for most of the way; but if Browning had tried to gallop over it at one stretch, his good steed ‘York’ would probably have given out sooner than Dirck’s did in the poem. The riders at the start take a course a little *north* of east to *Lokeren*, twelve miles distant, and thence due east to *Boom*, sixteen miles further. The next town mentioned is Duffeld, or Duffel, about twelve miles east of Boom. It is six miles north of *Mecheln*, or Mechlin, the ‘half-chime’ from the lofty cathedral tower of which the riders are said to hear. We are not to suppose that they pass through Mechlin, which would be quite out of the course they are taking; but if Browning had had a better map, he would probably have made them steer directly to that city from Ghent. From Duffel they pass on to *Aerschot*, fifteen miles more; and thence, twenty-four miles, to *Hasselt*, the capital of the province of Limbourg. From Hasselt we should expect them to make for Maastricht, or Maestricht; but they turn almost at a right angle and go seven or eight miles due *south* to *Loos*. Thence they

aim for Aix again, and proceed to *Tongres* (the French form of the Flemish *Tongerren*), six and a-half miles further. From *Tongres* to Aix it is about twenty-seven miles in a straight course; but the only landmark the poem gives us for this stretch is in the line, 'Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white'—that is, the cupola of the 'octagon' of the Cathedral at Aix. Dalhem is to be found on no map that I have seen, nor is it mentioned in the guide-books or gazetteers. It would seem to be a village near Aix, but I can learn of none such. On one of Bartholomew's maps I find a *Daelheim*, some five miles south of the line from *Tongres* to Aix, and about seventeen miles from the latter. Charlemagne's 'dome-spire' cannot be visible from this place, but I suspect that it is the *Dalhem* of the poem. It will be seen that by the route described it is at least 120 miles from Ghent to Aix, if a straight line is taken from *Tongres* to the latter city. One hundred and twenty-five miles would probably be nearer the true total. The more direct course from *Hasselt* to Aix through *Maastricht* would have been about seven miles shorter."

HUMILITY.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, p. 11.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. p. 9.

"IMPERANTE AUGUSTO NATUS EST—"

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 112-122.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 93-101.

IN A BALCONY.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 49-110.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. ii. pp. 468-502.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 1-40.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 1-41.

On the evening of Friday, November 28, 1884, *In a Balcony* was, for the first time, put upon the stage. The performance took place at the Princes' Hall, and was given under the auspices of the Browning Society. *Constance* was portrayed

by Miss Alma Murray (Mrs. Alfred Forman); the *Queen* by Miss Nora Gerstenberg; and *Norbert* by Mr. Philip Beck. Mr. Frederick Wedmore, writing in *The Academy* of December 6, 1884, says: "Miss Alma Murray's *Constance* was nothing less than a great performance, instinct with intelligence, grace, and fire. The more exacting was the situation, the more evident became the capacity of the actress to grapple with it. It was the performance of an artist who had thought of all the part contained, and had understood it—who knew how to compose a rôle as a whole, and how to execute it, alike in its least and its most important detail. It is long since our stage has seen an interpretation more picturesque or more moving."

IN A GONDOLA.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. iii. pp. 6-9.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 271-280.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 205-214.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 196-205.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 66-77.

The opening stanza of this poem was originally written to illustrate a picture by Maclise. Charles Dickens, writing to Maclise in 1844, says: "In a certain picture called *The Serenade*, for which Browning wrote that verse in Lincoln's Inn Fields, you, O Mac, painted a sky." Browning, however, writing to Dr. Furnivall on September 15, 1881, gives the following details: "I wrote the Venice stanza to illustrate Maclise's picture, for which he was anxious to get some line or two. I had not seen it, but, from Forster's description, gave it to him, in his room, *impromptu*. Maclise (a friend of my own) painted the whole thing, not the sky merely. When I did see it I thought the serenader too jolly, somewhat, for the notion I got from Forster, and I took up the subject in my own way." This poem has been considerably revised since it first appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*. For instance, in line 87, where in the original version we have

"Lie back; could I improve you?"

we now read

“ Lie back ; could thought of mine improve you ? ”

and in line 104, in place of

“ He and the Couple catch at last,”

we now have

“ What if the Three should catch at last.”

But in lines 171-177 a still more extensive revision has been made. In place of the original reading—

“ Breathes slumbrously as if some elf
Went in and out tall chords his wings
Get murmurs from whene'er they graze
As may an angel thro' the maze
Of pillars on God's quest have gone
At guilty glorious Babylon ”—

the passage now reads :

“ Breathes slumberously, as if some elf
Went in and out the chords, his wings
Make murmur, wheresoe'er they graze,
As an angel may, between the maze
Of midnight palace-pillars, on
And on, to sow God's plagues, have gone
Through guilty glorious Babylon.”

IN A YEAR.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. p. 24.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 133-137.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 205-208.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 175-179.

IN THREE DAYS.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. p. 21.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 132-133.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 204-205.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. 172-174.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. iii. p. 5, under the heading of *Camp and Cloister*, 1, *Camp*.

Dramatic Romances,

Incident of the French Camp.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Days wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone bow
Oppression with its mind.

- Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. i. pp. 266-267.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 156-157.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv, pp. 147-148.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 3-5.

INSTANS TYRANNUS.

- First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. p. 123.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 171-173.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 162-164.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 24-27.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY TO "LETTERS OF PERCY BYSSHE
SHELLEY."

- First appeared in 1852.
Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part i. 1881.
Ditto, in Pamphlet form, 1888.

IVÀN IVÀNOVITCH.

- First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* I. 1879, pp. 59-100.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 32-56.

IXION.

- First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, pp. 55-69.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 199-208.
It has been pointed out by Mrs. Orr (*Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning*, p. 13) that the alternative hexameter and pentameter is employed by Mr. Browning for the only time in this poem: the measure cleverly "imitating the turning of the wheel on which Ixion is bound."

JAMES LEE'S WIFE.

- First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 1-24.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 41-61.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 45-68.
When issued originally in *Dramatis Personæ* this Poem was

entitled *James Lee*: but four years later, in the collected edition of his works, Mr. Browning changed it to *James Lee's Wife*. There are some alterations in the punctuation, and also in the capitaling, of the 1868 edition; but the only alteration of real importance is the long addition to the eighth section of the Poem. In the original edition this section consisted of the first subsection as it now stands, beginning

“As like as a Hand to another Hand:”

And ending

“Still from one's soulless finger tips,”

Then followed two lines as subsection 2—

“Go, little girl, with the poor coarse hand!
I have my lesson, shall understand.”

In the edition of 1868, two new subsections were added: the one consisting of twenty-two lines, now forming subsection 2:

II.

'Tis a clay cast, the perfect thing,
From Hand live once, dead long ago:
Princess-like it wears the ring
To fancy's eye, by which we know
That here at length a master found
His match, a proud lone soul its mate,
As soaring genius sank to ground
And pencil could not emulate
The beauty in this,—how free, how fine
To fear almost!—of the limit-line.
Long ago the god, like me
The worm, learned, each in our degree:
Looked and loved, learned and drew,
Drew and learned and loved again,
While fast the happy minutes flew,
Till beauty mounted into his brain
And on the finger which outvied
His art he placed the ring that's there,
Still by fancy's eye descried,
In token of a marriage rare:
For him on earth, his art's despair,
For him in heaven, his soul's fit bride.

The other of thirty-nine lines, forming subsection 3 :

III.

Little girl with the poor coarse hand
 I turned from to a cold clay cast—
 I have my lesson, understand
 The worth of flesh and blood at last !
 Nothing but beauty in a Hand ?
 Because he could not change the hue,
 Mend the lines and make them true
 To this which met his soul's demand,—
 Would Da Vinci turn from you ?
 I hear him laugh my woes to scorn—
 "The fool forsooth is all forlorn
 "Because the beauty, she thinks best,
 "Lived long ago or was never born,—
 "Because no beauty bears the test.
 "In this rough peasant Hand ! Confessed
 "'Art is null and study void !'
 "So sayest thou ? So said not I,
 "Who threw the faulty pencil by,
 "And years instead of hours employed,
 "Learning the veritable use
 "Of flesh and bone and nerve beneath
 "Lines and hue of the outer sheath,
 "If haply I might reproduce
 "One motive of the mechanism,
 "Flesh and bone and nerve that make
 "The poorest coarsest human hand
 "An object worthy to be scanned
 "A whole life long for their sole sake.
 "Shall earth and the cramped moment-space
 "Yield the heavenly crowning grace ?
 "Now the parts and then the whole !
 "Who art thou, with stunted soul
 "And stunted body, thus to cry
 "I love,—shall that be life's strait dole ?
 "'I must live beloved or die !'
 "This peasant hand that spins the wool
 'And bakes the bread, why lives it on,
 "Poor and coarse with beauty gone,—
 "What use survives the beauty? Fool !"

closing with the two lines originally forming subsection 2 :

“ Go, little girl with the poor coarse hand !
I have my lesson, shall understand.”

The poem is, as all readers of Browning are aware, descriptive, by a series of lyrical verses, of an unhappy married life, as far as it has its effect on the mood, and at last on the critical conduct, of the wife. The husband, it would seem, we are meant to know little about—and to this is of course attributable the subsequent change of title. The poem is the more noteworthy as containing specimens of Browning's work of three different kinds and times—that is, so far as we can judge, of 1836, 1864, and 1868.

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH.

First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, pp. 71-131.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 209-255.

The scene of this poem, writes Miss Cohen (*Jewish Messenger*, March 4, 1887) is laid at Schiphaz (probably Sheeraz, on the Bendimir, as Browning writes it, no doubt Bundemeer, one of the chief rivers in the province of Farsiztan, in Persia). Mr. Browning writes concerning it : “ This story can have no better authority than that of the treatise, existing dispersedly in fragments of rabbinical writing. The two Hebrew quotations—put in to give a grave look to what is mere fun and invention—being translated amount to, first, ‘ A collection of many lies,’ and the second an old saying ‘ From Moses to Moses arose none like Moses.’ ” This, Miss Cohen points out, refers, of course, to the Moses of the Bible and to the distinguished Maimonides of the twelfth century.

JOCOSERIA.

First appeared (1883) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 389, No. 24.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 165-260.

JOHANNES AGRICOLA IN MEDITATION.

First appeared in the *Monthly Repository*, 1836, Vol. x. p. 45.

Reprinted, *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. ii. p. 13.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 300-302.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 284-286.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 229-230.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 199-201.

Following the heading of this poem as it originally appeared in *The Monthly Repository* [where the poem was called *Madhouse Cells*. 1] was the following quotation from the *Dictionary of all Religions* (1704): "Antinomians, so denominated for rejecting the law as a thing of no use under the gospel dispensation: they say that good works do not further, nor evil works hinder salvation; that the child of God cannot sin, that God never chastiseth him, that murder, drunkenness, &c., are sins in the wicked but not in him, that the child of grace being once assured of salvation, afterwards never doubteth . . . that God doth not love any man for his holiness, that sanctification is no evidence of justification, &c. Pontanus, in his Catalogue of Heresies, says John Agricola was the author of this sect, A.D. 1535."

In the reprint of 1849, the title was given as 1.—*Madhouse Cell*; the sub-title being *Johannes Agricola in Meditation*. In the 1863 edition, however, the heading of the poem was given as *Johannes Agricola in Meditation*.

JURIS DOCTOR JOHANNES - BAPTISTA BOTTINIUS, FISCI
 ET REV. CAM. APOSTOL. ADVOCATUS. See *The Ring
 and the Book*.

KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. ii. pp. 5-20.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. i. pp. 231-302.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. ii. pp. 68-139.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 1-72.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iii. 81-165.

KENTISH SIR BYNG. See *Cavalier Tunes*.

LAIRESSE, GERARD DE, PARLEYING WITH.

First appeared in *Parleyings*, 1887, pp. 161-189.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 201-220.

Gerard de Lairesse, a Flemish painter, was born at Liége in 1640. At the age of fifteen he produced portraits and historical pictures. Notwithstanding that he was of deformed figure, he was very fond of dress, and was of dissipated life. The Dutch called him their "second Raphael"—Hemskirk being the first. For many years he painted at Amsterdam, and towards the end of his career was much troubled by his eyesight—at times being quite blind. Exceedingly fond of teaching, he was always willing to communicate his method of work to students.

His name is generally associated with a *Treatise on the Art of Painting*; but there appears to be some doubt as to whether he actually wrote it. He was very eccentric in his method of work: having prepared his canvas, he would take his violin, and, sitting down before it, play for some time, then, putting down the instrument, would rapidly sketch in the picture—resuming his fiddle when needing fresh inspiration for his work. He died in 1711.

LA SAISIAZ.

First appeared (1878), with *The Two Poets of Croisic*, in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 387, No. 21.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 153-204.

This poem was inspired by the sudden death of Miss Anne Egerton Smith (the Proprietress of the *Liverpool Mercury*), at La Saisiaz, September 14, 1877—where she had been enjoying the companionship of Mr. Browning and his sister: the poem being so called, Mrs. Orr tells us, from the name of the villa ("La Saisiaz") in which they had resided.

LIFE IN A LOVE.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. p. 90

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. p. 131.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 203.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 171.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 1-6.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 38-42.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 112-115.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 54-57.

LOVE IN A LIFE.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 173-174.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. p. 130.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 202.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 170.

LURIA.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. viii. pp. 1-20.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 139-210.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. ii. pp. 357-427.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 43-114.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 205-289.

This tragedy deals with one of many hereditary outbreaks of feud between Florence and Pisa. Mr. Browning appears to have in mind the struggle between the two cities, which took place almost at the beginning of the fifteenth century, although he does not hamper himself by too strict an observance of actual facts. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, the early death of Galeazzo Visconti had put an end for a time to the power of that ambitious and dangerous family in Florence. But Pisa, the old enemy of the Florentines, had fallen under the tyrannous supremacy of a member of the hated house of Visconti,—Gabiello Maria, a son of Gian Galeazzo. Florence had thus a new cause of grievance against Pisa; she detested not only the city, but its ruler. In 1404 she fitted out an expedition against Pisa, and two years later captured the city after a long and cruel siege. This is, apparently, the bare historical foundation of the play.

Luria—"the last attempt for the present at dramatic poetry"—was dedicated to Walter Savage Landor—who replied in his characteristic yet kindly fashion: "Accept my thanks for the richest of Easter offerings made to any one for many years. I

staid at home last evening on purpose to read *Luria*, and if I lost any good music (as I certainly did) I was well compensated in kind. To day I intend to devote the rainy hours entirely to *The Soul's Tragedy*. . . . Go on and pass us poor devils! If you do not go far ahead of me, I will crack my whip at you and make you spring forward."

In another letter, Landor takes up *Luria* again, remarking: "I have written to Browning, a great poet, a very great poet indeed, as the world will have to agree with us in thinking. The sudden close of *Luria* is very grand; but preceding it, I fear there is rather too much of argumentation and reflection. It is continued too long after the Moor has taken poison. I may be wrong, but if it is so you will see him and tell him. God grant that he may live to be much greater than he is, high as he stands above most of the living."

The key-note of this play would seem to be struck in the fine parallel between the people of Florence led to the field by *Luria* and the unfinished Cathedral—the pride of the people, "joined to a Moorish front" (Act i. lines 121-126). On this matter, Mr. Ernest Radford makes the following interesting observations (*vide Browning Society's Papers*, Part ii. pp. 251-252): "The reader who does not know Florence, who has not indeed some knowledge of its architecture, will hardly perceive how apt is the parallel: he will not realise how fine an instance it affords of Browning's searching intelligence in every matter of art. At Florence, in the small and hardly visited Museum called 'Opera del Duomo,' one may see models and plans relating to the Cathedral of all dates, from the time of Arnolfo (its original designer) until now. The building, it is well known, has remained unfinished. For more than 500 years the art-loving Florentines impatiently expected its completion, and Florentine artists throughout that time have had it for their highest hope to be found worthy of the work. And, curiously enough, there is, amongst many designs in the Museum which bear witness to this honourable ambition and diligent effort, one which accords with the poet's thought

"—a fancy, how a *Moorish front*
Might join to, and complete, the body."

It is a design which dwells in the memory. It is imaginative, and more poetical perhaps than any of those which a stricter taste prefers. It is not quite compatible, yet it is not wholly incongruous. The influence of the East was strong upon Arnolfo when, in the late 13th century, he made his plan. The architect has realised also an idea of Browning's (see *Old Pictures in Florence*), that the spire which formed part of its original design should be added to the Campanile of Giotto. The Campanile is detached, but its west side is flush with the façade, and practically, where alterations are in question, it must be considered as part of the Cathedral. The tower with the short spire added, small pinnacles or minarets on the shoulders of the façade, and the great dome with its sub-domes in the rear, have an appearance almost Eastern. Few, I have said, would realise that the work might so be treated, yet one architect at least has done so, and Browning has realised it too. For it is an interesting fact that Browning has not seen the design I have just described, which embodies so precisely the ideas expressed in his verse."

Mr. James Russell Lowell also writes of *Luria*: "If not the best, it is certainly one of the most striking of his dramas in its clearness of purpose, the energetic rapidity of its movement, the harmony of its details, the natural attraction with which they all tend toward and at last end in the consummation, and in the simplicity and concentration of its tragic element."

MAGICAL NATURE.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, p. 90.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. p. 60.

MANDEVILLE, BERNARD DE, PARLEYING WITH.

First appeared in *Parleyings*, 1887, pp. 29-50.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 117-131.

Bernard de Mandeville was born at Dort, in Holland, in the year 1670. He became a student of medicine, and eventually took up his residence in London. In 1714 he issued *The Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turned Honest*—a work which

was subsequently (1723) enlarged into *The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices, Public Benefits*. It is this latter work by which Mandeville is now best known. It was, however, condemned as of pernicious tendency by the grand jury of Middlesex. A second part of the *Fable* was afterwards published by Mandeville—who claimed an ironical meaning for his arguments in favour of vice. He wrote other treatises on questions of social polity, etc.; but his personal character, says *The Pall Mall Gazette* (Jan. 18, 1887), is reported to have been by no means worthy of respect. For instance—it is stated that he was paid by distillers to write in different periodicals in favour of the custom of indulging in spirituous liquors; while it is reported by Sir John Hawkins that he was “a great flatterer of certain vulgar Dutch merchants,” from whom he received a pension. The first Earl of Macclesfield was his chief patron; and it was as his guest that Mandeville met Addison, whom he afterwards described as “a parson in a tye wig.” He died in 1733.

MAN I AM AND MAN WOULD BE, LOVE.

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 31-32.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 22-23.

MARCHING ALONG. See *Cavalier Tunes*.

MARTIN RELPH.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* I. pp. 1-26
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 3-16.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT AND FUSELI.

First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, pp. 45-49.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 195-196.

MASTER HUGUES OF SAXE-GOTHA.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. p. 194-204.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 149-155.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 221-227.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 196-204

MAY AND DEATH.

First appeared in *The Keepsake*, 1857.
 Reprinted, *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 143 146.
 Ditto, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 150-151.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 165-166.

When reprinted in *Dramatis Personæ*, some new readings were substituted—as for instance (line 15) “save a sole streak,” in place of “except a streak.”

The “plant” alluded to in stanza 4 of this poem is doubtless the *Polygonum Persicaria*, or Spotted Persicaria. It is a common weed, with purple stains on its rather large leaves—these spots varying in size and vividness of colour according to the nature of the soil where it grows. A legend attached to the plant attributes these stains to the blood of Christ having fallen on the leaves growing below the cross.

MEETING AT NIGHT.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 20.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. p. 399.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. p. 32.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 106.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 46.

MEMORABILIA.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. p. 259.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. p. 145.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 217.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 190-191.

Mr. W. G. Kingsland writes: “I remember on one occasion Browning narrating the incident that inspired these stanzas. He was in the shop of a then well-known London bookseller, when a stranger to himself entered, and commenced a conversation with the bookseller on Shelley—stating, *inter alia*, that he had both seen and spoken to him. While thus conversing, the stranger suddenly turned round, and burst into a laugh on observing how Browning was ‘staring at him’ with blanched

face: 'and,' said the poet, 'I have not yet forgotten how strangely the sight of one who had spoken with Shelley affected me.'" (*Poe's Lore*, Vol. ii., 1890, p. 131.)

MEN AND WOMEN.

First appeared (1855) in Two Vols. See *ante*, p. 373, No. 7.

In these volumes the title belongs to fifty poems then published, with an Epilogue addressed to Mrs. Browning, entitled *One Word More*. The poems are mainly monologues—utterances each of a single speaker: but in some the lyric note predominates more distinctly than in others; and one (*In a Balcony*) is a drama. In the collected editions, the title *Men and Women* is given to a comparatively small number of poems, not, of course, including *In a Balcony*; the rest are distributed under the two headings *Dramatic Lyrics* and *Dramatic Romances*.

MESMERISM.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 107-116.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 174-180.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 165-171.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 28-35.

MIHRAB SHAH.

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 46-56.
 Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 32-38.

MISCONCEPTIONS.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. p. 227-228.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. p. 119.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 191.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 154.

MR. SLUDGE, "THE MEDIUM."

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 169-236.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 162-218.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 182-245.

MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 52-55.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 44-46.

MULÉYKEH.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* II., 1880, pp. 43-59.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 108-116.

“MY HEART SANK WITH OUR CLARET-FLASK.” See
Nationality in Drinks.

MY LAST DUCHESS.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates* (under the heading
Italy and France), 1842, No. iii.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 258-260.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 159-161.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 150-152.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 8-10.

In this poem, Fra Pandolf and his picture, Claus of Innsbruck, and the bronze Neptune taming a sea horse, are all imaginary. The Duke's avowed design when he “said Fra Pandolf,” was to call attention to the bright smile portrayed by the artist on his Last Duchess's countenance, and in reply to an anticipated look of inquiry, to impress on the Envoy and on the Count his master the necessity for dignity of demeanour and obedience on the part of the future Duchess.

MY STAR.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. p. 122.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. p. 98.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 170.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 125.

NATIONALITY IN DRINKS.

First appeared in *Hood's Magazine*, June 1844, Vol. i. p. 525.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 11-12.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 85-86.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 16-18.

NATURAL MAGIC.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 88-89.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 58-59.

NED BRATTS.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* I. 1879, pp. 107-143.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 60-80.

The original of *Ned Bratts* is doubtless to be found in the story of "old Tod," narrated in John Bunyan's *Life and Death of Mr. Badman* [1680]. Indeed, Dr. Furnivall says this story, which Browning had read in his boyhood, "was distinctly in the poet's mind" when he wrote the poem at the Splügen, far from books. Bunyan's narrative takes the form of a dialogue between Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive, and the former relates the "story concerning one old *Tod*, that was hanged about Twenty years or more, at *Hartford*." Here is the story: "At a Summer Assizes holden at *Hartford*, while the Judge was sitting upon the Bench, comes this old *Tod* into the Court, cloathed in a green Suit, with his Leathern Girdle in his hand, his bosom open, and all in a dung sweat, as if he had run for his Life; and being come in, he spake aloud as follows: *My Lord*, said he, *Here is the veryest Rogue that breaths upon the face of the earth. I have been a Thief from a Child: When I was but a little one, I gave my self to rob Orchards, and to do other such like wicked things, and I have continued a Thief ever since. My Lord, there has not been a Robbery committed thus many years, within so many miles of this place, but I have either been at it or privy to it.*

"The Judge thought the fellow was mad, but after some conference with some of the Justices, they agreed to Indict him; and so they did, of several felonious Actions; to all of which he heartily confessed Guilty, and so was hanged with his Wife at the same time. . . . As for the truth of this Story, the Relator told me that he was at the same time himself in the Court, and stood within less than two yards of old *Tod*, when he heard him aloud to utter the words."

NEVER THE TIME AND THE PLACE.

First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, pp. 133-136.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 256-257.

“NOT WITH MY SOUL, LOVE.”

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 91-92.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 61-62.

NOW.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, p. 10.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. p. 8.

NUMPHOLEPTOS.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 95-105.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 63-69.

Concerning this poem, Mr. Browning (in a letter addressed to Dr. Furnivall) writes as follows: “Is not the key to the meaning of the poem in its title—*νυμφόληπτος* [caught or entranced by a Nymph], not *γυναικεραστής* [a woman-lover]? An allegory, that is, of an impossible ideal object of love, accepted conventionally as such by a man who, all the while, cannot quite blind himself to the demonstrable fact that the possessor of knowledge and purity obtained without the natural consequences of obtaining them by achievement—not inheritance—such a being is imaginary, not real, a nymph and no woman: and only such an one would be ignorant of and surprised at the results of a lover's endeavour to emulate the qualities which the beloved is entitled to consider as pre-existent to earthly experience, and independent of its inevitable results.

“I had no particular woman in my mind; certainly never intended to personify wisdom, philosophy, or any other abstraction; and the orb, raying colour out of whiteness, was altogether a fancy of my own. The ‘seven spirits’ are in the Apocalypse, also in Coleridge and Byron: a common image.”

“O THE OLD WALL HERE.”

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 1-2.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 3-4.

This poem forms the Prologue to *Pacchiarotto and how he Worked in Distemper: with other Poems*. It is printed in the second series of *Selections* under the title of *A Wall*.

OH LOVE, LOVE!

First appeared in Mahaffy's *Euripides*,¹ 1879.

Reprinted, *Browning Society's Papers*, Part i. p. 69.

This was a rendering into English of two stanzas of Euripides' *Hippolytus*, and has not been reprinted in any edition of Mr. Browning's Poems. The lines are as follows:—

I.

Oh Love, Love, thou that from the eyes diffusest
Yearning, and on the soul sweet grace inducest—
Souls against whom thy hostile march is made—
Never to me be manifest in ire,
Nor, out of time and tune, my peace invade!
Since neither from the fire—
No, nor the stars—is launched a bolt more mighty
Than that of Aphrodité
Hurled from the hands of Love, the boy with Zeus for sire.

II.

Idly, how idly, by the Alpheian river
And in the Pythian shrines of Phœbus, quiver
Blood-offerings from the bull, which Hellas heaps:
While Love we worship not—the Lord of men!
Worship not him, the very key who keeps
Of Aphrodité, when,
She closes up her dearest chamber-portals:
— Love, when he comes to mortals,
Wide-wasting, through those deeps of woes beyond the deep!

OH, LOVE—NO, LOVE! ALL THE NOISE BELOW, LOVE."

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 140-143.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 90-92.

This poem is the Epilogue to *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

¹ Macmillan's Classical Writers: Euripides, by Prof. Mahaffy. Macmillan and Co.

OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 30-48.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 58-70.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 131-142.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 77-91.

In the Second Series of *Selections* (1880), Mr. Browning appended a note to this poem replying to Professor Colvin's "condemnation" of the line

"You're wroth—can you slay your snake like Apollo?"

A fierce controversy has for many a day raged about Apollo's attitude in this statue. Has he just shot his arrow (the view adopted by Browning, and supported in the "Note")? Is he about to shoot, or is he grasping the Ægis in battle? Since the date of the Poet's Note, the controversy has been briskly continued—the witness both for and against the ægis theory having been the Stroganoff statuette, first noticed by Stephani in 1860, as proving that Apollo held the ægis. In 1882, Furtwängler declared that an examination of the Stroganoff Apollo convinced him that the god held whatever he may have held far too daintily for it to be the ægis. This opinion for a time seemed to have petrified the gorgon, but that it was ineffectual appears by the later advocacy of Kieseritzky, who says that *his* examination of the statuette convinced *him* that the ægis theory is correct. The whole history of the controversy will be found summarised in Mrs. Mitchell's *History of Ancient Sculpture* (London, 1883, pp. 621-626). It is pointed out by "K," in "Browning Notes and Queries" (*Browning Society's Papers*, part vii., p. 10*) that "Mrs. Mitchell is evidently, at heart, with Furtwängler (and Browning) and not with Colvin and Kieseritzky, but she ventures only to call the ægis theory 'unpleasant.'"

"ON THE FIRST OF THE FEAST OF FEASTS."

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 245-246.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 222-223.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 250-251.

This poem is the "FIRST SPEAKER, as David," in the Epilogue to *Dramatis Personæ*.

"ONCE I SAW A CHEMIST TAKE A PINCH OF POWDER."

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 76-77.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 51-52.

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. p. 30.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 122-123.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 194-195.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 159-160.

ONE WORD MORE. TO E. B. B.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. p. 229.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 425-432.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 313-321.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 296-305.

This poem forms the Epilogue to *Men and Women*, and is, in effect, the dedication of the fifty poems originally appearing under this title, to Mrs. Browning.

Concerning the Dante allusions in this poem, Mr. W. M. Rossetti writes in the *Academy* (1891): "I understand the allusions, but Browning is far from accurate in them.

1. Towards the end of the *Vita Nuova*, Dante says that, on the first anniversary of the death of Beatrice, he began drawing an angel, but was interrupted by certain people of distinction, who entered on a visit. Browning is, therefore, wrong in intimating that the angel was painted to please Beatrice.

2. Then Browning says that the pen with which Dante drew the angel was, perhaps, corroded by the hot ink in which it had previously been dipped for the purpose of denouncing a certain wretch,—*i.e.*, one of the persons named in his *Inferno*. This about the ink, as such, is Browning's own figure of speech, not got out of Dante.

3. Then Browning speaks of Dante's having his 'left hand i' the hair o' the wicked,' etc. This refers to *Inferno*, Canto 32, where Dante meets (among the traitors to their country) a

certain Bocca degli Abati, a notorious Florentine traitor, dead some years back, and Dante clutches and tears at Bocca's hair to compel him to name himself, which Bocca would much rather not do.

4. Next Browning speak of this Bocca as being a 'live' man.' Here Browning confounds two separate incidents. Bocca is not only damned, but also dead; but, further on—Canto 33—Dante meets another man, a traitor against his familiar friend. This traitor is Frate Alberigo, one of the Manfredi family, of Faenza. This Frate Alberigo was, though damned, not, in fact, dead; he was still alive, and Dante makes it out that traitors of this sort are liable to have their souls sent to hell before the death of their bodies. A certain Branca d'Oria, Genoese, is in like case,—damned, but not dead.

5. Browning proceeds to speak of the wretch going 'festering through Florence.' This is a relapse into his mistake,—the confounding of the dead Florentine Bocca degli Abati with the living (though damned) Faentine and Genoese traitors, Frate Alberigo and Branca d'Oria, who had nothing to do with Florence."

PACCHIAROTTO, AND HOW HE WORKED IN DISTEMPER.

First appeared (1876) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 384, No. 19.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 1-241.

PAMBO.

First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, pp. 137-143.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 258-260.

PAN AND LUNA.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls II.* 1880, pp. 137-147.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 159-163.

PARACELsus.

First appeared (1835) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 363, No. 2.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. i. pp. 1-162.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. iii. pp. 1-162.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. i. pp. 43-206.
Ditto *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. ii. pp. 1 186.

For the edition of 1863, this poem underwent considerable revision—several lines being omitted, fresh ones inserted, and many verbal changes made in the text. For instance—in the edition of 1835, p. 13 :

As you had your own soul : accordingly
I could go further back, and trace each bough
Of this wide branching tree even to its birth ;
Each full-grown passion to its outspring faint ;
But I shall only dwell upon the intents—

appears in the edition of 1863 (p. 10) as one line only.

“As you had your own soul and those intents.”

Mr. Browning always held he had been true to the real character of Paracelsus in his poem ; he was likewise well versed in the works of this pioneer of modern chemists. In this connection it may be well to give here the following summary from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (9th ed., 1875, i., p. 465—467) : “Paracelsus is the prophet of a revolution in general science. ‘Madman, charlatan, impostor,’ no name is too bad for him with the historians, and yet they are forced to confess that this impudent adventurer brought about a necessary revolution. Thomas Thompson is very severe . . . He would have wished, forsooth, the revolutionist of Basle to have delivered before his young and enthusiastic audience ‘the sober lectures of a professor of a university.’ Dryasdusts are fond of falling into such anachronisms : a far truer estimate of Paracelsus has been given us by Mr. Browning in the drama which bears his name. There are souls of fire always enveloped in clouds, from which ever and anon the lightnings of genius flash forth, who bear humanity towards a goal, foreseen rather than seen by themselves, by a rough and rugged road with endless turns and windings. Such a nature was Paracelsus. He was the greatest traveller in that age of scientific travellers ; he practised medicine as the doctor of the poor, and inaugurated lectures in the vulgar tongue. . . . Nature, as he views it, is not a clear and intelligible system of which the form declares the essence ; no, it is mysterious. There is a spirit at work beneath the outside shell. What is written on this shell, no one can read but the initiated who have learned to separate the

real and the apparent. By making the viscera the seat of diseases, Paracelsus claims to be the founder of the organicists; by his chemistry of the blood—mercury which evaporates, sulphur which burns, salt which is constant—he is answerable for the blunderings of Maître Purgon; by his *archeus*, the grand motor and regulator of the astrology of the body, he is the ancestor in a direct line of animism, and collaterally of modern Hippocratism or vitalism of the Montpellier school. In short, it is hard to name anything that cannot be found in the works of this mad genius, who, in spite of the jars and jolts of his wild career, still manages to keep the road without upsetting either at Paris or Montpellier. What, we may ask, would modern therapeutics be without the opium and mercury of Paracelsus—without the laudanum of his disciple Quercetan, physician to Henry IV.? When this charlatan had substituted for astrological influence a simple parallelism, it was easy for Van Helmont to rid modern science of this simple parallelism. Besides all this, Paracelsus was a real doctor. . . . a patient was dining with him ninety-nine days after he had been pronounced *in extremis* . . . those strange bodies which escaped from the retorts of the masters of the sacred art were called by them ‘souls’; their successors, on a closer acquaintance, called them ‘spirits.’ Basil Vatentin and Paracelsus, recognising their importance in the transmutation of bodies, gave to them the name of mercury. Van Helmont studied them more minutely, and invented the name ‘gas.’ Hence modern chemistry was born.”

In a note to *Paracelsus*, Browning says that “Bombast his proper name, probably acquired, from the characteristic phraseology of his lectures, that unlucky signification which it has ever since retained.” Professor W. J. Rolfe, however, points out that Bombast has really no connexion whatever with Paracelsus, as one may see by reference to any standard English dictionary. The word was originally applied to the soft down of the cotton-plant, or “cotton-wool” as it is popularly called. Gerard, in his *Herbal* (1597) says that this is “called in English and French, Cotton, Bombaste, and Bombace,” and Sandys, in his *Travels* (1615), referring to the cotton-plant, says: “The head, ripening,

breaks, and is delivered of a white, soft Bombast." Cotton and certain stuffs made of cotton being often used as padding for clothes, bombast came to be applied to padding and stuffing in both a literal and a figurative sense, and hence to inflated and turgid language. The verb (to swell out, render turgid) is found as early as 1573, in Reginald Scot's *Hop Garden*. "Not bumbasting the same with the figures and flowers of rhetoric." Florio, in his *Montaigne* (1603) has the expression, "Bumbast his labours with high swelling and heaven—disembowelling words." Every student of Shakespeare is familiar with the use of the word in Robert Greene's famous fling at the dramatist (1594): "An upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his Tyger's heart wrapt in a Player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you." The noun in the figurative sense is used by Nashe (dedication to Greene's *Menaphon*) in (1589): "To outbrave better pens with the swelling bumbast of a bragging blanke verse." Shakespeare has the word, literally, in *I. Henry IV.* (ii. 4, 359) where Hal calls Falstaff "my sweet creature of bombast" ("a stuffed man," as Beatrice puts it); figuratively in *Othello* (i. 1, 13),

with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

and with a punning double sense in *Love's Labour's Lost*, (v. 2, 791):

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time.

[*Poet Lore*, Vol. iii. p. 104.]

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY.

To wit: BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE,
DANIEL BARTOLI,
CHRISTOPHER SMART,
GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON,
FRANCIS FURINI,
GERARD DE LAIRESSE,
and CHARLES AVISON.

Introduced by

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN APOLLO AND THE FATES.

Concluded by

ANOTHER BETWEEN JOHN FUST AND HIS FRIENDS.

First appeared (1887) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 390, No. 26.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 1-275.

PARTING AT MORNING.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates* (under the title "Morning"), 1845, No. vii. p. 20.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. p. 399.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. p. 33.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 107.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 46.

PAULINE ; A FRAGMENT OF A CONFESSION.

First appeared (1833) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 361, No. 1.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. i. pp. 1-42.

Ditto 1886, a facsimile of the original edition of 1833.

Edited by Thos. J. Wise.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. i. pp. 1-45.

Pauline was not accorded a place among Mr. Browning's collected works till it appeared in the edition of 1868—when it was reprinted for the first time : the poet evidently deploring the necessity (owing to the probable publication of surreptitious editions) which led to the re-issue.

On a fly-leaf of an original edition of *Pauline*, Browning (according to Mr. R. N. Shepherd) wrote (under date December 14, 1838) : "*Pauline* written in pursuance of a foolish plan I forget, or have no wish to remember ; involving the assumption of several distinct characters : the world was never to guess that such an opera, such a comedy, such a speech proceeded from the same notable person. Mr. V. A. (see page second) was Poet of the party, and predestined to cut no inconsiderable figure. 'Only this crab' (I find set down in my copy) remains of the shapely Tree of Life in my Fool's Paradise."

The following "pretty conceit" (from the *Monthly Repository*)

regarding the genesis of *Pauline*, had its "foundation in fact," Mr. Browning having lent his copy of *Rosalind and Helen* to Miss Flower, and which she lost in a wood: "Last autumn L—— dropped a poem of Shelley's down there in the wood; amongst the thick, damp, rotting leaves, and this spring someone found a delicate exotic-looking plant, growing wild on the very spot, with *Pauline* hanging from its slender stalk. Unripe fruit it may be, but of pleasant flavour and promise, and a mellow produce, it may be hoped, will follow."

The whole of the pretty "huitain" of Marot's, the first two lines of which form the motto to *Pauline*, reads thus:—

"Plus ne suis ce que j'ay esté,
Et ne le saurois jamais estre :
Mon beau printemps et mon esté
Ont fait le saut par la fenestre.
Amour, tu as esté mon maistre,
Je t'ay servy sur tous les dieux,
O si je pouvois deux fois naistre,
Comme je te servirois mieulx !"

PHEIDIPPIDES:

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls*, 1, pp. 27-44.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 17-25.

This poem, Mrs. Orr tells us (*Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning*, p. 13), is written in a measure of Mr. Browning's own—being composed of dactyles and spondees, each line ending with a half-foot or pause. It is certainly well adapted to the character of the poem.

PICTOR IGNOTUS. FLORENCE, 15—

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 4.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 321-323.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 343-345.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 231-234.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 202-204.

In this poem as now printed will be found various deviations from its first form. In line 23, the first reading was

"Men, women, children, hath it spilt, my cup?"

This now reads—

“ O human faces, hath it spilt, my cup? ”

And in lines 45 to 48, the first version was—

“ Mixed with my loving ones there trooped—for what?
 Who summoned those cold faces which begun
 To press on me and judge me? As asquat
 And shrinking from the soldiery a nun,—

This stands now—

“ Mixed with my loving trusting ones, there trooped
 . . . Who summoned those cold faces that begun
 To press on me and judge me? Though I stooped
 Shrinking, as from the soldiery a nun,”

PIETRO OF ABANO.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls II.* 1880, pp. 61-111.
 Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 117-145.

Peter of Abano—*Petrus de Apono* or *Petrus de Padua*—was an Italian physician and alchemist, born at Abano near Padua in 1246. It is related of him that he studied Greek at Constantinople, mathematics at Padua, and to have been made Doctor of Medicine and Philosophy at Paris. He then returned to Padua, where he was professor of medicine, and followed the Arabian physicians, especially Averroes. His reputation was great, and his fees enormous. Jealous of his wealth and renown, his enemies denounced him to the Inquisition as a magician; and probably had he not in the meantime died a natural death (about 1320), he would have been burnt. However, his corpse was ordered to be burnt: but as that had been purloined by a friend, his portrait was publicly burnt by the executioner. In 1560 a Latin epitaph to his memory was put up in the church of St. Augustin. His best known work is his *Conciliator differentiarum quæ inter philosophos et medicos versantur* (Mantua, 1472, and Venice, 1476).

In Bishop Thirlwall's *Letters to a Friend* (1881, Vol. ii. pp. 77-79), there is a story somewhat resembling Peter's: "A young student calls on Don Manuel at Seville, and asks for a spell to get him along in life. Don Manuel calls to his housekeeper, 'Jacinta, roast the partridges. Don Diego will stay to dinner.'

The student makes a grand career : is Dean, Bishop, and then Pope soon after he is forty. When Don Manuel calls on him in Rome, he threatens the magician, who has made him, with the prisons of the Holy Office : and then hears Don Manuel call out, ' Jacinta, you need *not* put down the partridges. Don Diego will not stay to dinner.' And, lo ! Diego found himself at Don Manuel's door,—with his way yet to make in the world."

PIPPA PASSES.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*; 1841, No. i. pp. 1-16.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. i. pp. 163-230.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. ii. pp. 1-67.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. ii. pp. 219-287.

Ditto ditto 1889, Vol. iii. pp. 1-79.

As noted above, *Pippa Passes* first appeared in 1841, in No. 1. of *Bells and Pomegranates*, and was not reprinted until eight years later, when it was included in the two-volume edition of the *Poems* of 1849. In the meantime it had undergone considerable revision, and had been greatly enlarged. As the original series of *Bells and Pomegranates* is rendered practically inaccessible to the general reader by reason of its scarcity, it may be of more than ordinary interest to specify some of the more important variations. These will also serve to illustrate the amount of revision to which several of Mr. Browning's works were submitted.

In the second section of the Prologue—after the line now reading "Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me"—the original version consists of the following twenty-seven lines :—

But in turn, Day, treat me not
 As happy tribes—so happy tribes ! who live
 At hand—the common, other creatures' lot—
 Ready to take when thou wilt give,
 Prepared to pass what thou refusest ;
 Day, 'tis but Pippa thou ill-usest
 If thou prove sullen, me, whose old year's sorrow
 Who except thee can chase before to-morrow,
 Seest thou, my day ? Pippa's—who mean to borrow
 Only of thee strength against new year's sorrow :

For let thy morning scowl on that superb
 Great haughty Ottima—can scowl disturb
 Her Sebald's homage? And if noon shed gloom
 O'er Jules and Phene—what care bride and groom
 Save for their dear selves? Then, obscure thy eve
 With mist—will Luigi and Madonna grieve
 —The mother and the child—unmatched, forsooth,
 She in her age as Luigi in his youth,
 For true content? And once again, outbreak
 In storm at night on Monsignor they make
 Such stir to-day about, who foregoes Rome
 To visit Asolo, his brother's home,
 And say there masses proper to release
 The soul from pain—what storm dares hurt that peace?
 But Pippa—just one such mischance would spoil,
 Bethink thee, utterly next twelvemonth's toil
 At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil!

If the reader will compare this with the present version, he will find that it is not only altered almost past recognition, but that it now consists of fifty-one lines in place of the seven-and-twenty quoted above. In the next section—"Worship whom else? for am I not this Day"—seven lines have been added to the original three; while the following section, commencing in the original—

Up the hill-side, thro' the morning,
 Love me as I love!
 I am Ottima, take warning!—

now reads:—

See! Up the Hill-side yonder, through the morning,
 Some one shall love me, as the world calls love:
 I am no less than Ottima, take warning!

It is interesting to note that the first of Pippa's songs—"All service ranks the same with God"—has only one or two merely verbal alterations; but the section following has been extensively altered; while seven lines have been deleted therefrom. The original stands thus:—

And more of it, and more of it—oh, yes!
 So that my passing, and each happiness
 I pass, will be alike important—prove
 That true! Oh yes—the brother,

The bride, the lover, and the mother,—
 Only to pass whom will remove—
 Whom a mere look at half will cure
 The Past, and help me to endure
 The Coming . . . I am just as great, no doubt,
 As they!
 A pretty thing to care about
 So mightily—this single holiday!
 Why repine?
 With thee to lead me, Day of mine,
 Down the grass path gray with dew,
 'Neath the pine-wood, blind with boughs,
 Where the swallow never flew
 As yet, nor cicala dared carouse:
 No, dared carouse!

For the purpose of more immediate reference it may be well to
 append the version as it now reads:—

And more of it, and more of it!—oh yes—
 I will pass each, and see their happiness,
 And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
 Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!
 A pretty thing to care about
 So mightily, this single holiday!
 But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?
 —With thee to lead me, O Day of mine,
 Down the grass-path grey with dew,
 Under the pine-wood, blind with boughs,
 Where the swallow never flew
 Nor yet cicala dared carouse—
 No, dared carouse!

In scene 2 (noon) the additions and alterations are equally
 extensive. As one specimen—and perhaps the most interesting
 —out of many, we will subjoin the original version of the
 Allegory commencing “I am a painter who cannot paint.” It is
 printed in the ordinary Roman type, and not (as now) in italics:
 and the reader will not fail to note, in comparing it with the
 present version, how immeasurably for the better Browning's
 alterations were:—

The Bard said, do one thing I can—
 Love a man and hate a man

Supremely : thus my love began.
 Thro' the Valley of Love I went,
 In its loveliest spot to abide ;
 And just on the verge where I pitched my tent
 Dwelt Hate beside—
 (And the bridegroom asked what the bard's smile meant
 Of his bride.)

Next Hate I traversed, the Grove,
 In its hatefullest nook to dwell—
 And lo, where I flung myself prone, couched Love
 Next cell.

(For not I, said the bard, but those black bride's eyes above
 Should tell !)

(Then Lutwyche said you probably would ask,
 "You have black eyes, love,—you are sure enough
 My beautiful bride—do you, as he sings, tell
 What needs some exposition—what is this ?"

. . . And I am to go on, without a word,)
 Once when I loved I would enlance
 Breast, eyelids, hands, feet, form and face
 Of her I loved in one embrace—
 And, when I hated, I would plunge
 My sword, and wipe with the first lunge
 My foe's whole life out like a sponge :
 —But if I would love and hate more
 Than ever man hated or loved before—
 Would seek in the Valley of Love
 The spot, or in Hatred's grove
 The spot where my soul may reach
 The essence, nought less, of each . . .

(Here he said, if you interrupted me
 With, "There must be some error,—who induced you
 To speak this jargon ?"—I was to reply
 Simply—"Await till . . . until . . ." I must say
 Last rhyme again—)

. . . The essence, nought less, of each—
 The Hate of all Hates, or the Love
 Of all Loves in its glen or its grove,
 —I find them the very warders
 Each of the other's borders.
 So most I love when Love's disguised
 In Hate's garb—'tis when Hate's surprised
 In Love's weed that I hate most ; ask

How Love can smile thro' Hate's barred iron casque,
 Hate grin thro' Love's rose-braided mask,
 Of thy bride, Giulio!

(Then you, "Oh, not mine—
 Preserve the real name of the foolish song!")

But I must answer, "Giulio—Jules—'tis Jules!")

Thus, I, Jules, hating thee
 Sought long and painfully. . .

[JULES *interposes*.

There are likewise many variations in scene 3, together with many additions. In Pippa's song, however ("A King lived long ago"), the following lines (immediately after "At his wondrous forest rites") are omitted from the present version:—

But which the God's self granted him
 For setting free each felon limb
 Because of earthly murder done
 Faded till other hope was none.

Concerning the word "twats" in line 95 of the epilogue of this poem—

Then, owl and bats, cowls and twats,—

Mr. W. J. Rolfe says: "'Twats' is in no dictionary. We now have it from the poet (through Dr. Furnivall) that he got the word from the Royalist rhymes entitled 'Vanity of Vanities,' on Sir Harry Vane's picture. Vane is charged with being a Jesuit:—

'Tis said they will give him a cardinal's hat:
 They sooner will give him an old nun's twat.

'The word struck me,' says Browning, 'as a distinctive part of a nun's attire that might fitly pair off with the cowl appropriated to a monk.' It has been pointed out, however, that the word may be found in its place in Wright's Dictionary; while it is probably still in provincial use.

Writing in 1870, Sir John Kaye says: "What a story it [*Pippa Passes*] is—or rather what a sheaf of stories! It quite settled the question as to whether Robert Browning was a great dramatic poet—not a playwright, but a dramatic poet. *Strafford* had been written and acted before this, but the question was still an open one, when that magnificent scene in the garden-house between Sebald and Ottima—the very concentrated

essence of Tragedy, than which there is nothing more terrible in any Greek drama extant—settled the question for ever. But such a scene would be no more fit for theatrical representation in these days than the *Agamemnon*.”

PISGAH-SIGHTS, I, 2.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 75–82.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 49–53.

In the collected edition of 1889, the Proem to *La Saisias* (“Good to forgive”) was printed as “Pisgah-Sights, 3.”

PLOT-CULTURE.

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 87–91.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 58–61.

POETICS.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, p. 12.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. p. 10.

POMPILIA. See *The Ring and the Book*.

PONTE DELL' ANGELO, VENICE.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 61–75.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 50–61.

POPULARITY.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. p. 193–197.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 146–148.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 218–220.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 192–195.

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER.

First appeared in *The Monthly Repository*, Vol. x. pp. 43–46.

Reprinted in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. iii. p. 13.

Ditto *Poems*, 1849, pp. 302–303.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 310–312.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 299–300.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 191–193.

This poem was originally called *Porphyria*; in *Bells and Pomegranates* it was called *Madhouse Cells*, 2; in the edition of 1849, 2. *Madhouse Cells*, with *Porphyria's Lover* as a subtitle; but in the 1863 and subsequent editions it is given as above.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU : SAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

First appeared (1871) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 382, No. 14. Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xi. p. 123-210.

Louis Napoleon, who is depicted under the pseudonym *Hohenstiel Schwangau*, was, says Mr. C. H. Herford, no unpromising subject for Mr. Browning. "He had ruled France for twenty years with as much iron as he dared and as much show of liberalism as he had face for—not escaping however to be regarded by a majority of thinking persons as a renegade to the cause of which he had been the most influential advocate. The poem is a subtle study of the insidious intellectual influences which lie in wait for the Radical on his accession to power, and allure him in the name of principle, of human sympathy, nay of democratic fellow-feeling itself, to tread the primrose path of official conservatism, with a glib *Non possumus* ready on his lips for all his ardent and enterprising comrades of old."

It may be interesting to note that "the grim guardian of this Square," referred to on page 14, of this poem was an equestrian statue of George I.—which had for some time, from its dilapidated condition, &c., been the occasion of much merriment: so much so, that certain wags set themselves to the task of calling public attention to the Square's "guardian" by a practical joke: and one morning the "horse" was found to have been "pieballed" during the night, while the effigy of the king clasped a broom-handle. The statue was removed soon after this.

PRAY, READER, HAVE YOU EATEN ORTOLANS ?

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 1-4. Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 3-5.

This poem is the prologue to *Ferishtak's Fancies*. It is interesting to note that in *Pippa Passes* there is also a reference to "ortolans"—in the scene (iii.) where the "poor girls" are gossiping "on the steps"; one of whom says:—

"Do you pretend you ever tasted lampreys
And ortolans? Giovita, of the palace,
Engaged (but there's no trusting him) to slice me
Polenta with a knife that had cut up
An ortolan."

PROLOGUES.

Amphibian ("The Fancy I had to-day")—see *Fifine at the Fair*.
Apollo and the Fates—see *Parleyings*.

"Good to forgive"—see *La Saisiaz*.

"O the old wall here"—see *Pacchiarotto*.

"Pray, Reader, have you ever eaten ortolans?"—see *Ferishtak's Fancies*.

"Such a starved bank of moss"—see *The Two Poets of Croisic*.

"The Poet's age is sad: for why?"—see *Asolando*.

"You are sick, that's sure—they say:"—see *Dramatic Idyls II*.

"Wanting is—what?"—see *Jocoseria*.

PROSPICE.

First appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. xiii. p. 694.

Also printed in London, in Pamphlet form, privately, 1864.

Reprinted in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 149-150.

Ditto *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 152-153.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 168-169.

No separate edition of "Prospice," printed as a "leaflet" or "half-sheetlet," was ever printed, though Mr. William Sharp incorrectly states that such exist. See his "Life of Browning," 1890, p. 173.

PROTUS.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 154-157

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 297-299.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 286-288.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 175-177.

RABBI BEN-EZRA.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 75-109.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 99-109.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 109-119.

Rabbi Ben Ezra (or Ibn Ezra) was a learned Jew; of whom M. Friedländer (in an Introduction to a translation of the Rabbi's Commentary on Isaiah) gives some interesting particulars. He was born at Toledo, in Spain, about 1092 or 1093 (according to Graetz, 1088). He was poor, but was nevertheless a hard student, and composed poems wherewith to "adorn his own, his Hebrew nation." He wrote many treatises—on Hebrew grammar, astronomy, mathematics, &c., as also commentaries on the books of the Bible; and two pamphlets in England "for a certain Salomon of London." He died in 1167, at the age of 75. It was evident Ibn Ezra believed in a future life,—for he says: "Your soul shall live for ever after the death of the body, or you will receive new life through Messiah, when you will return to the Divine Law." Dr. Furnivall remarks that of the potter's clay passage he has only a translation, "shall man be esteemed as the potter's clay," and "no comment that could have given Browning a hint for the use of the metaphor in his poem, even if he had seen Ibn Ezra's commentary."

RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY, OR TURF AND TOWERS.

First appeared (1873) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 383, No. 16.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xii. pp. 1-177.

This poem embodies the story of Mellerio, the Paris jeweller, and was studied at St. Aubyn, in Normandy, from the documents used in the law-suit concerning his will. Dr. Furnivall writes: "It was put in type with all the true names of persons and things; but on a proof being submitted by Browning to his friend Lord Coleridge [the late Lord Chief Justice], then Attorney-General, the latter thought that an action for libel might lie for what was said in the poem, however unlikely it was that such procedure would be taken. Thereupon fictitious

names were substituted for the real ones in every case. Next year, the appeal against the judgment in favour of the will was dismissed, and, I suppose, the matter set at rest in accordance with the ethics of the poem. I believe that Browning means to restore the names in the next edition of his poem." These names were duly made public by the poet.

The poem was dedicated to Miss Anne Thackeray—who, in a measure, was also responsible for the title. In the summer of 1872, Mr. Browning and Miss Thackeray happened to meet at St. Aubin: and she, in humorous banter, termed the district "White Cotton Nightcap Country"—as much from its somnolent appearance as from the universal white cap of the women. Mr. Browning, however, with the awful tragedy of *Clairvaux* in mind, considered *Red Cotton Nightcap Country* the juster appellation—and at once hit upon it as the title of his poem.

REPHAN.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 131-140.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 109-116.

In a work entitled *The Contributions of Q. Q.*, by Jane Taylor, is a prose sketch called "How it Strikes a Stranger," and it was the recollection of this that suggested *Rephan* to Browning. Jane Taylor was one of the earliest writers of books for children, and especially of religious books. She was the second sister of Isaac Taylor, the author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*, *The Physical Theory of Another Life*, *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*, and other works. The greater part of her life was spent at Ongar,¹ and with her sister Ann she wrote *Hymns for Infant Minds*. She also wrote *Display*, a novel; *Essays in Rhyme*; *Morals and Manners*, and *The Contributions of Q. Q.* Her *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*, and *My Mother*, are now the best known of her poems. She died in 1824, at the age of forty, her "Memoirs" being written

¹ In a note to *Rephan*, Browning says the poem was suggested by the recollection of a story by Jane Taylor, of Norwich: this was evidently a slip of the pen for *Ongar*.

by her brother Isaac, and published in connexion with her correspondence.

RESPECTABILITY.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 149-150.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. p. 129.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 201.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 168.

REVERIE.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 141-155.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 117-129.

ROSNY.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 5-7.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 4-5.

"ROUND US THE WILD CREATURES, OVERHEAD THE TREES."

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, p. 8.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. p. 7-8.

RUDEL TO THE LADY OF TRIPOLI.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. iii. p. 12.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 295-296.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 423-424.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 311-313.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 294-295.

In the first version of this poem the opening lines read as follows :—

" I know a Mount the Sun perceives
 First when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
 The world ; and it repays
 The day-long glory of his gaze
 By no change of its large calm steadfast front of snow.
 A Flower I know,—"

In the edition of 1868, they were thus printed :—

“ I know a Mount, the gracious Sun perceives
 First, when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
 The world ; and, vainly favoured, it repays
 The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
 By no change of its large calm front of snow,
 And underneath the Mount, a Flower I know.”

SAUL.

First appeared—sections 1-9—in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No vii. p. 21 ; sections 10-19 being added to the poem on its appearance in *Men and Women*, 1855 (Vol. ii. pp. 111-146).

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, pp. 400-406.

Ditto *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 111-146.

Ditto *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 74-97.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 146-169.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 98-124.

The first nine sections or strophes of *Saul* were as stated above issued in No. vii of the *Bells and Pomegranates* series, in 1845 : the last ten sections being added when the poem was re-issued in *Men and Women*. The first version was printed in short lines—three feet in one and two in the next. When revising it, however, Mr. Browning printed it in what we now feel to be the more suitable and dignified pentameter. In finally revising the poem, Mr. Browning made various alterations : the scope of which may be noted by appending the last few lines of Section ix., as given in the original version :

“ On one head the joy and the pride,
 Even rage like the throe
 That opes the rock, helps its glad labour,
 And lets the gold go—
 And ambition that sees a sun lead it—
 Oh, all of these—all
 Combine to unite in one creature—
 Saul ! ”

The present version reading—

“ On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and rage (like the throe
 That, a-work in the rock, helps its labour and lets the gold go),
 High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning it,—all
 Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul ! ”

Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning,
1863.

A Selection from the Works of Robert Browning, 1865.

Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning,
First Series, 1872.

Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning,
Second Series, 1880.

SHAH ABBAS.

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 13-23.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 12-18.

SHOP.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 64-74.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 42-48.

SIBRANDUS SCHAFNABURGENSIS. See *Garden Fancies*, 2.

SIGHED RAWDON BROWN : " YES, I'M DEPARTING, TONI ! "

First appeared in *The Century Magazine*, February 1884.
Reprinted in the *Browning Society's Papers*, Part v. p. 132*.

This sonnet has not been reprinted in any edition of Mr. Browning's poems. Mr. Rawdon Brown was an Englishman of much culture, and well known to visitors in Venice. He originally went there on a short visit, with a definite object in view,—and ended by staying there for forty years : in fact, till his death in the summer of 1883. So great was his love for Venice, that some one invented an "apocryphal story" about him—which was related by Mr. Browning in the sonnet—which is as follows :

"Tutti ga i so gusti, e mi go i mii" ¹ (*Venetian saying*)

Sighed Rawdon Brown : " Yes, I'm departing, Toni !

I needs must, just this once before I die,

Revisit England : *Anglus* Brown am I,

Although my heart's Venetian. Yes, old crony—

¹ "Everybody follows his taste, and I follow mine."

Venice and London—London's 'Death the bony'
 Compared with Life—that's Venice! What a sky,
 A sea, this morning! One last look! Good-bye,
 Cà Pesaro! No, lion—I'm a coney
 To weep! I'm dazzled; 'tis that sun I view
 Rippling the . . . the . . . *Cospetto*, Toni! Down
 With carpet-bag, and off with valise-straps!
 "Bella Venezia, non ti lascio più!"
 Nor did Brown ever leave her: well, perhaps
 Browning, next week, may find himself quite Brown!

SMART, CHRISTOPHER, PARLEYING WITH.

First appeared in *Parleyings*, 1887, pp. 77-95.
 Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 148-159.

It was at the village of Shipborne, in Kent, in the year 1722, that Christopher Smart was born. He early displayed poetical talent, and at the age of eleven is said to have written a remarkable poem. He was about this age when he went to Durham—finding powerful protectors in Lord Barnard and the Duchess of Cleveland: the latter of whom sent him to Cambridge, allowing him £40 a year until her death in 1742. He did well at college, gaining the Seatonian five times, and becoming a Fellow of Pembroke College. From a brief account of his career in *The Pall Mall Gazette* (Jan. 18, 1887), it would appear that he had imbibed an unfortunate tendency for dissipation and the companionship of well-to-do folk; while his recklessness in money matters and tendency to convivial excess caused him to be in constant distress. Otherwise his conduct seems to have been blameless, and his principles strict. He was very popular among his friends; but was a shy man, somewhat vain, and sensitive regarding his personal appearance, which was rather ill-favoured. From Cambridge he came to London, mixing in the literary society which was adorned by Dr. Johnson, Dr. Burney, Garrick, and Dr. James—all of whom helped him in his frequent pecuniary troubles. He married Miss Carnan, a step-daughter of Mr. John Newbery, the publisher. In 1752, Smart published a collection of his poems, which were attacked in the *Monthly*

Review by Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Hill. The poet avenged this in 1753 in the *Hilliard*—a most bitter satire. In 1755 Smart had an attack of insanity, which, although not of a violent or dangerous character, necessitated his confinement in a mad-house. It was there he composed his fine and lofty poem *The Song to David*. After a time he recovered his reason, and produced other works—notably some *Fables*. Gradually his powers failed, he got hopelessly into debt, and died in 1770 in the rules of the King's Bench prison.

“SO, THE HEAD ACHES AND THE LIMBS ARE FAINT!”

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 57-58.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 38-39.

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. iii. p. 6,
under the title of *Cloister (Spanish)*.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. p. 268-271.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. p. 18-21.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 92-95.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 26-29.

SOLOMON AND BALKIS.

First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, pp. 21-32.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 182-187.

SONG (“Nay, but you who do not love her”).

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii.
p. 19.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. p. 394.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. p. 33.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. p. 107.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. p. 47.

SORDELLO.

First appeared (1840) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 364, No. 4.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. iii. pp. 251-464.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. ii. pp. 1-218.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. i. pp. 47-289.

Writing in 1838 to Miss Haworth, Mr. Browning thus refers to *Sordello*: "You will see *Sordello* in a trice if the fagging fit holds. I did not write six lines while absent (except a scene in a play, jotted down as we sailed thro' the Straits of Gibraltar)—but I did hammer out some four, two of which are addressed to you, two to the Queen—the whole to go in Book III.—perhaps. I called you 'Eyebright'—meaning a simple and sad sort of translation of 'Euphrasia' into my own language: folks would know who Euphrasia, or Fanny, was—and I should not know Ianthe or Clemanthe."

Sordello, issued as here stated in 1840, was not republished till 1863—when it was included in the three-volume edition of the Poem, forming the last poem in the third volume. Strangely enough, it was omitted in the two-volume edition of 1849. In a letter to one of his correspondents a few years since, Mr. Browning says: "I did certainly at one time intend to re-write much of it, but changed my mind,—and the edition which I reprinted was the same in all respects as its predecessor—only with an elucidatory heading to each page, and some few alterations, presumably for the better, in the text, such as occur in most of my works."

The "few alterations," however, were fairly numerous—several fresh lines being added, while in many cases the rhymes were changed.

SPECULATIVE.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, p. 16.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. p. 13.

"STILL AILING, WIND? WILT BE APPEASED OR NO?"

First appeared in *The Monthly Repository*, Vol. x. New Series, 1836, pp. 270-271.

Reprinted in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. xiii. July, 1864, pp. 737-738.

These lines were subsequently included in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, forming the first six stanzas of Section vi. of *James Lee*.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto*, 1876, pp. 108-116.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 71-76.

STRAFFORD.

First appeared (1837) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 363, No. 3.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. ii. pp. 503-605.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. i. pp. 207-310.

Ditto "Acting Edition," 1881, and "School Edition," 1884.

See *ante*, p. 364.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. ii. pp. 187-307.

On the 26th of May, 1836, Robert Browning—in the company of Landor, Wordsworth, Macready, and others—had been dining with Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the author of *Ion*. As they were leaving the house, Macready overtook Browning, and said to him: "Write a play, Browning, and keep me from going to America." The poet took the great actor at his word, and at once queried—"Shall it be historical and English? What do you say to a drama on *Strafford*?" Such was the genesis of Robert Browning's first play. On the 3rd of the following August, Macready writes in his journal: "Forster told me that Browning had fixed on *Strafford* for the subject of a tragedy; he could not have hit upon one that I could more readily have concurred in." The subject of *Strafford* was doubtless in the poet's mind when Macready asked him to write a tragedy, for he had been not long before revising the manuscript of a life of *Strafford* for his friend Forster (who had been overtaken by illness); and the subject was therefore ready to hand.

It was produced on the 1st of May, 1837, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden. The part of *Strafford* was taken by Macready—whose acting is said to have been most forcible and striking. Miss Helen Faucit (now Lady Martin) represented *Lady Carlisle*—playing, the *Literary Gazette* (May 6, 1837) says, "with great taste and effect." *Pym* was entrusted to Mr. Vandenhoff's hands, Mr. Webster taking the part of the young *Vane*. As to the success of the play opinion seems to be equally divided; though the *Examiner* (May 14, 1837) strikes an optimistic note: "*Strafford* was winning its way into even

greater success than we had ventured to hope for it ; but Mr. Vandenhoff's secession from the theatre has caused its temporary withdrawal. It will be only temporary, we trust ; no less in justice to the great genius of the author, than to the fervid applause with which its last performance was received by an admirably filled house." Despite this praise, the tragedy does not seem to have had fair play—for in the preceding issue of the *Examiner* we are told that it "was most infamously got up," and that even Mr. Macready was not "so fine as he is wont to be." Then, too, we learn that "the rest of the performers, with the exception of Miss Faucit, they were a barn wonder to look at ! Mr. Vandenhoff was positively nauseous, with his whining, drawling, and slouching, in *Pym* ; and Mr. Webster whimpered in somewhat too juvenile a fashion through *Young Vane*. Some one should have stepped out of the pit, and thrust Mr. Dale [the *King*] from the stage. Any thing should have been done, rather than that such exhibitions should be allowed to disgrace the stage of a 'national' theatre." This is strong, but then the writer (John Forster) speaks with some semblance of authority : and he also arrives at the conclusion that, although he does not think it will take a permanent hold of the stage, it "was produced . . . with all the evidences of a decided success."

That *Strafford* did not take a permanent hold of the stage may be evidenced from the fact that it was not until the 21st of December, 1886, that it was again put upon the boards : it being on this occasion revived by the Browning Society, at the Strand Theatre. There was an excellent caste, and the performance seems to have been in every way successful.

Strafford was again performed on February 12, 1890, at the Oxford Theatre, by members of the University Dramatic Society. The acting version was prepared by Mr. W. Courtney, and Mr. Alma Tadema designed the various scenes. It was, on the whole, decidedly successful—and seven performances in all were given.

Browning himself has told us that his *Lady Carlisle* is purely imaginary : "I at first sketched her singular likeness roughly in, as suggested by Matthews and the memoir writers—but it was too artificial, and the substituted outline is exclusively from

Voiture and Waller." Keeping this in mind, the following translation from the French of Voiture is of especial interest. The letter is addressed "To Mr. Gordon, London," and is numbered xlix. in *Letters and other Works of Voiture* (1709): "The pleasantest thoughts I had, have been of you or of the things I saw through your kindness. You will easily guess that I do not mean by this the Tower, or the lions you showed me. In one human being you let me see more treasures than there are there, and even more lions and leopards. It will not be difficult for you to guess after this that I speak of the Countess of Carlisle. For there is nobody else of whom this good and evil can be said. No matter how dangerous it is to let the memory dwell upon her, I have not, so far, been able to keep mine from it, and quite honestly, I would not give the picture of her that lingers in my mind, for all the loveliest things I have seen in my life. I must confess that she is an enchanting personality, and there would not be a woman under heaven so worthy of affection, if she only knew what it was, and if she had as sensitive a nature as she has a reasonable mind. But with the temperament we know she possesses, there is nothing to be said except that she is the most lovable of all things not good, and the most delightful poison that Nature ever concocted. My dread of her wit nearly decided me not to send you these verses, for I know she is a judge in all things of the good, and the bad, and all the kindness that ought to reside in the will, with her is concentrated in the judgment. Still it hardly matters to me if she condemn them. I do not even wish them better, since I composed them before I had the honor of meeting her, and I should be very sorry to have praised or blamed anything to perfection until that occasion, for I reserve perfect praise and perfect blame for herself."

‘SUCH A STARVED BANK OF MOSS.’

First appeared in the *La Saisiaz* volume, 1878, pp. 85-86, where it forms the proem to the *Two Poets of Croisic*. Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 207-208. No alteration in text. In the *Selections* (second series) this poem is called *Apparitions*.

SUMMUM BONUM.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, p. 13.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. p. 11.

TERTIUM QUID. See *The Ring and the Book*.

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

First appeared (1877) in one Vol. See, *ante*, p. 386, No. 20.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiii. p. 259-357.
Writing in 1877 Mr. Browning says: "My work, I hope, is closer to the original than any 'crib,' and wants no praise for anything of my own."

THE BEAN-FEAST.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 46-51.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 39-43.

THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT SAINT PRAXED'S CHURCH.

First appeared in *Hood's Magazine*, Vol. iii. p. 237.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 345-349.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 369-373.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 257-262.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 232-237.

This now celebrated "tomb" is, it need hardly be said, entirely imaginary—nevertheless, the curious in such matters have, on due inquiry accompanied with befitting "fee," had duly pointed out to them the tomb beneath which the remains of the fastidious bishop were said to repose.

Referring to a line in this poem, Mr. Browning wrote to Dante Gabriel Rossetti (May 29, 1856) as follows: "I remember you asked me some questions of which one comes to mind of a sudden—'elucesco' is dog-latin rather—the true word would be 'eluceo'—and Ulpian, the golden Jurist, is a copper latinist—see about him in any Biographical Dictionary."

"THE BLIND MAN TO THE MAIDEN SAID."

First appeared in *The Hour will Come*, 1879, Vol. ii. p. 174.
 Reprinted, *Whitehall Review*, March 1, 1883.
 Ditto, *Browning Society's Papers*, Part iv. p. 410.

These lines were Englished by Mr. Browning for Miss Clara Bell, and appear in her translation of Wilhelmine von Hillern's tale *The Hour will Come*.¹ A note is appended to the verses, "The translator is indebted for these verses to the kindness of a friend." They are as follows :

The blind man to the maiden said :
 'O thou of hearts the truest,
 Thy countenance is hid from me,
 Let not my questions anger thee !
 Speak, though in words the fewest !

'Tell me what kind of eyes are thine?
 Dark eyes, or light ones rather?'
 'My eyes are a decided brown
 So much at least—by looking down—
 From the brook's glass I gather.'

'And is it red—thy little mouth?
 That too the blind must care for !'
 'Ah, I would tell that soon to thee,
 Only—none yet has told it me.
 I cannot answer therefore !'

'But dost thou ask what heart I have
 There hesitate I never !
 In thine own breast 'tis borne, and so
 'Tis thine in weal and thine in woe,
 For life, for death,—thine ever !'

THE BOOK AND THE RING. See *The Ring and the Book*.

¹ *The Hour will Come. A Tale of an Alpine Cloister*. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. From the German by Clara Bell. In two volumes. Leipzig [1879]. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

First appeared in *Hood's Magazine*, August 1844, Vol. ii. pp. 140-142.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 395-398.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 167-170.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 158-161.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 19-23.

Several changes have been made in this poem since its first publication. In the *Bells and Pomegranates* of 1845, five fresh couplets were inserted, and one was substituted for an old one, several minor changes also being effected. One fresh couplet was also inserted in the edition of 1863, namely (inserted after "and ever lived on earth content"),—

(" He did God's will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

As illustrative of the alterations, we may note that the lines

" Be again the boy all curl'd ;
I will finish with the world,"

appearing in *Hood's Magazine* were changed to the more euphonious

" Back to the cell and poor employ,
Resume the craftsman and the boy !"

THE CARDINAL AND THE DOG.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 40-41.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 34-35.

The incident related in this poem is put by Browning in the year 1522, and he tells us the Legate was Crescenzo. Moreri, in his *Dictionnaire Historique*, gives an account of Crescenzo, which has been thus Englished : " Marcel Crescentio, Cardinal Bishop of Marsico, in the kingdom of Naples, was born in Rome, of one of the most noble and ancient families. From his youth he made great progress in letters, particularly in civil and canon law. He had a canonship in the Church of St. Mary Major, and was also given the office of the auditor of

the Rota. Then Pope Clement VII. named him for the bishopric of Marsico, and Paul III. made him Cardinal (June 2, 1542). Crescentio was Protector of the Order of Citeaux, perpetual Legate at Bologna, Bishop of Conserans, etc. Julius III. made him Legate to preside at the Council of Trent, and he presided there at the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth sessions. The latter ended in 1552, and the Cardinal Crescentio, who was ill, remained in Trent. Rumour said that his malady came upon him in this way : After working almost the whole of the night of March 20, to write to the Pope, as he arose from his seat he imagined that he saw a dog that opened its jaws frightfully, and appeared to him with its flaming eyes and low-hanging ears as if mad, and about to attack him. Crescentio called his servants at once, and made them bring lights, but the dog could not be found. The Cardinal, terrified by this spectre, fell into a deep melancholy, and then immediately into a sickness which made him despair of recovery, although his friends and physicians assured him there was nothing to fear. This is the story about the end of Cardinal Crescentio, who died at Verona the 1st of June, 1552. It could have been invented only by ill-meaning people, who lacked respect for the council."

THE CONFESSIONAL.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 11.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. i. pp. 357-360.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 24-27.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 98-101.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 34-38.

THE EAGLE.

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 5-7.
 Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 6-8.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN ITALY.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 5,
 under the title of *England in Italy*.

- Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 330-340.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 195-205.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 186-196.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 54-65.

THE FAMILY.

- First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 25-30.
 Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 19-23.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DUCHESS.

- First appearance in *Hood's Magazine*, 1845, Vol. iii. p. 313.
 Reprinted (with additional sections), *Bells and Pomegranates*,
 No. vii. p. 13.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 360-393.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 246-278.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 237-269.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 116-153.

THE FLOWER'S NAME. See *Garden Fancies*.

THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST.

- First appeared in *The World*, April 16, 1884.
 Reprinted in *Browning Society's Papers*, Part vii. p. 18*.
 Ditto W. G. Kingsland's *Robert Browning: Chief Poet of the
 Age*, p. 30.

This sonnet was inscribed by Mr. Browning in the Album presented to Mr. Arthur Chappell (so well and worthily known in connexion with the St. James' Hall Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts). It has not been printed in any edition of Mr. Browning's poems; and is as follows:

"Enter my palace," if a prince should say—
 "Feast with the Painters! See, in bounteous row,
 They range from Titian up to Angelo!"
 Could we be silent at the rich survey?
 A host so kindly, in as great a way
 Invites to banquet, substitutes for show
 Sound that's diviner still, and bids us know
 Bach like Beethoven; are we thankless, pray?

Thanks, then, to Arthur Chappell,—thanks to him
 Whose every guest henceforth not idly vaunts,
 “Sense has received the utmost Nature grants,
 My cup was filled with rapture to the brim,
 When, night by night—ah, memory, how it haunts !—
 Music was poured by perfect ministrants,
 By Halle, Schumann, Piatti, Joachim.”

THE GLOVE.

First appearance in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii.
 p. 23.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 409-416.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 180-187.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 171-178.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 36-43.

This poem—the story of which has also been told by Schiller and Leigh Hunt—is of especial interest on account of the wide departure taken by Mr. Browning from the facts as narrated in the commonly accepted version.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL: A PICTURE AT FANO.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 167-170.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 142-145.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 214-216.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 187-189.

This poem was suggested to Mr. Browning by a picture in the church of St. Augustine, at Fano, attributed to Guercino. An angel is represented, standing, with wings outstretched, by a little child—whose hands the angel is joining in the attitude of prayer: while its gaze is directed skyward—whence cherubs are looking down. The “Alfred, dear friend,” of stanza vi. was Mr. Alfred Domett, some time Prime Minister of New Zealand. [See *Waring*, p. 546.]

THE HERETIC'S TRAGEDY ; A MIDDLE-AGE INTERLUDE.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 198-204.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 286-290.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 275-279.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 161-166.

THE HOUSEHOLDER.

First appeared in *Fifine at the Fair*, 1872, pp. 169-171.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xii. pp. 342-343.

THE INN ALBUM.

First appeared (1875) in one Vol. See *ante*, p. 384, No. 18.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xii. pp. 181-311.

Writing in *Notes and Queries* (March 25, 1876), Dr. Furnivall says: "The story told by Mr. Browning in this poem is, in its main outlines, a real one, that of Lord —, once a friend of the great Duke of Wellington, and about whom there is much in the Greville *Memoirs*. The original story was, of course, too repulsive to be adhered to in all its details of, first, the gambling lord producing the portrait of the lady he had seduced and abandoned, and offering his expected dupe, but real beater, an introduction to the lady, as a bribe to induce him to wait for payment of the money he had won; secondly, the eager acceptance of the bribe by the young gambler, and the suicide of the lady from horror at the base proposal of her old seducer. (The story made a great sensation in London over thirty years ago.) Readers know how Mr. Browning has lifted the base young gambler, through the renewal of that old love which the poet has invented, into one of the most pathetic creations of modern times, and has spared the baser old *roué* the degradation of the attempt to sell the love which was once his delight."

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates* (under the title of *Italy in England*, 1845, No. vii. p. 4.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 324-329.
Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 189-195.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 180-186.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 47-53.

Mrs. Orr remarks in her *Handbook*: "Mr. Browning is proud to remember that Mazzini informed him he had read this poem to certain of his fellow exiles in England, to show how an Englishman could sympathise with them."

THE KING ("A King lived long ago").

First appeared in *The Monthly Repository*, Vol. ix. New Series, 1835, pp. 707-708.

Reprinted, *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. i. 1841, p. 12.

When reprinted in *Bells and Pomegranates*, this poem was incorporated (with considerable variations) in *Pippa Passes*, where it is given as one of Pippa's songs.

THE LABORATORY.

First appeared in *Hood's Magazine*, Vol. i. p. 513.

Reprinted in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 11.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 354-357.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 21-23.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 95-97.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 30-33.

THE LADY AND THE PAINTER.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 58-60.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 48-49.

THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, vol. i. pp. 184-190.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 229-234.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 220-224.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 96-107.

THE LOST LEADER.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 8.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 340-341.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 4-5.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 78-79.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 7-8.

"I did in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model, one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account: had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should

not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of riband.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet; whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to deplore." [Letter to Rev. A. B. Grosart. See *Letters from Robert Browning*, Edited by T. J. Wise, Vol. i. pp. 28-29.]

THE LOST MISTRESS.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, Vol. vii. p. 8.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 342-343.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 30-31.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 104-105.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 43-44.

THE MELON-SELLER.

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 9-12.
 Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 9-11.

THE NAMES.

First appeared in *The Shakspearean Show-Book*, 1884.
 Reprinted in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, May 29, 1884.
 Ditto in *The Browning Society's Papers*, Part v. p. 105*.
 Ditto W. G. Kingsland's *Robert Browning: Chief Poet of the Age*, p. 79.

This sonnet was contributed to the *Shakspearean Show-Book* of the Shakspearean Show held at the Albert Hall, London, in May 1884, on behalf of the Hospital for Women in the Fulham Road, London. Not having been reprinted in any edition of Mr. Browning's poems, it is here quoted :

Shakspeare !—to such name's sounding what succeeds,
 Fitly as silence? Falter forth the spell,—
 Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
 Nor tampers with its magic more than needs,
 Two names there are : That which the Hebrew reads
 With his soul only : if from lips it fell,
 Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,
 Would own "Thou did'st create us!" Nought impedes.

We voice the other name, man's most of might,
 Awesomely, lovingly : let awe and love
 Mutely await their working, leave to sight
 All of the issue as—below—above—
 Shakspeare's creation rises : one remove,
 Though dread—this finite from that infinite.

THE OTHER HALF-ROME. See *The Ring and the Book*.

THE PATRIOT : AN OLD STORY.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, vol. i. pp. 191-193.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 158-159.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 149-150.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 6-7.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN : A CHILD'S STORY.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. iii.
 pp. 14-16.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 306-317.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 234-245.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 225-236.
 Ditto, 1880, illustrated by Jane E. Cook.
 Ditto (*no date*), illustrated by Kate Greenaway.
 Ditto, 1884, in pamphlet form, to accompany Mr. Macbeth's
 etchings.

[*For full particulars regarding the above three separate reprints of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" see under Part VI. "Selections."*]

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 102-115.

This ever-delightful child's poem was written for, and inscribed to William Macready—the eldest son of the celebrated actor. The young Macready had evidently much talent for drawing, and on one occasion he asked Mr. Browning to give him some subject for illustration. Mr. Browning thereupon wrote a short poem, founded upon an old account of the death of the Pope's Legate at the Council of Trent—which poem has never been printed. It will be preferable, however, to give this interesting

episode in Mr. Browning's own words. Writing to Dr. Furnivall in October 1881, the poet says:—"The 'W. M. the Younger' was poor William Macready's eldest boy—dead, a few years ago. He had a talent for drawing, and asked me to give him some little things to illustrate; so I made a bit of a poem out of an old account of the death of the Pope's legate at the Council of Trent—which he made such clever drawings for, that I tried at a more picturesque subject, the Piper. I still possess the half-dozen of the designs he gave me. If you care to have the Legend of the Legate I am sure you are welcome to it, when I can transcribe it from the page of the old book it remains upon—unprinted hitherto."—[*Letters of Robert Browning*, edited by T. J. Wise, vol. i. pp. 76–77.]

The story of the "*Piper*" seems to have been taken from one of the "Familiar Letters" of James Howell¹ (Section vi. Letter xlvii.): "Hamelen, a Town in *Germany*, which I hop'd to have pass'd through when I was in *Hamburg*h (nor would I relate it unto you were there not there som ground of truth for it). The said Town of Hamelen was annoyed with Rats and Mice; and it chanc'd, that a Pied-coated Piper came thither, who covenanted with the chief Burgers for such a reward, if he could free them quite from the said Vermin, nor would he demand it, till a twelvemonth and a day after: The agreement being made, he began to play on his Pipes, and all the Rats, and the Mice, followed him to a great Lough hard by, where they all perish'd; so the Town was infested no more. At the end of the yeer, the Pied Piper return'd for his reward, the Burgers put him off with slightings, and neglect, offering him som small matter, which he refusing, and staying som dayes in the Town, one Sunday morning, at High-Masse, when most people were at Church, he fell to play on his Pipes, and all the children up and down, follow'd him out of the Town, to a great Hill not far off, which rent in two, and open'd, and let him and

¹ *Epistolæ Ho-Eliañæ*. Familiar LETTERS Domestic and Forren; Divided into Six Sections, Partly *Historicall*, *Politically*, *Philosophicall*, Upon Emergent Occasions; by J. H. Esq.; One of the Clerks of His Majesties most Honourable Privy Councill. *London*, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*; and are to be sold at his shop at the Prince's Arms in *S. Paul's Churchyard*, 1645.

the children in, and so clos'd up again : This happen'd a matter of two hundred and fifty years since ; and in that Town, they date their Bills and Bonds, and other Instruments of Law, to this day from the year of the going out of their children. Besides, ther is a great pillar of stone at the foot of the said Hill, whereon this story is engraven."

"THE POET'S AGE IS SAD: FOR WHY?"

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 1-4.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 1-3.

This poem is the Prologue to *Asolando*.

"THE POETS POUR US WINE."

First appeared in *Pacchiarotto, and other Poems*, 1876, pp. 223-241.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 141-152.

These lines form the Epilogue to *Pacchiarotto and other Poems*: the first line of the Epilogue being a quotation from Mrs. Browning's poem *Wine of Cyprus*.

THE POPE. See *The Ring and the Book*.

THE POPE AND THE NET.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 42-45.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 36-38.

THE RETURN OF THE DRUSES.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1843, No. iv. pp. 1-19.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 61-137.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. ii. pp. 140-215.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 229-305.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iii. pp. 167-255.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.

First appeared (1868-1869) in four volumes, each divided into three monologues, separately headed with the speaker's names: save the first and twelfth, in which Browning is himself the speaker. These sub-titles are as follows:—

- I. *The Ring and the Book* (Vol. i. pp. 1-74; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. viii. pp. 1-57).
- II. *Half-Rome* (Vol. i. pp. 75-155; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. viii. pp. 58-119).
- III. *The Other Half-Rome* (Vol. i. pp. 157-245; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 120-187).
- IV. *Tertium Quid* (Vol. ii. pp. 1-72; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. viii. pp. 188-253).
- V. *Count Guido Franceschini* (Vol. ii. pp. 73-160; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. ix. pp. 1-82).
- VI. *Giuseppe Caponsacchi* (Vol. ii. pp. 161-251; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. ix. pp. 83-166).
- VII. *Pompilia* (Vol. iii. pp. 1-89; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. ix. pp. 167-241).
- VIII. *Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, Pauperum Procurator* (Vol. iii. pp. 90-174; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. ix. pp. 242-313).
- IX. *Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, Fiscii et Rev. Cam. Apostol. Advocatus* (Vol. iii. pp. 175-249; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. x. pp. 1-63).
- X. *The Pope* (Vol. iv. pp. 1-92; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. x. pp. 64-148).
- XI. *Guido* (Vol. iv. pp. 93-195; *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. x. pp. 149-279).
- XII. *The Book and the Ring* (Vol. iv. pp. 197-235; *Poetical Works*, Vol. x. pp. 244-279).

THE RING AND THE BOOK. See *The Ring and the Book*—of which the first section is thus entitled.

In reference to a passage in this section of the *Ring and the Book* (Vol. i. Part i. lines 679-772) George Eliot writes as follows to Miss Hennell (February 15, 1869): "I have looked back to the

verses in Browning's Poem about Elisha, and I find no mystery in them. The foregoing context for three pages describes that function of genius which revivifies the past. Man, says Browning (I am writing from recollection of his general meaning), cannot create, but he can restore: the poet gives forth of his own spirit, and reanimates the forms that lie breathless. His use of Elisha's story is manifestly symbolical, as his mention of *Faust* is—the illustration which he abandons the moment before, to take up that of the Hebrew seer. I presume you did not read the context yourself, but only had the two concluding verses pointed out or quoted to you by your friend. It is one of the afflictions of authorship to know that the brains which should be used in understanding a book are wasted in discussing the hastiest misconceptions about it; and I am sure you will sympathise enough in this affliction to set any one right when you can about this quotation from Browning."

THE STATUE AND THE BUST.

First appeared in pamphlet form, 1855.

Reprinted, *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 156-172.

Ditto, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 299-309.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 288-298.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 178-190.

In regard to this poem it has been pointed out that "the pile that the mighty shadow throws" across the Via Larga is the Medici Palace where Duke Ferdinand lived and gave his evening party, and not the Riccardi Palace in the Piazza dell' Annunziata, which the "statue watches from the square." Answering certain queries concerning this matter, Mr. Browning writes (Jan. 8th, 1887): "The lady was the wife of Riccardi, and the Duke—Ferdinand, just as the poem says. As it was built by, and inhabited by the Medici till sold, long after, to the Riccardi,—it was not from the Duke's palace, but a window in that of the Riccardi, that the lady gazed at her lover riding by. The statue is still in its place, looking at the window under which 'now is the empty shrine.' Can anything be clearer?" On this point Dr. W. J. Rolfe writes: "By 'that of

the Riccardi' I think now that he meant the other palace, and not the one he has just mentioned as sold to the Riccardi by the Medici. If he had written 'that of the Riccardi in the Piazza dell' Annunziata,' his meaning would have been clear." Dr. Rolfe also points out that Browning is guilty of an anachronism in making the *bust* a product of "Robbia's craft." Luca della Robbia died in 1482, and Andrea in 1528. No doubt the poet had in mind one of these artists; but the "bust must be supposed to be made at about the same time as the statue, which was in 1608. Giovanni, the son of Andrea, and the only other of the Robbia family worth mentioning, died about 1530." [*Poet Lore*, Vol. iii. p. 287.]

THE SUN.

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 33-45.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 24-31.

THE TWINS.

First appeared in 1854, in "Two Poems by E. B. B. and R. B."
Reprinted in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. p. 190.
Ditto, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 225-226.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 216-217.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. p. 90.

The pamphlet in which this poem first appeared is now excessively rare. It consisted of sixteen pages, comprising *The Twins* by Robert Browning, and *A Plea for the Ragged Schools of London*, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The Poems were printed by Miss Arabella Barrett (Mrs. Browning's sister) for sale at a Bazaar on behalf of the "Refuge for Young Destitute Girls," which she established in or about 1854. This Refuge was one of the first of its kind, and is still in existence.

THE TWO POETS OF CROISIC.

First appeared (1878), with *La Saisiaz*, in one vol. See *ante*, p. 387, No. 21.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 205-273.

This poem is an episode in the biography of two French poets, whose respective "Poetical Work" enjoyed but a brief reputation. Mrs. Orr [*Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning*, p. 256] gives us a brief but succinct account of their career. The first, René Gentilhomme, was born in 1610, and becoming page to the Prince of Condé, occupied his leisure hours in the composition of complimentary verses. One day, while writing an ode, a storm broke over the place—the lightning shattering a marble crown which stood on a pedestal in the room. At this time, Condé was thought to be the future King of France—Louis XIII. being childless, as also his brother Gaston. This incident the poet took as an omen, and thereupon made his "ode" into a prophecy—declaring that the Prince's hopes were at an end, as a Dauphin would be born the next year. In the event, a Dauphin *was* born, and René received the title of Royal Poet. However, he wrote little after this, and his one volume of verse was soon forgotten.

The second Poet—Paul Desforges Maillard—was born some hundred years later, and occupied his early manhood in writing society verses. At length he competed for a prize offered by the Academy for the best poetical effusion commemorative of the progress of navigation during the last reign. His poem, however, was returned—to be afterwards submitted to the editor of a publication called *The Mercury*. The editor, La Roque, gave a due meed of praise to the poem, but declined to publish it—he not daring to offend the Academy. Paul thereupon charged the editor with cowardice—who retaliated by telling the Poet his work was execrable. Now it was that Paul's sister came upon the scene. She persuaded him to let her copy out some of the weakest of his poems or songs, and send them to La Roque as her own composition. This was done,—and as she was known by another name than her brother's, the stratagem succeeded. The fame of the lady grew apace—so much so, that La Roque (in writing) made love to her; while the great Voltaire himself was smitten. At this juncture, Paul interposed—not caring to be kept in the background any longer. He therefore proceeded to Paris, and introduced himself as the much admired Poetess. La Roque pretended to

enjoy the joke—but Voltaire waxed exceeding bitter : and the Poet was strongly advised to clear out of Paris. Paul reprinted the poems in his own name : but they fell flat this time—and he, too, was forgotten as speedily as René.

THE WORST OF IT.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 35-43.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 70-76.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 78-84.

THROUGH THE METIDJA TO ABD-EL-KADR.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. iii. p. 14.
 Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 304-306.
 Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 9-11.
 Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 83-85.
 Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 13-15.

“THUS I WROTE IN LONDON, MUSING ON MY BETTERS.”

First appeared in *The Century*, Vol. xxv. 1882, pp. 159-160.
 Reprinted in *The Browning Society's Papers* (first edition),
 Part iv. p. 48*.

These lines were printed in *The Century* as forming ten new lines to “Touch him ne'er so lightly” (*Dramatic Idyls*, Second Series, 1880, p. 149); they have not, however, been added to any reprint of the original verses, as they were not intended to form a permanent addition thereto—and were, indeed, printed in *The Century* without Mr. Browning's consent : at whose request the lines were cancelled from *The Browning Society's Papers*—only appearing in the first edition of Part iv.

As standing by themselves, and apart from the lines to which they were added in *The Century*, they are here quoted :

“ Thus I wrote in London, musing on my betters,
 Poets dead and gone : and lo, the critics cried,
 ‘ Out on such a boast ! ’ as if I dreamed that fetters
 Binding Dante, bind up—me ! as if true pride
 Were not also humble !

So I smiled and sighed
 As I oped your book in Venice this bright morning,
 Sweet new friend of mine! and felt the clay or sand,
 Whatsoe'er my soil be,—break—for praise or scorning—
 Out in grateful fancies—weeds; but weeds expand
 Almost into flowers—held by such a kindly hand!"

TIME'S REVENGES.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845, No. vii. p. 22.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 407-409.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 187-189.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 178-180.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1886, Vol. v. pp. 44-46.

In the first edition of this poem, following line 54, we read—

"As all my genius, all my learning
 Leave me, where there's no returning."

These lines are now omitted.

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD. ("I chanced upon a new book yesterday.")

First appeared in the *Athenæum*, July, 1889.

Reprinted in *The Browning Society's Papers*, Part xi. p. 347*.

Not included in any edition of Mr. Browning's *Poems*.

For full particulars concerning this sonnet see *ante*, pp. 407-408. As a matter of literary history, and to render this Bibliography as complete as possible, it is here reprinted from the *Browning Society's Papers*.

I chanced upon a new book yesterday:

I opened it, and, where my finger lay

'Twixt page and uncut page, these words I read—

Some six or seven at most—and learned thereby

That you, Fitzgerald, whom by ear and eye

She never knew, "thanked God my wife was dead."

Ay, dead! and were yourself alive, good Fitz,

How to return you thanks would task my wits;

Kicking you seems the common lot of curs—

While more appropriate greeting lends you grace:

Surely to spit there glorifies your face

Spitting—from lips once sanctified by Hers.

TOO LATE.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 55-63.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 85-91.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 94-100.

“ TOUCH HIM NE’ER SO LIGHTLY, INTO SONG HE
BROKE.”

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* II., 1880, p. 149.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. p. 164.

These lines appear as the Epilogue to the Second Series of
Dramatic Idyls.

TRANSCENDENTALISM: A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 223-226.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 321-323.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. v. pp. 207-209.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. iv. pp. 173-175.

TRAY.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* I., 1879, pp. 103-106.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. pp. 57-59.

TWO CAMELS.

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 69-76.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 47-52.

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 205-209.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 116-118.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 188-190.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 150-153.

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. i. pp. 23-30.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 49-53.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 122-127.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 66-71.

“VERSE-MAKING WAS LEAST OF MY VIRTUES.”

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 85-86.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. p. 57.

“WANTING IS—WHAT?”

First appeared in *Jocoseria*, 1883, p. 3.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. p. 167.

WARING.

First appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1842, No. iii.
pp. 10-11.

Reprinted, *Poems*, 1849, Vol. ii. pp. 285-294.

Ditto ditto 1863, Vol. i. pp. 215-224.

Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iv. pp. 206-215.

Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. v. pp. 78-89.

The original of *Waring* was Mr. Alfred Domett, who was born at Camberwell, May 20, 1811. In 1829 he matriculated at Cambridge; and in 1833 published a volume of poems. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1841. For a time he lingered in London Society, and is said to have been “one of the handsomest and most attractive men there.” In 1842 he was induced to emigrate to New Zealand, and some interesting particulars of his career in that colony will be found in Mr. William Gisborne's *New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen*, 1840 to 1885 (London, 1886). Six years after his arrival in the colony he was appointed Colonial Secretary for the province of New Munster; and in 1851 secretary for the whole of New Zealand. He eventually became Premier of that Colony; afterwards holding other appointments; and returning to England in 1871. In 1872 he published his chief poem—*Ranolf and Amohia, a South Sea Day Dream*, a work descriptive of the scenery of New Zealand, and of the legends, character and habits of the Maori inhabitants. In this poem (Canto xix. pp. 342-3) he paid the following warm tribute to the genius of his old friend, Mr. Browning:

‘Strange melodies’

That lustrous Song-Child languished to impart,
Breathing his boundless Love through boundless Art—

Impassioned Seraph, from his mint of gold
 By our full-handed Master-Maker flung ;
 By him, whose lays, like eagles, still upwheeling
 To that shy Empyrean of high feeling,
 Float steadiest in the luminous fold on fold
 Of wonder-cloud around its sun-depths rolled.
 Whether he paint, all patience and pure snow,
 Pompilia's fluttering innocence unsoiled ;—
 In verse, though fresh as dew, one lava flow
 In fervour—with rich Titian-dyes aglow—
 Paint Paracelsus to grand frenzy stung,
 Quixotic dreams and fiery quackeries foiled ;—
 Or—of Sordello's delicate Spirit unstrung
 For action, in its vast Ideal's glare
 Blasting the Real to its own dumb despair,—
 On that Venetian water-lapped stair-flight,
 In words condensed to diamond, indite
 A lay dark—splendid as star-spangled Night :—
 Still—though the pulses of the world-wide throng
 He wields, with racy life-blood beat so strong—
 Subtlest Asserter of the Soul in song !

His other works were *Venice*, a poem (1839) ; *Narrative of the Wairoa Massacre* (1843) ; *Petition to the House of Commons for the Recall of Governor Fitzroy* ; *Ordinances of New Zealand, classified* (1850) ; and *Flotsam and Jetsam, Rhymes old and new* (1877). He died at Kensington, in November 1887.

“WHAT A PRETTY TALE YOU TOLD ME.”

These lines first appeared in *La Saisiaz* and *The Two Poets of Croisic*, 1878, pp. 193-201, and form the Epilogue to the volume.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xiv. pp. 273-279.

No alteration in text. In the *Selections* of 1885 this poem is entitled “A Tale.”

“WHEN I VEXED YOU AND YOU CHID ME.”

First appeared in *Ferishtak's Fancies*, 1884, p. 68.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. pp. 45-46.

WHICH ?

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 37-39.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 31-33.

WHITE WITCHCRAFT.

First appeared in *Asolando*, 1889, pp. 17-18.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1894, Vol. xvii. pp. 14-15.

“WHY FROM THE WORLD ?” FERISHTAH SMILED,
“SHOULD THANKS.”

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, p. 139.

Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. p. 89.

WHY AM I A LIBERAL ?

First appeared in a work entitled *Why am I a Liberal?*¹ 1885,
p. 11.

Reprinted in *The Browning Society's Papers*, Part viii. p. 92*.

This sonnet was written in answer to a request for the reason of the Poet's political faith. Not having been reprinted in any edition of Mr. Browning's Works, the lines are here quoted :

“ Why ? ” Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both ? If fetters, not a few,
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
These shall I bid men—each in his degree
Also God-guided—bear, and gaily too ?

But little do or can the best of us :

That little is achieved through Liberty.

Who, then, dares hold—emancipated thus—

His fellow shall continue bound ? Not I

Who live, love, labour freely, nor discuss

A brother's right to freedom. That is “ Why.”

¹ *Why am I a Liberal?* Edited by Andrew Reid. London, Cassell and Co., 1885.

“WISH NO WORD UNSPOKEN, WANT NO LOOK AWAY!”

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, p. 12.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. p. 11.

“WITLESS ALIKE OF WILL AND WAY DIVINE.”

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 248-250.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 225-227.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 253-255.

This poem is the “THIRD SPEAKER” in the Epilogue to *Dramatis Personæ*, and is representative of the attitude of Mr. Browning himself towards the views expressed by the two preceding Speakers (*David* and *Renan*).

WOMEN AND ROSES.

First appeared in *Men and Women*, 1855, Vol. ii. pp. 150-153.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1863, Vol. i. pp. 137-138.
Ditto ditto 1868, Vol. iii. pp. 209-211.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vi. pp. 180-182.

“YOU ARE SICK, THAT'S SURE,” THEY SAY.

First appeared in *Dramatic Idyls* II., 1880, on unnumbered leaf, as a prologue.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xv. p. 83.

“YOU GROPED YOUR WAY ACROSS MY ROOM.”

First appeared in *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 1884, pp. 23-24.
Reprinted, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. xvi. p. 18.

YOUTH AND ART.

First appeared in *Dramatis Personæ*, 1864, pp. 151-157.
Reprinted, *Poems*, 1868, Vol. vi. pp. 154-157.
Ditto, *Poetical Works*, 1889, Vol. vii. pp. 171-175.

PART V.

COLLECTED EDITIONS.

(1.)

[*First Collected Edition* : 1849.]

Poems / By / Robert Browning. / In Two Volumes. / Vol. I. [Vol. II.] / A New Edition. / London : / Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand. / 1849.

Collation :—Post octavo. Vol. i, pp. vi + 385 ; Vol. ii, pp. viii + 416.

Issued in dark green cloth boards, gilt lettered.

P. v of Vol. i contains the following prefatory note :—

"Many of these pieces were out of print, the rest had been withdrawn from circulation, when the corrected edition, now submitted to the reader, was prepared. The various Poems and Dramas have received the author's most careful revision. December, 1848."

These two volumes contain only *Paracelsus* and *Bells and Pomegranates*—three poems (*Claret, Tokay, and Here's to Nelson's Memory*) being omitted.

(2.)

[*Second Collected Edition* : 1863.]

The Poetical Works / of / Robert Browning. / Vol. i / Lyrics, Romances, Men, and Women. / [Vol. ii, with Contents ; Vol. iii, with Contents.] Third Edition *. / London : Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. / 1863.

* This "*Third Edition*" is somewhat misleading. It does not mean that the present is the Third Edition of the three volumes, but that the poems contained in them were now for the third time printed: viz. 1st, in their original editions—2nd, in the 2 vol. edition of 1849—and 3rd, in the present 3 vol. edition.

Collation :—Post octavo. Vol. i, pp. xiv + 432 ; Vol. ii, pp. vi + 605 ; Vol. iii, pp. vi + 465.

Issued in dark brown cloth boards, gilt lettered. Several of the poems included in these volumes underwent slight textual revision.

In addition to the General Titles as given above, each volume was supplied with a distinct title-page in order that, by the removal of the General Title, it might stand as a work complete in itself. Thus rebound copies frequently occur having the individual titles only, and no General Title. These separate title-pages read as follows :—

- Vol. I. Lyrics, Romances, / Men, and Women. / By / Robert Browning. / London : / Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. / 1863.
- Vol. II. Tragedies and / Other Plays. / By / Robert Browning. / London : / Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. / 1863.
- Vol. III. Paracelsus, / Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, / Sordello. / By / Robert Browning. / London : / Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. / 1863.

Note : This edition was reprinted, from stereo plates, in 1865, the General title-pages reading “*Fourth Edition.*”

(3.)

[*Third Collected Edition* : 1868.]

The Poetical Works / of / Robert Browning, / M.A., / Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. / Vol. i. / Pauline—Paracelsus—Strafford. / [Vol. ii, *etc, with contents*] London : / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1868.

Collation :—Vol. i, pp. viii + 310. Vol. iv, pp. iv + 310.

„ ii, „ iv + 287. „ v, „ iv + 321.

„ iii, „ iv + 305. „ vi, „ iv + 233.

Size post 8vo. Issued in cloth boards, lettered in gold across the back. Several times reprinted from stereo plates, no alterations being made in the text.

(4.)

[*Complete Edition* : 1888-1894.]

The Poetical Works / of / Robert Browning / Vol. i.
 [Vol. ii, *etc*, with contents] / Pauline—Sordello / London /
 Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1888.

Collation :—Vol.	i,	pp.	x+289.	Vol.	ix,	pp.	vi+313.	
	„	ii,	„	vi+307.	„	x,	„	vi+279.
	„	iii,	„	vi+302.	„	xi,	„	vi+343.
	„	iv,	„	vi+305.	„	xii,	„	vi+311.
	„	v,	„	vi+307.	„	xiii,	„	vi+357.
	„	vi,	„	vii+289.	„	xiv,	„	vi+279.
	„	vii,	„	vi+255.	„	xv,	„	vi+260.
	„	viii,	„	viii+253.	„	xvi,	„	vi+292.
								Vol. xvii, pp. viii+307.

Issued in cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back. Also two hundred and fifty Large (hand-made) Paper copies; these were issued in straw-coloured buckram boards, with white paper back-label.

Illustrations.

Portrait of Robert Browning (1835)	<i>Frontispiece</i>	to Vol. iii.
„ „ „ „ (1859)	„	„ vii.
Scudo of Innocent XII.....	„	„ viii.
Portrait of Guido Franceschini	„	„ x.
„ „ Robert Browning (1882)	„	„ xvi.

* * Vol. xvii, published in 1894, was edited by Dr. Berdoe. It includes an Appendix of *Biographical and Historical Notes*.

PART VI.
SELECTIONS.

[*The two Tauchnitz volumes of 1872, and other exotic series of Selections, are not included in the following list, as they do not come within the scope of the present Bibliography.*]

(1.)

Selections / from the / Poetical Works / of / Robert Browning. / London: / Chapman and Hall, / 193, Piccadilly. / 1863.

Collation :—Foolscap octavo, pp. xii + 411.

Issued in cloth boards, gilt lettered. The selections were made by John Forster. The volume is dedicated to Bryan Walter Procter (Barry Cornwall).

(2.)

Moxon's Miniature Poets. / A / Selection from / the Works / of / Robert Browning. / [*Publishers' Monogram*] / London: / Edward Moxon & Co., Dover Street. / 1865.

Collation :—Small square octavo, printed in half-sheets, pp. viii + 224. A portrait of Robert Browning, engraved by J. H. Baker after a photograph by W. Jeffrey, forms the frontispiece.

Issued in cloth boards, gilt lettered, and covered with an ornamental design by John Leighton, F.S.A. This design is in gold upon the front, and 'blind' upon the back cover. The Dedication is to Alfred Tennyson. Also issued in Sixpenny Parts.

(3.)

Selections / from / The Poetical Works / of / Robert

Browning. / London : / Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place. / 1872.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. xii + 348.

Issued in cloth boards, gilt lettered. Also dedicated to Alfred Tennyson.

Reprinted frequently from stereotype plates.

(4.)

Selections from / the Poetical Works / of Robert Browning / Second Series / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15, Waterloo Place / 1880.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. viii + 371.

Issued in cloth boards, gilt lettered.

In common with the First Series this volume has also frequently been reprinted from stereotype plates.

New Edition.

In 1884 a new and cheaper edition of both Series of Selections was published. These were exact reprints of the earlier volumes, but set up in smaller types thinly leaded.

The collation is :—

First Series :—Crown octavo, pp. xi + 288.

Second Series :—Crown octavo, pp. vi + 297.

(5.)

The Pied Piper of Hamelin / by / Robert Browning. / Illustrated by Jane E. Cook, / author of "The Sculptor Caught Napping," / King Alfred's Schools, Wantage, Berks. / Reproduced by the Autotype Company's Process of Permanent Facsimile. / London : / This Illustrated Edition of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" is published with the / kind permission of Mr. Robert Browning. / 1880.

Collation :—Oblong folio, pp. 12, *plus* 9 plates with page of letterpress to each. The poem occupies pp. 8—12. Issued in green cloth boards, gilt lettered.

(6.)

The Pied Piper / of Hamelin / by Robert Browning / [*Publisher's monogram*] / London / Robt. Dunthorne / 1884.

Collation :—Small square octavo, pp. 16 [unpaged]. Printed, at the Chiswick Press, in red and black.

Issued in mottled-grey paper wrapper, lettered upon the front. The pamphlet was not placed upon sale. It was printed to accompany Mr. Macbeth's etching, after a drawing by the late G. J. Dinwell, illustrating Mr. Browning's poem, and was distributed only to subscribers for the special copies of the same.

(7.)

Pomegranates / from an English Garden : / A Selection from the Poems of / Robert Browning. / With Introduction and Notes by John Monro Gibson. / "*Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut | deep down the middle, | Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined | humanity.*" / *Lady Geraldine's Courtship.* / Phillips & Hunt, New York. / 1885.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. vi + 137.

Issued in white vellum boards, with coloured leather back-label. The book was published in London by Messrs. J. W. Jarvis & Son, then of King William Street, Strand W.C.¹ It was set up by

¹ Volumes of *Selections from Mr. Browning's Works*, as well as volumes of *Biography* and *Criticism*, published originally in the United States or elsewhere abroad, have been included in this Bibliography only when they have been simultaneously issued in this country.

Messrs. Henderson, Rait & Spalding, Marylebone Lane, London, and the stereotype plates forwarded to America.

(8.)

The Pied Piper / of / Hamelin / by / Robert Browning / with
35 Illustrations / by / Kate Greenaway / Engraved and
printed in Colours by Edmund Evans / London / George
Routledge and Sons / Broadway, Ludgate Hill / Glasgow
and New York. [*No date, but published in the Autumn of*
1888.]

Collation :—Quarto, pp. 64.

Issued in Illustrated paper boards.

(9.)

A few Impressions / from / The Poems of Robert Brown-
ing. / By / Emily Atkinson. / London : / Kegan Paul,
Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. [*No date.*]

Collation :—Quarto, pp. 112, printed upon one side of the pages
only.

Issued in illustrated paper boards, backed with canvas.

(10.)

Pocket Volume / of / Selections / from / The Poetical Works /
of / Robert Browning / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15
Waterloo Place / 1890.

Collation :—32mo, pp. viii + 319.

Issued in marbled paper boards, backed with cloth, gilt lettered.

PART VII.

COMPLETE VOLUMES OF BIOGRAPHY AND
CRITICISM.

(I.)

Essays / on / Robert Browning's / Poetry / by / John T.
Nettleship / London / Macmillan and Co. / 1868.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. viii + 305 : consisting of Half-title
(with publishers' Monogram on reverse) pp. i-ii ; Title-
page (with imprint in centre of reverse) pp. iii-iv ; Preface
v-vi ; Contents (with blank reverse) pp. vii-viii ; and Text
pp. 1-305. The imprint is repeated on the reverse of last
page.

Issued in light brown cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back
“*Essays / on / Robert / Browning's / Poetry / Nettleship*” /
Macmillan & Co.

[*New Edition.*]

Robert Browning / Essays and Thoughts / by / John T.
Nettleship / London / Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, W. /
1890.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. xii + 454 : consisting of Half-title
(with blank reverse) pp. i-ii ; Title-page (with imprint in
centre of blank reverse) pp. iii-iv ; Dedication to Robert
Browning (with blank reverse) pp. v-vi ; Prefatory note
(with blank reverse) pp. vii-viii ; Contents pp. ix-x ;
Preface xi-xii ; and Text pp. 1-454.

Issued in brown buckram bevelled boards, lettered in gilt across
back “*Robert Browning / Essays / and / Thoughts / J. T. Nettle-
ship / Elkin Mathews.*” There were also seventy-five copies on
large Whatman paper.

(2.)

Balaustion's Adventure. / Reprinted from the London Quarterly Review, / January, 1872. / For Private Circulation. / [By H. Buxton Forman.] London : / Printed by Beveridge and Fraser, / Fullwood's Rents, Holborn.

Collation :—Demy octavo, pp. 1 + 24 : consisting of Title-page 1, and Text 2-24.

Issued without wrapper, stitched, the text commencing on the reverse of the title-page.

(3.)

Browning's Women / by / Mary E. Burt / With an Introduction by / Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., LL.D. / Chicago / Charles H. Kerr & Company / 175 Dearborn Street / 1877.

Collation :—16mo, pp. xii + 1-225 : consisting of Title-page (with imprint and "copyright" on blank reverse) pp. i-ii ; Dedication to "Jenkin Lloyd Jones and his first Browning Club" (with blank reverse) pp. iii-iv ; Contents (with blank reverse) pp. v-vi ; Preface (with blank reverse) pp. vii-viii ; Introduction (with blank reverse) pp. ix-xii ; and Text pp. 1-225.

Issued in dark blue cloth boards, with gilt top, and lettered in gilt on front cover : "*Browning's Women* / *Mary E. Burt.*" Also gilt lettered across the back "*Browning's Women* / *Burt.*"

(4.)

Sordello / A Story from Robert Browning / By / Frederick May Holland / Author of the "Reign of the Stoics" / New York / G. P. Putnam's Sons / 27 and 29 West 23d Street / 1881.

Collation :—Small square octavo, pp. 29 : consisting of Title-page, as above (with imprint upon the reverse) pp. 1-2 ; and Text pp. 3-29.

Issued in stiff drab paper wrappers, with "*Sordello* | *Frederick May Holland*" printed upon the front. The pamphlet was issued as an experiment, very few copies being printed. It was afterwards included (with considerable alterations) in *Stories from Robert Browning*, by *F. May Holland*, London, 1882—(See *post*, No. 7).

(5.)

The / Browning Society's Papers. / 1881-4 / [*Contents.*]
 Publisht for / The Browning Society / by N. Trübner &
 Co., 57 & 59, Ludgate Hill, / London, E.C., 1881-4 /
 Price Ten Shillings.

Issued in grey paper wrappers, the second and third pages of which contain Advertisements of other Societies ; the fourth page being devoted to an announcement of the officers, list of meetings, &c., of the Browning Society. The Papers were issued in "Parts," the intention being to complete them in Three Volumes. Fourteen Parts have been issued up to date, as follows : Vol. i, Parts i-v ; Vol. ii, Parts vii-xi ; Vol. iii, Parts xii-xiii. Several of the earlier numbers have been reprinted, many corrections being made in the text—particularly in the *Bibliography* contained in Part I.

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¹ It is impossible to bestow too great praise upon Dr. Furnivall's admirable Bibliography, which has been made use of to the fullest extent in preparing the present work.

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(Illustrations.)

(6.)

Illustrations / to / Browning's Poems / Part I. / [*Contents* :
Part II. *with Contents*] With a / Notice of the Artists and
the Pictures / by / Ernest Radford. / Published for / the
Browning Society / by N. Trübner & Co., 57 and 59, Lud-
gate Hill, / London, E.C. 1882 / Price Ten Shillings.

Collation :—Quarto, pp. i-viii : consisting of Title-page (with
notice of *Illustrations* on reverse), pp. i-ii ; and Text,
pp. iii-viii.

Issued in mottled-grey paper boards, Part I. in 1882, and Part II.
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Lippi in the *Accademia delle Belle Arti* at Florence, described in
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2. Andrea del Sarto and his Wife, from the Painting by Andrea del
Sarto in the Pitti Palace, Florence, which gave rise to Browning's
Andrea del Sarto.

3. The Angel and the Child, from the Picture by Guercino in a
chapel at Fano, on the Adriatic, which is the subject of Browning's
Guardian Angel.

Part II.

4. A Photogravure, by Dawson's process, of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray's

Copy of Andrea del Sarto's painting of himself and his wife, which gave rise to Browning's *Andrea del Sarto*.

5. A Woodbury Type engraving of Robert Browning, from a Photograph by Fradelle. (Presented by Mrs. Sutherland Orr.)

Note.—With this Part was issued Woodbury-type engravings of Robert Browning (from Fradelle's photograph), in demy octavo for the Society's *Papers*; and in foolscap octavo for any volume of Browning's poems (both presented by Mrs. Sutherland Orr). Also reductions in foolscap octavo, for Browning's poems, of the Andrea (No. 4, Part II.); and of the Fra Lippo's Coronation, and Guercino's Angel and Child (Nos. 1 and 2 of the *Illustrations*, Part I.).

(7.)

Stories from Robert Browning. / By / Frederick May Holland, / Author of / 'The Reign of the Stoics.' / With an Introduction by / Mrs. Sutherland Orr. / London : George Bell and Sons, / York Street, Covent Garden. / 1882.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. xviii + 228 : consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; Title-page (with imprint at foot of the reverse), pp. iii-iv ; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. v-vi ; Preface pp. vii-ix ; p. x is blank ; Introduction pp. xi-xlvii ; p. xlviii is blank ; and Text pp. 1-228.

The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued in orange coloured bevelled cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back : "*Stories | from | Browning | Holland | G. Bell & Sons.*" Also lettered in gilt upon the front cover.

The "Stories" included are those of *Strafford—Sordello—Luria—The Adventures of Balaustion—A Blot on the 'Scutcheon—The Ring and the Book—Pippa Passes—The Return of the Druses—*and *Colombe's Birthday*.

(8.)

The Browning Society / 1884-5 / Hercules Wrestling with

Death / for the body of Alcestis / A Picture painted in 1871 by / Sir Frederick Leighton / P.R.A.

This print was taken by kind permission of Sir B. Samuelson, Bart., M.P., and presented to the members of the Browning Society by the painter (one of its Vice-Presidents) in Sept. 1884. It was issued in a wrapper on the inside of which were printed the lines from *Balaustion's Adventure* illustrated by the picture.

(9.)

Robert Browning / The Thoughts of a Poet on Art and Faith. / A Lecture / Delivered to the Birmingham Central Literary Association, / March 27th, 1885. / By / Howard S. Pearson. / Price Sixpence. / Published for the Committee of the Birmingham Central Literary Association, by / Cornish Brothers, 37, New Street.

Collation:—Demy quarto, pp. 2 + 27 : consisting of Title-page, as above (with imprint in centre of reverse), pp. 1-2 ; and Text, pp. 3-27.

Issued in drab-coloured paper wrappers, on the front page of which is a reprint of the title.

(10.)

A Handbook / to the Works of / Robert Browning / by / Mrs. Sutherland Orr. / "No pause i' the leading and the light!" / *The Ring and the Book*, vol. iii., p. 70. / London : George Bell & Sons, / York Street, Covent Garden. / 1885. / [*The right of translation is reserved.*]

Collation:—Foolscap octavo, pp. xiii + 332 : consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; Title-page, as above (with imprint at bottom of reverse), pp. iii-iv ; Contents, pp. ix-xiii ; Text, pp. 1-328 ; and Index, pp. 329-332.

Issued in olive-green cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back :
 “ Handbook | to | Robert | Browning's | Works | Mrs. S. Orr |
 George Bell and Sons.”

The above is a description of the first edition of this work ; but there have been several subsequent editions, in which various corrections, &c., have been made.

(11.)

Miss Alma Murray's | Constance | in | Robert Brown-
 ing's “ In a Balcony.” | A paper by | B. L. Mosely, LL.B. |
Barrister-at-Law. | Read to the Browning Society | on the
 27th of February, 1885. | Reprinted from THE THEATRE
for May, 1885. | For private distribution only. | London,
 1885.

Collation :—Royal, pp. 1-8 : consisting of Title-page, as above
 (with blank reverse) pp. 1-2 ; and Text, pp. 2-8.

Issued in cream-tinted wrapper, lettered “ *Miss Alma Murray's |
 Constance | in | Robert Browning's ' In a Balcony.' | A paper by |
 B. L. Mosely, LL.B. | Barrister-at-Law,*” upon the front.

(12.)

Sordello's Story | Retold in Prose | by | Annie Wall |
 [*Publishers' device.*] Boston and New York | Houghton,
 Mifflin and Company | The Riverside Press, Cambridge |
 1886.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. 6 + 145 : consisting of Title-page,
 as above (with “ copyright ” in centre and imprint at foot of
 reverse), pp. 1-2 ; Dedication (with blank reverse), pp. 3-4 ;
 Quotation from Dante (with blank reverse), pp. 5-6 ; and
 Text, pp. 7-145.

Issued in dark yellow cloth boards, gilt lettered across the back,
 “ *Sordello's Story | Annie Wall | Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*”

(13.)

An / Introduction / to the Study of / Robert Browning's Poetry. / By / Hiram Corson, LL.D., / Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the / Cornell University. / "*Subtlest Asserter of the Soul in song.*" / Boston : / D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers. / 1886.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. x + 338 : consisting of Title-page, as above (with "copyright" and imprint in centre and at end respectively of blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; motto (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv ; Preface, pp. v-vii ; p. viii is blank ; Contents, pp. ix-x ; and Text, pp. 1-338.

Issued in dark-blue cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back : "*Introduction / to / Browning / Corson / D. C. Heath & Co / Boston.*"

(14.)

Robert Browning's Poetry / "*The development of a soul ; little else is worth study*" / Outline Studies / Published for the Chicago Browning Society / Chicago / Charles H. Kerr & Company / 175 Dearborn Street / 1886.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. 4 + 50 : consisting of Title-page (with "copyright" in centre of reverse), pp. 1-2 ; Contents (with prefatory note on reverse), pp. 3-4 ; and Text, pp. 5-50.

Issued in light yellow paper wrapper, with "*Robert Browning's Poetry*" printed across centre. A limited number of copies were placed on sale in London.

(15.)

Sordello : / A History and a Poem. / By Caroline H. Dall. / Boston : / Roberts Brothers. / 1886.

Collation :—Royal, pp. 4 + 36 : consisting of Title-page, as above

(with reverse, containing notice of copyright and imprint in centre and at end respectively), pp. 1—2 : prefatory "note," pp. 3—4 ; and Text, pp. 5—36.

Issued in light grey wrapper, with the Title-page reproduced upon the front cover.

(16.)

An / Introduction / to / the study of / Browning / by / Arthur Symons / Cassell & Company, Limited / London, Paris, New York, & Melbourne / 1886 / [All rights reserved.]

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. viii + 216 : consisting of Title-page (with quotation from Landor on reverse), pp. i—ii ; Dedication to George Meredith (with blank reverse), pp. iii—iv ; Preface, pp. v—vi ; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. vii—viii ; and Text, pp. 1—216.

Issued in dark green bevelled boards, lettered in gilt across the back "*Introduction / to / Browning / Symons.*"

(17.)

Studies in the Poetry / of / Robert Browning / by / James Fotheringham / London / Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1 Paternoster Square / 1887.

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. xii + 382 : consisting of Title-page (with quotations on reverse), pp. i—ii ; Preface, pp. iii—viii ; Contents, pp. ix—x ; Reference List of Poems, pp. xi—xii ; and Text, pp. 1—382.

Issued in dark blue cloth boards, gilt lettered across the back "*Studies / in the / Poetry / of / Robert / Browning / Fotheringham / Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.*" The front cover is also lettered "*Studies in the Poetry / of Robert Browning.*"

(18.)

Robert Browning: / Chief Poet of the Age. / An Essay / Addressed primarily to beginners in the Study of / Browning's Poems / By / William G. Kingsland / London / J. W. Jarvis & Son / 28 King William Street, Strand / 1887.

Collation:—Square 16mo, pp. 1-47: consisting of Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2; Dedicatory Sonnet "to Robert Browning" (with blank reverse), pp. 3-4; and Text, pp. 5-47. The imprint is in centre of reverse of last page.

Issued in drab-coloured paper boards; with the title-page reprinted upon the front. A portrait of Mr. Browning forms the frontispiece. Thirty copies on large hand-made paper were also issued.

[*Second Edition.*]

Robert Browning: / Chief Poet of the Age. / By / William G. Kingsland / New Edition, / With Biographical and other Additions / London: / J. W. Jarvis & Son, / 28 King William Street, Strand / 1890.

Collation:—Small octavo, pp. vi+136: consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii; Title-page (with imprint on reverse), pp. iii-iv; Preface, pp. v-vii; Dedicatory Sonnet, p. viii; and Text, pp. 1-136. The imprint is repeated at foot of last page.

Issued in fawn-coloured cloth boards, gilt lettered across the back "*Browning / Kingsland / 1890.*" A portrait of Mr. Browning forms the frontispiece. Fifty copies were also printed on large hand-made paper.

(19.)

Sordello / An Outline Analysis of / Mr. Browning's Poem / by / Jeanie Morison / author of / 'The Purpose of the Ages;' 'Gordon: an Our Day Idyll;' / 'Ane Booke of Ballades,' etc. / William Blackwood and Sons / Edinburgh and London / MDCCCLXXXIX. / *All Rights reserved.*

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. vi + 115: consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. iii–iv; Dedication to the Members of the Edinburgh Women-Students' Browning Club, with blank reverse, pp. v–vi; and Text, pp. 1–115. The imprint is at the foot of the last page.

Issued in dark red cloth boards, with trimmed edges, and lettered in gilt across the back: "*Analysis | of | Sordello | Jeanie | Morison | Wm. Blackwood | & Sons.*"

(20.)

Robert Browning. / Nineteenth Century Authors. / Louise Manning Hodgkins. / D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. [1889.]

Collation:—Small octavo, pp. iv + 8: consisting of Title-page, as above (with blank reverse); and Text, pp. 1–8.

Issued stitched, without wrappers. Circulated gratis. A number of copies were distributed among the Members of the Browning Society.

(21.)

Robert Browning / Personalialia / by / Edmund Gosse / Boston and New York / Houghton, Mifflin and Company / The Riverside Press, Cambridge / 1890.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. 1–96: consisting of Title (with

imprint in centre of reverse), 1-2; Preface, 3-9 (blank reverse, 10); Contents (with blank reverse), 11-12; Half-title (with blank reverse), 13-14; Text, 15-96.

Issued in Indian red cloth boards, with gilt top, and lettered in gilt on front cover: "*Robert Browning | Personalia | By Edmund | Gosse*" /; also lettered across back "*Robert | Browning | Personalia | Gosse | Houghton | Mifflin & Co.*" There is a portrait of Robert Browning as frontispiece.

A portion of the impression of this book was purchased by T. Fisher Unwin, who issued these copies in London with his own imprint upon the title-page, and upon the cover, in place of that of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. as detailed above. They were put up in vellum bevelled boards, gilt lettered.

There were also ten copies printed upon large paper.

(22.)

Robert Browning. / Read before the / Literary and Philo-
sophical Society of Liverpool. / April 28th, 1890 / By /
Gerald H. Rendall.

Collation:—Demy octavo, pp. ii + 20: consisting of Title-page,
as above (with blank reverse), pp. i—ii; and Text, pp.
1—20.

Issued in light mottled-grey wrapper, with the Title-page reprinted upon the front.

(23.)

Life / of / Robert Browning / by / William Sharp / Lon-
don: / Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane. / 1890. / (*All
rights reserved.*)

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. ii + 219 + xxii: consisting of
Half-title, pp. i—ii; Title-page, as above (with blank re-
verse), pp. 1-2; Contents, pp. 3-8; prefatory "note"

pp. 9-10; Text, pp. 11-212; Index, pp. 213-219; and Bibliography, pp. i-xxii.

Issued in dark blue cloth boards, lettered in gilt across the back, "*Life of | Robert Browning | William Sharp | Walter Scott.*"

This work formed one of the volumes of the "Great Writers" series. Large Paper copies were also printed, the size being demy octavo.

(24.)

Browning's / Message to his Time : / His Religion, Philosophy, and Science / By Edward Berdoe / Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England ; / Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians (Edinburgh) ; / Member of the British Medical Association ; / etc., etc. / [*Quotation from Emerson*] London : / Swan Sonnenschein & Co., / Paternoster Square. / 1890.

Collation :—Octavo, pp. iv + 222 : consisting of Title-page, as above (with imprint in centre of reverse), pp. i-ii ; Dedication (with contents in centre of reverse), pp. iii-iv ; and Text, pp. 1-222.

Issued in dark red bevelled cloth boards, gilt lettered across the back : "*Browning's | Message | to | his Time | Berdoe | Sonnenschein.*"

(25.)

Life and Letters / of / Robert Browning / by / Mrs. Sutherland Orr / London / Smith, Elder, & Co., 15 Waterloo Place / 1891 / [*All rights reserved.*]

Collation :—Crown octavo, pp. xiii + 451 : consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv ; Preface, pp. v-vi ; Contents, pp. vii-xiii ; Text, pp. 1-438 ; and Index, pp. 439-451.

Issued in dark yellow cloth boards, gilt lettered across the back,
 "Life | and | Letters | of | Robert | Browning | Mrs. Sutherland
 Orr | Smith, Elder & Co."

(26.)

Robert Browning / and the Drama / A Note / by / Walter
 Fairfax / London / Reeves and Turner 196 Strand / 1891.

Collation :—Royal, pp. 2 + 20 : consisting of Title-page, as above
 (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2 ; and Text, pp. 3-20.

Issued in light grey wrappers, with the Title-page reproduced
 upon the front, and on the reverse an advertisement of a forth-
 coming work by the same author.

(27.)

A Primer on Browning / By F. Mary Wilson / London /
 Macmillan and Co. / and New York / 1891 / *All rights
 reserved.*

Collation :—Small octavo, pp. viii + 248 : consisting of Half-title
 (with publishers' monogram upon the reverse), pp. i-ii ;
 Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. iii-iv ; Con-
 tents, pp. v-vii ; p. viii is blank ; and Text, pp. 1-248.
 The imprint occurs at the foot of the last page.

Issued in bright red coloured cloth boards, with trimmed edges,
 lettered in gilt across the back : "*A | Primer, | on | Browning |
 F. Mary | Wilson | Macmillan & Co.*" Also lettered in black
 upon the front cover.

(28.)

Browning's / Criticism of Life / By / William F. Revell /
 Author of "Ethical Forecasts," etc. / With a Frontispiece /

[*Publishers' device*] London / Swan Sonnenschein & Co. / New York: Macmillan & Co. / 1892.

Collation:—Post octavo, pp. x + 116: consisting of Half-title (with advertisements of *The Dilettante Library* upon the reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page, as above (with imprint in the centre of the reverse), pp. iii–iv; Dedication (“To my Wife”—with blank reverse), pp. v–vi; Preface, pp. vii–viii; Contents (with blank reverse), pp. ix–x; and Text, pp. 1–116. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued in dark brown bevelled cloth boards, with trimmed edges, and lettered in gilt across the back: “*Browning's / Criticism / of Life / Revell / Sonnenschein.*” The Frontispiece is a portrait of Robert Browning, taken after death.

(29.)

Of / “*Fifine at the Fair*” / “*Christmas Eve and Easter Day*” / and / other of Mr. Browning's Poems / by / Jeanie Morison / William Blackwood and Sons / Edinburgh and London / MDCCCXCII.

Collation:—Crown octavo, pp. viii + 99: consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i–ii; Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. iii–iv; Dedication to Miss Browning (with blank reverse), pp. v–vi; Contents (with quotation from *Easter Day* on reverse), pp. vii–viii; and Text, pp. 1–96. The imprint is at foot of last page.

Issued in dark red cloth boards, with trimmed edges, and lettered in gilt across the back: “*Of / Fifine / at the / Fair / Jeanie / Morison / Wm. Blackwood / & Sons.*”

(30.)

The / Browning Cyclopædia / A Guide to the Study of

the Works / of / Robert Browning. / With / Copious Explanatory Notes and References / on all Difficult Passages. / By / Edward Berdoe, / Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh ; member of / the Royal College of Surgeons, England, etc. etc. / Author of "Browning's Message to his Time," "Browning as a Scientific / Poet," etc., etc. / London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. / New York: Macmillan & Co. / 1892.

Collation :—Post octavo, pp. xx + 572 : consisting of Half-title (with advertisement on reverse), pp. i-ii ; Title-page, as above (with imprint at foot of reverse), pp. iii-iv ; Dedication (with blank reverse), pp. v-vi ; Preface vii-x ; "Unsolved Difficulties," study-books, etc., pp. xi-xx ; and Text, pp. 1-572.

Issued in red cloth boards, gilt lettered across back : "*The Browning / Cyclopædia / Berdoe / Sonnenschein.*"

(31.)

Browning Studies / being / Select Papers by Members / of the / Browning Society / Edited, with an Introduction / by / Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S., &c., / Author of "The Browning Cyclopædia," "Browning's Message to his Time," &c., &c. / London / George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road / 1895 / [*All rights reserved.*]

Collation :—Octavo, pp. xiv + 331.

Issued in cloth boards, lettered in gilt.

The entire Contents of this volume were reprinted from the Browning Society's Papers.

(32.)

An Introduction / to / Robert Browning. / A Criticism of

the Purpose and / Method of his Earlier / Works. / By / Bancroft Cooke. / London : Simpkin, Marshall & Co. / Liverpool : Adam Holden, 48, Church Street. / Price one shilling.

Collation :—Demy octavo, pp. ii + 40 : consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i-ii ; Title-page, as above (with blank reverse), pp. 1-2 ; and Text, pp. 3-40.

Issued in light grey paper wrappers, lettered "*An Introduction / to / Robert Browning,*" upon the front. The pamphlet is undated.

PART VIII.

BROWNINGIANA.

A list of the principal reviews and criticisms of Robert Browning and his writings contained in books and magazines, with a selection from the more important weekly and daily periodicals.

(1.) *The Monthly Repository*, Vol. vii., New Series, *April* 1833, pp. 252-262. Review of *Pauline*, by W. J. Fox. "Whoever the anonymous author may be, he is a poet. We felt certain of Tennyson, before we saw his book, by a few verses which had straggled into a newspaper; we are none the less certain of the author of *Pauline*."

(2.) *The Literary Gazette*, *March 23rd*, 1833, p. 183. Notice of *Pauline*: "Somewhat mystical, somewhat poetical, somewhat sensual, and not a little unintelligible—this is a dreary volume, without an object, and unfit for publication."

(3.) *The Athenæum*, *April 6th*, 1833, p. 216. A review of *Pauline*: "Not a little true poetry in this very little book."

(4.) *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, No. 17, *August*, 1833. Notices *Pauline*: "A piece of pure bewilderment."

(5.) *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, Vol. ii., New Series, *November*, 1835. A notice of *Paracelsus* in half-a-dozen lines—yet noteworthy. "It is a dramatic poem, constructed upon the model of *Philip van Artevelde*; but the author says no. His composition is a *poem* not a *drama*. Yet what we consider the finest passages in the poem are decidedly dramatic."

(6.) *The Athenæum*, August 2nd, 1835, p. 640. Notice of *Paracelsus*: "There is talent in this dramatic poem, but it is dreamy and obscure."

(7.) *The Examiner*, September 6th, 1835, pp. 563-565. Review of *Paracelsus*, by John Forster. "It is some time since we read a work of more unequivocal power than this. . . . Its author . . . possesses all the elements of a fine poet."

(8.) *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, Vol. ii., November 21st, 1835, pp. 405-408. Review of *Paracelsus*—presumably the work of Leigh Hunt himself. "There is a hidden soul in its harmony which must be first unwound—a retiring grace in its unwonted forms of phraseology which must be won before the poetry can be rightly enjoyed or understood."

(9.) *The Monthly Repository*, No. 107, November, 1835, pp. 716-727. On *Paracelsus*.

(10.) *New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. xlvi., March, 1836, pp. 289-308. Review of *Paracelsus*, by John Forster. "Opens a deeper vein of thought, of feeling, and of passion, than any poet has attempted for years. . . . Mr. Browning is a man of genius, he has in himself all the elements of a great poet, philosophical as well as dramatic."

(11.) *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1836, p. 363-374. "Asinarii Scenici," are on *Paracelsus*.

(12.) *New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. xlvi., September, 1836. Sonnets to the Author of *Paracelsus*.

(13.) *Literary Gazette*, May 6th, 1837, pp. 283-284. Review of *Strafford*: "There is much vigour in *Strafford*, and much genuine poetry."

(14.) *The Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1837. On the performance of *Strafford* at Covent Garden.

(15.) *The Literary Gazette*, May 6th, 1837, p. 292. On "the acting" of *Strafford*.

(16.) *The Examiner*, May 7th, 1837, pp. 294-295. On *Strafford*, by John Forster. "This is the work of a writer who is capable of achieving the highest objects and triumphs of dramatic literature. They are not achieved here; but here they lie, 'in the rough,' before every reader. *Strafford* suggests the most brilliant career of dramatic authorship that has been known in our time. We are not sure that it will be realised; . . . but we are not without reasons for strong hope, since we were the first to hazard a prediction on the publication of *Paracelsus*, which has already been fulfilled—being then doubtful whether that great poem was the work of mature age, or of extreme youth."

(17.) *The Examiner*, May 14th, 1837. On the play of *Strafford*, by John Forster. "The deep and touching feeling of her [Miss Faucit's] *Carlisle* in the tragedy of *Strafford* has given us the warmest hopes of her success [as *Imogen*]."

(18.) *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. lxx., July, 1837. On *Strafford*.

(19.) *Revue des deux Mondes*, 4me Série, Tome xxii., April, 1840. On *Paracelsus*. "*Paracelse*, œuvre qui porte, comme on le voit, toutes les traces d'un esprit supérieur, mais . . . ne se rapproche du drame que par son libre."

(20.) *The Literary Gazette*, February 18th, 1843. On the performance of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*.

(21.) *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1843. Review of *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. i.-iv. "We take it that Mr. Browning in poetry, as Mr. Turner in painting, writes for his own gratification and to his own will, without much regard to the approbation or applause of his readers. He is master of passions that sway the human heart."

(22.) *A New Spirit of the Age*. Edited by R. H. Horne, 1844, Vol. ii., pp. 153-186. The notice of Browning here given is accompanied by a portrait engraved by J. C. Armytage.

(23.) *The Theologian*, 1845, No. 6, Vol. ii., pp. 276-282. Review of *Paracelsus*: "The poetry in which the drama is embodied is of the very highest order: worthy indeed of its author, for whom we scruple not to challenge admiration and acknowledgment as the first poet of the day."

(24.) *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, No. xiii., December 1845. Review [presumably by Douglas Jerrold] of *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. vii.: "Verbiage, fluency, hackneyed phraseology are abhorred by Mr. Browning, and he will go far out of his way to avoid them; and in so doing he may sometimes miss the finest expression of his thought. But this it is which makes his verses and whole poems as fresh and cheering as if he was the first poet that had learnt to write. Nor is this originality confined to his phraseology, but extends itself to his versification, which to ears bedazed with the slimy monotony of the common versification may be considered rugged and distorted. To the reader impregnated with the passion of the matter, it starts, however, into a harmony new, con-

genial, and invigorating. In fact, Mr. Browning is a poet, and if so, the form and quality of his verse must be as novel as his thoughts."

(25.) *Walter Savage Landor's Works*, 1846, Vol. ii., p. 673. Poem "To Robert Browning."

"Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's ;
Therefore on him no speech ! And brief for thee,
Browning ! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so enquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse."

(26.) *Papers on Literature and Art*, by S. Margaret Fuller, 1846. An account of Browning's Poems will be found on pp. 31-45.

(27.) *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, No. xviii., June, 1846. Review of No. viii *Bells and Pomegranates* [presumably by Douglas Jerrold]: "Mr. Browning is, in our opinion, a great poet, and it is probable he is also a great man. We say this because there seems to be in him a thorough hatred and scorn of the *ad captandum* school. . . . His delight is in his own might, not in the vain plaudits of those who mistake skill for genius, and smartness for originality. If the comparative neglect of the many is displeasing to him, at all events, Coriolanus-like he will not show his scars. . . . He understands character and human emotion profoundly, and delineates it powerfully. He never aids the reader by narrative or obtrusion of himself. There are character, passion, and poetry flung down on the paper, and it is certainly the reader's fault or misfortune if he does not perceive them."

(28.) *The Examiner*, February 18th, 1848. On *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. "In performance it was successful: a result which it had been hardly safe to predict of a work of so much rare beauty and of such decisive originality."

(29.) *The Athenæum*, December 2nd, 1848. On *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. "The play as now acted commanded well-deserved applause; giving satisfaction to a numerous though not overflowing audience."

(30.) *The Examiner*, December 9th, 1848. On *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*.

(31.) *North American Review*, Vol. lxvi., April, 1848, p. 394. Review of J. Russell Lowell, "On Browning's Humour": "His humour is as genuine as that of Carlyle, and his laugh . . . is always sincere and hearty, and there is a tone of meaning in it which always sets us thinking."

(32.) *Eclectic Review*, 4th Series, xxvi., 1849, pp. 203-214. Review of the *Poems* (2 vols., 1849) and *Sordello*. "This is a great and original poet. It is plain that to be genuine and true, was, rightly, his great aim."

(33.) *The Living Authors of England*, by Thomas Powell (New York), 1849. The notice of Robert Browning to be found on pp. 71-85.

(34.) *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, No. xi., June, 1850. Review of Browning's *Poems* (2 vols., 1849). "We bespeak for every future line of Mr. Browning a cordial welcome here."

(35.) *Littell's Living Age* (Boston, U.S.A.), 1850, No. 315, xxv., pp. 403-409. "Mr. Browning will yet win

his laurel, and be admitted for what he truly is, one of the most original poets of his time."

(36.) *The Germ*. No. 4 (1850); pp. 187-192. On Browning's *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, by W. M. Rossetti.

(37.) *Revue des deux Mondes*, 6me Série, Tome xi, Août, 1851, pp. 661-689, article by J. Milsand. "Mr. Browning belongs to the family of Milton rather than of Shakespeare. His peculiar genius is that he sees in every fact an epitome of creation. I know of no poet as capable of gathering up the religious, moral, and scientific conceptions of our time and clothing them in poetic form."

(38.) *The Examiner*, April 30th, 1853. On *Colombe's Birthday*. "The applause was unmixed at the close of the play, and many passages as it proceeded had excited evident admiration and sympathy."

(39.) *The Athenæum*, April 30th, 1853. On *Colombe's Birthday*. "That the performance will become popular it is not for the critic to determine; but we can record its apparent perfect success on the first night."

(40.) *The Literary Gazette*, April 30th, 1853. On *Colombe's Birthday*. "*Colombe's Birthday* was well known to possess true dramatic interest, while it was rich, both in poetical elements and in characters drawn with masterly lines and worthy the illustration of high histrionic powers. . . . The story is handled throughout with a freshness and originality of manner, equally confounding to the 'fast' and the conventional school of critics, but which produced a marked result, in the close and fascinated attention of the audience."

(41.) *Six Months in Italy*, by G. S. Hillard, 1853. Vol. i., pp. 139-140, contains a personal notice of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

(42.) *Modern Painters*, by John Ruskin, 1856, Vol. iv., pp. 377-379. Notices especially *The Bishop orders his tomb in St. Praxed's Church*: "The worst of it is that this kind of concentrated writing needs so much *solution* before the reader can fairly get the good of it, that people's patience fails them, and they give the thing up as insoluble."

(43.) *The Rambler*, Vol. v., January, 1856, pp. 54-71. Review of *Men and Women* [by Cardinal Wiseman]. "We thank Mr. Browning, sceptical and reckless as he is, for a rare treat in these thoughtful and able volumes. . . . Though much of their matter is extremely offensive to Catholics, yet beneath the surface there is an undercurrent of thought that is by no means inconsistent with our religion; and if Mr. Browning is a man of will and action, and not a mere dreamer and talker, we should never feel surprise at his conversion."

(44.) *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1856. Review of *Men and Women*.

(45.) *Revue Contemporaine*, 107e Livraison, September 15th, 1856. Article by J. Milsand, on *Men and Women*.

(46.) *Bentley's Miscellany*, Vol. xxxix (1856), pp. 64-70. On *Men and Women*.

(47.) *British Quarterly Review*, Vol. xxiii (1856), pp. 151-180. On *Men and Women*.

(48.) *Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. xlvi. (1856), pp. 673-675. On *Men and Women*.

(49.) *Irish Quarterly Review*, Vol. vi. (1856), pp. 21-28. On *Men and Women*.

(50.) *The Westminster Review*, Vol. ix. (New Series, 1856), pp. 290-296. On *Men and Women*.

(51.) *The Christian Remembrancer*, Vol. xxxix., New Series, *October*, 1857. An article specially emphasising Browning's strong Christian feeling.

(52.) *The Wanderer*, by Owen Meredith (the second Lord Lytton), 1859. In the dedicatory poem to "J. F." [John Forster] occur a dozen lines on Robert Browning.

"Spake of that friend who dwells among
The Apennine, and there hath strung
A harp of Anakim."

(53.) *The North British Review*, *May*, 1861, pp. 350-374. "On the Poems and Plays of Robert Browning." "Browning is one of the half-dozen original minds now amongst us who are fountain-heads of creative thought. No other living poet has sounded such depths of human feeling, or can smite the soul with such a rush of kindling energy."

(54.) *Fraser's Magazine*, *February*, 1863, pp. 240-250. On "Robert Browning." Signed "Shirley."

(55.) *The Eclectic Review*, No. 23, New Series, *May*, 1863, pp. 436-454. On the *Selections* of 1863, by E. Paxton Hood.

(56.) *National Review*, Vol. xlvii., No. 34, *October*, 1863, pp. 417-466. Review of the three-volume edition of Browning's Poems, by R. H. Hutton.

(57.) *The Victoria Magazine*, No. x., *February*, 1864, pp. 228-316. Article "Robert Browning," by Moncure D.

Conway. In this article *Pauline* was mentioned—four years prior to its republication.

(58.) *The Eclectic and Congregational Review*, July, 1864, pp. 61-72. On "Robert Browning's New Volume" [*Dramatis Personæ*], by E. Paxton Hood. "Most far-seeing, most deeply feeling, most erudite and reverent of living poets."

(59.) *The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1864, pp. 537-565. Review of the *Poems* (1863) and *Dramatis Personæ*.

(60.) *The Reader*, Vol. iv., November 26th, 1864, pp. 674-675. "Robert Browning's Poetry and *The Edinburgh Review*." A letter, signed "Gerald Massey," on the incompetence of *The Edinburgh Reviewer* of Browning's *Poems*.

(61.) *National Review*, New Series, No. 1, November, 1864. Article on "Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning," by Walter Bagshot. "Mr. Browning is at once a student of mysticism, and a citizen of the world. He puts down what is good for the naughty, and what is naughty for the good. He is the most of a realist, and the least of an idealist, of any poet we know."

(62.) *The Quarterly Review*, Vol. cxviii., July, 1865, pp. 77-105. Review of *Dramatis Personæ* (1864) and *Poems* (1863). "A writer of Mr. Browning's powers ought to be better understood than he is, and the discrepancy lessened betwixt what is *known* of him by the few, and what is *thought* of him by the many. He has qualities such as should be cherished by the age we live in, for it needs them. His poetry ought to be taken as a tonic. . . . His genius is flexible as it is fertile. . . . His poetry is not to be dipped into or skimmed lightly with swallow flights of

attention. Its pearls must be dived for. It must be read, studied and dwelt with for awhile. . . . Coming fresh from a great deal of nineteenth-century poetry to that of Mr. Browning, we are in a new world altogether. . . . The new land is well worth exploring; it possesses treasures that will repay us richly. The poetry of Mr. Browning is thoroughly sanative, masculine, bracing in its influence. It breathes into modern verse a breath of new life and more vigorous health, with its aroma of a newly-turned and virgin soil."

(63.) *The Contemporary Review*, Vol. iv., *January and February*, 1867, pp. 1-15, 133-148. Two unsigned papers on Robert Browning: the Poems being classified under three headings—(1) Poems dramatic in their structure; (2) Lyrics and Romances, dramatic in character, though not in structure, and dealing chiefly with passions that have man, as such, for their object; (3) Poems representing forms, true or false, healthy or morbid, of religious life.

(64.) *Fraser's Magazine*, *October*, 1867; pp. 518-530. First paper on *Sordello* (the second paper was not published), signed "Edward Dowden." "The obscurity of *Sordello* arises not so much from peculiarities of style, and the involved structure of occasional sentences, as from the unrelaxing demand which is made throughout upon the intellectual and imaginative energy and alertness of the reader. Mr. Browning has given too much in his couple of hundred pages; there is not a line of the poem which is not as full of matter as a line can be. . . . There is too much of everything; we cannot see the wood for the trees."

(65.) *Nuova Antologia di Scienze, Lettere ed Arti*, Vol. v., Fasc. vii., Luglio, 1867. Firenze, pp. 468-481: "Poeti e Romanzieri Inglesi Contemporanei. I. Robert Browning." A Review of the *Poetical Works* (1864) and *Dramatis Personæ*.

(66.) *David Gray, and other Essays, chiefly on Poetry*, by Robert Buchanan, 1868. On pp. 32-36 are remarks on *Karshish* and *A Death in the Desert*: "It might be curious to note in detail how far Browning's orthodoxy is in advance even of our most liberal orthodoxy."

(67.) *Daily Telegraph*, November 4th, 1868. On "Mr. Browning's New Poem" [*The Ring and the Book*, Vol. i.]: "This first fourth part of a new poem, entitled *The Ring and The Book*, is calculated to distress the average reader, and to delight the elect, as much as anything from the same pen. The orthodox will say there was never a story told worse; the faithful disciple will aver that the great master is riper than ever, and more and more wonderful in the manner by which he cuts open the hearts of men and lays his demonstrating finger upon the nerves of their sins and virtues, their sorrows and joys. Its analysis is more piercing than ever: its easy hold of motive, its living reproduction of life, its hard, sure grasp of character, its infinite variety, its burning colour, its various and copious erudition, its spontaneity, sweep, and literary muscle, are of the author's very best. . . . The blank verse of *The Ring and The Book* clatters sometimes, as is the musician's wont, like the hoofs in *Good News from Ghent*; and sometimes, as is his wont also, makes the most orderly and unexpected melody to which deep thoughts can be set. Prose of the

most work-a-day sort is hammered into ten or eleven feet of strong, uncouth stuff, for whole pages ; and then, into this metallic work, like the finest inlaying of Florentine gold, or soft *appliqués* of Limoges enamels, come lovely passages of perfect harmony—showing that this blacksmithery in speech is for subtle purposes, and never for lack of precious metal, nor of skill to work fine.”

(68.) *The Athenæum*, December 26, 1868, pp. 875-876. On *The Ring and the Book* (Vol. i.), by Robert Buchanan. “Everything Browningish is found here—the légal jauntiness, the knitted argumentation, the cunning prying into detail, the suppressed tenderness, the humanity, the salt intellectual humour : nowhere in any literature can be found a man and a work more fascinating in their way.”

(69.) *Eclectic and Congregational Review*, December, 1868. Review of the *Poetical Works* (1868), by E. Paxton Hood. “More robust poet or writer our language has not produced. . . . We hail Mr. Browning as one of the surest aids to faith in the present, and one most certain of immortality in time, as one of the greatest poets of the future.”

(70.) *North British Review*, December, 1868, pp. 353-408. On “Browning’s Poetical Works,” by Dr. J. Hutchinson Stirling.

(71.) *Macmillan’s Magazine*, January, 1869. Review of *The Ring and the Book*, by J. Addington Symonds.

(72.) *The Cornhill Magazine*, Vol. xix., February, 1869, pp. 249-256. Article “Browning in 1869.”

(73.) *The Fortnightly Review*, Vol. v., New Series,

March, 1869, pp. 331-343. On *The Ring and the Book*, by John Morley.

(74.) *The Athenæum*, March 20th, 1869, pp. 399-400. On *The Ring and the Book* (Vols. ii., iii., iv.). By Robert Buchanan. Reprinted, with considerable revision in *Master Spirits*, 1873, pp. 89-109. "At last, the *opus magnum* of our generation lies before the world. . . . This is beyond all parallel the supremest poetical achievement of our time, and the most precious and profound spiritual treasure that England has produced since the days of Shakespeare."

(75.) *Dublin Review*, Vol. xiii. (N. S., 1869), pp. 48-62 On *The Ring and the Book*.

(76.) *Chambers' Journal*, July 24th, 1869, pp. 473-476. On *The Ring and the Book*.

(77.) *Tinsley's Magazine*, Vol. iii. (1869), pp. 665-674. On *The Ring and the Book*.

(78.) *The Quarterly Review*, April, 1869, pp. 328-359. Article on "Modern English Poets."

(79.) *Temple Bar*, Vol. xxvi., June, 1869, pp. 316-333. Article on the "Poetry of the Period," by Alfred Austin.

(80.) *The Edinburgh Review*, Vol. cxxx., July, 1869, pp. 164-186. On *The Ring and the Book*.

(81.) *The London Quarterly Review*, July, 1869. On Browning's poetry.

(82.) *North British Review*, October, 1869, pp. 97-128. Article on "Mr. Browning's latest poetry."

(83.) *The Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869, pp. 164-184. Review of *The Ring and the Book*.

(84.) *North British Review*, Vol. li. (1870), pp. 97-126. On *The Ring and the Book*.

(85.) *St. Paul's Magazine*, December, 1870, January, 1871. Papers on Browning's *Poems*.

(86.) *Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised*. By J. Hain Friswell. London, 1870. The chapter devoted to Browning occupies pp. 117-131.

(87.) *Revue des deux Mondes*, Sec. Periode, tome 85, 1870, pp. 704-735. On the *Poetical Works* (1868) and *The Ring and the Book*, by Louis Etienne.

(88.) *St. James's Magazine*, Vol. vii., New Series, August, 1871, pp. 485-496. Article "Robert Browning's First Poem," by R. H. Shepherd.

(89.) *The Athenæum*, August 12th, 1871, pp. 199-200. Review of *Balaustion's Adventure*.

(90.) *The Contemporary Review*, September, 1871, pp. 284-296. Review of *Balaustion's Adventure*, by "Matthew Browne."

(91.) *The Academy*, September 1st, 1871. Review of *Balaustion*, by G. A. Simcox.

(92.) *The Fortnightly Review*, October, 1871, p. 470. A reference by Professor Sidney Colvin "to these amazing volumes [*The Ring and the Book*], . . . into which are packed thought enough, experience enough, tragedy enough, comedy enough, poetry enough, . . . to overstock not a book but a library. . . . An inexhaustible vivacity of humour, burning tenderness, knowledge of life and literature pressed down and running over, a masterly range of style—but above all, a trenchant human insight guided by such manly nobility of instinct as helps 'the poet' to make straight at the substance of truth, as well as to grasp each of its differing shadows in turn."

(93.) *The Fortnightly Review*, October 1st, 1871. Review of *Balaustion's Adventure*, by Sidney Colvin.

(94.) *The Times*, October 6th, 1871. Review of *Balaustion's Adventure*: "The poem is a garden of delights to those whose taste has been educated to appreciate its theme."

(95.) *Essays, Theological and Literary*, by R. H. Hutton, 1871. The chapter dealing with Browning will be found in Vol. ii., pp. 190-247.

(96.) *Our Living Poets: An Essay in Criticism*, by H. Buxton Forman, 1871. Chapter iv., pp. 103-152, deals with Browning's work.

(97.) *The Dark Blue*, Vol. ii., October and November, 1871, pp. 171-184, 305-319. "Browning as a Preacher," by Miss E. Dickinson West. "Browning's poetry has one characteristic which gives its teaching peculiar influence over contemporary minds. I mean the way in which, all the while being perfectly free from egotism, it brings its readers, in some inexplicable way into a contact with the real self of the author. Once you succeed in construing the complicated thinking and feeling of this or that passage of his, you feel, not that you are seeing something that a man has made, but that you are in the immediate presence of the man himself."

(98.) *The Fortnightly Review*, Vol. x., New Series, October, 1871, pp. 478-490. Review of *Balaustion's Adventure*, by Sidney Colvin. "From the point of view of scholarship, Mr. Browning's translation [of Euripides' *Alkestis*] must, in the main, be confessed a model of facile felicity."

- (99.) *The St. James's Magazine*, Vol. viii., New Series, October, 1871, pp. 83-91. Review of *Balaustion's Adventure*.
- (100.) *The Examiner*, December 23rd, 1871, pp. 1267-1268. Review of *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*.
- (101.) *The Athenæum*, December 23rd, 1871, pp. 827-828. Review of *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*.
- (102.) *The Edinburgh Review*, Vol. cxxxv., January, 1872, pp. 221-249. Review of *Balaustion's Adventure*.
- (103.) *Illustrated London News*, January 13th, 1872. On *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*.
- (104.) *The Academy*, January 15th, 1872. On *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*.
- (105.) *Once a Week*, February 17th, 1872, pp. 164-167, On "Robert Browning."
- (106.) *The Academy*, July 1st, 1872. On *Fifine at the Fair*, by F. Wedmore.
- (107.) *The Echo*, July 6th, 1872. A notice of *Fifine at the Fair*.
- (108.) *The Guardian*, September 25th, 1872, pp. 1215-1216. Reviews *Fifine at the Fair*.
- (109.) *New York Daily Tribune*, May 5th, 1873. Review of *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*.
- (110.) *Penn Monthly* (Philadelphia), September, 1873. Article on *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*. "One chief interest of the poem is its masterly analysis of the paroxysm of religious enthusiasm that at present possesses France. . . . Miranda is one of the best drawn of a group of characters that only Browning in modern times has attempted, the self-deceiving semi-hypocrites."

(111.) *The Day of Rest, January 18th and 25th, 1873.* On "Browning's *Christmas Eve*," by George Macdonald, LL.D. "The verse is full of life and vigour, flagging never. The argumentative power is indeed wonderful; the arguments themselves powerful in their simplicity, and embodied in words of admirable force."

(112.) *Temple Bar, February, 1873*, pp. 315-328. On *Fifine at the Fair*.

(113.) *Daily News, May 5th, 1873.* Review of *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*.

(114.) *The Athenæum, May 10th, 1873.* Review of *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*.

(115.) *The Academy, May 10th, 1873.* Review of *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*, by G. A. Simcox.

(116.) *The Academy, June 2nd, 1873.* On *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*, by G. A. Simcox.

(117.) *Illustrated London News, June 21st, 1873.* On *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*.

(118.) *Contemporary Review, June, 1873*, pp. 83-106. Review of *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*, signed "A. Orr."

(119.) *St. Paul's Magazine, June, 1873*, pp. 680-699; also *July, 1873*, pp. 49-66. On "Euripides in Modern English—Browning's *Balaustion*."

(120.) *A Comparative Estimate of Modern English Poets*, by J. Devey, M.A., of the Inner Temple, 1873. The chapter on Browning occupies pp. 376-421.

(121.) *Contemporary Review, May, 1874*, pp. 934-965. On "Mr. Browning's place in Literature," by A. Orr.

(122.) *The Academy, April 17th, 1875*, pp. 513-514. Review of *Aristophanes' Apology*, by J. A. Symonds.

(123.) *The Hour*, April 19th, 1875. Review of *Aristophanes' Apology*.

(124.) *The Manchester Guardian*, June 21st, 1875. Review of *Aristophanes' Apology*.

(125.) *London Quarterly Review*, Vol. xlv. (1875), pp. 354-376. On *Aristophanes' Apology*.

(126.) *Introduction to the Works of George Chapman*, by Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1875. Pp. 17-19 on *Sordello*. "He [Browning] is something too much the reverse of obscure; he is too brilliant and subtle for the ready reader of a ready writer to follow with any certainty the track of an intelligence which moves with such incessant rapidity."

(127.) *The Guardian*, June 9th, 1875. On *Aristophanes' Apology*.

(128.) *The Times*, October 4th, 1875. Review of *Aristophanes' Apology*.

(129.) *The Athenæum*, November 27th, 1875, pp. 701-702. On *The Inn Album*.

(130.) *The Academy*, November 27th, 1875, pp. 543-544. On *The Inn Album*, by J. A. Symonds.

(131.) *The Guardian*, December 1st, 1875. On *The Inn Album*.

(132.) *The Spectator*, December 11th, 1875, pp. 1555-1557. On *The Inn Album*.

(133.) *The Examiner*, December 11th, 1875, pp. 1389-1390. On *The Inn Album*.

(134.) *Victorian Poets*, by E. C. Stedman, 1876. Pp. 293-341 on Robert Browning.

(135.) *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. xxxiii., February, 1876, pp. 347-354. On *The Inn Album*, by A. C. Bradley.

(136.) *The Athenæum*, July 22nd, 1876, pp. 101-102. On *Pacchiarotto*. "Etching . . . is a species of shorthand. Mr. Browning is, and always has been, an etcher."

(137.) *The Nation*, Vol. xxii. (1876), pp. 49-50. On *The Inn Album*, by Henry James, Junior.

(138.) *The Academy*, July 29th, 1876. On *Pacchiarotto*; by Professor Dowden.

(139.) *The Guardian*, September 27th, 1876. On *Pacchiarotto*.

(140.) *The Athenæum*, October 27th, 1877. On *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*.

(141.) *The Academy*, November 3rd, 1877. On *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*, by J. A. Symonds. "The Herculean achievement of a scholar-poet's ripe genius."

(142.) *The Athenæum*, May 25th, 1878, pp. 661-664. On *La Saisiaz*, by Theodore Watts. "No poet since Burns—none, perhaps, since Shakespeare—has known and felt as deeply as Mr. Browning, the pathos of human life . . . none realises, as he does, the unutterable pathos of the tangled web as a whole."

(143.) *The Academy*, June 1st, 1878. On *La Saisiaz* and *The Two Poets of Croisic*, by G. A. Simcox. "We get one of the most forcible statements in the English language of the unsatisfactory nature of the conditions we live under, and of the illusory nature of all the palliations suggested by them who wish to discredit the old one, that there is a better life to come."

(144.) *The Saturday Review*, June 15th, 1878. On *La Saisiaz* and *The Two Poets of Croisic*.

(145.) *Church Quarterly Review*, October, 1878, pp. 65-92. On *Browning's Poems*, by the Hon. and Rev. A. Lyttelton. "We cannot fail to learn from Mr. Browning's poems a higher and nobler, because a truer, conception of mankind; for he bases his sympathy with men, and his firm belief in their great destiny, on a truth that can never alter, the truth that God is love."

(146.) *The Guardian*, December 4th, 1878. On *La Saisiaz* and *The Two Poets of Croisic*.

(147.) *Daily Free Press*, April 28th, 1879. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (First Series).

(148.) *Glasgow Herald*, April 28th, 1879. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (First Series).

(149.) *The Congregationalist*, Vol. viii., 1879, pp. 915-922. On Robert Browning.

(150.) *The Fifeshire Journal*, May 27th, 1879. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (First Series), by Thomas Boyne.

(151.) *John Bull*, May 17th, 1879. Notice of *Dramatic Idyls* (First Series).

(152.) *The International Review*, February, 1879. On "The general aspects of Browning's poetry," by G. Barnett Smith.

(153.) *The Contemporary Review*, Vol. xxxv., May, 1879, pp. 289-302. On *Dramatic Idyls* (First Series), by Mrs. Sutherland Orr.

(154.) *The Athenæum*, May 10th, 1879. On *Dramatic Idyls* (First Series), by Theodore Watts.

(155.) *The Academy*, May 10th, 1879. On *Dramatic Idyls* (First Series), by F. Wedmore.

(156.) *The Spectator*, May 31st, 1879. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (First Series).

(157.) *The New Quarterly Magazine*, July 1879, pp. 225-228. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (I.) "Mr. Browning has plunged once more into the recesses of his dramatic imagination, and drawn forth a group of men and women. . . . In *dramatising* the less noble elements of human nature Mr. Browning has also judged them. He has brought them to the test of life, and accepted its verdict. The *Dramatic Idyls* combine the large suggestiveness of his more abstract studies of character with a concentrated truth which is their own. In this, if in no other sense, he has surpassed himself."

(158.) *Edinburgh Courant*, July 26th, 1879. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (First Series).

(159.) *The Glasgow Evening Citizen*, July 24th, 1880. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (Second Series).

(160.) *The Pen*, June 12th and 19th, 1880. On Robert Browning. "One of the most original personalities of contemporary literature."

(161.) *The Athenæum*, July 10th, 1880, pp. 39-41. On *Dramatic Idyls* (Second Series). "The volume is full of power, picturesqueness and beauty, and displays the astonishing agility of intellect, which has always been a characteristic of Mr. Browning's poetry, and which years seem not to weaken, but rather to strengthen."

(162.) *The Literary World*, July 23rd, 1880. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (Second Series).

(163.) *The Times*, August 23rd, 1880. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (Second Series).

- (164.) *The Guardian*, September 22nd, 1880. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (Second Series).
- (165.) *British Quarterly Review*, October 1st, 1880. Notice of *Dramatic Idyls* (Second Series).
- (166.) *The Standard*, July 8th, 1880. Review of *Dramatic Idyls* (Second Series).
- (167.) *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 26th, 1880. Notice of *Dramatic Idyls* (Second Series).
- (168.) *Poets in the Pulpit*, by Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., 1880. Robert Browning, pp. 116-143.
- (169.) *The Islington Gazette*, January 1st, 1881. "To Robert Browning," sonnet by William G. Kingsland.
- (170.) *The Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1881, pp. 682-695. Review of *The Ring and the Book*, by James Thomson.
- (171.) *The Century Magazine*, December, 1881, pp. 189-200. "The Early Writings of Robert Browning," by Mr. E. W. Gosse.
- (172.) *The Cambridge Review*, Vol. iii. December 7th, 1881. On "Robert Browning's Poems."
- (173.) *The Academy*, December 31st, 1881. Letter from Dr. Furnivall on "Mr. Browning's Thunderstorms"—Ottimer's in *Pippa Passes* and the Pope's in *The Ring and the Book* (Vol. iv. pp. 91-92)—and asking whether they can be matched in English literature.
- (174.) *The Academy*, December 17th, 1881. Sonnet "To Robert Browning, on re-reading some poems long unread," by Miss E. Dickinson West.
- (175.) *Journal of Education*, May 1st, 1882, pp. 139-143.

"On the Love Poems of Browning," by Arthur Sidgwick, M.A.

(176.) *The Islington Gazette*, May 8th, 1882. "To Robert Browning, on the attainment of his 70th birthday," sonnet by William G. Kingsland.

(177.) *Macmillan's Magazine*, Vol. xlvi. (1882), pp. 205-219. "Some Thoughts on Browning," by M. A. Lewis.

(178.) *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1883. On "Robert Browning, writer of Plays," by W. L. Courtney.

(179.) *The National Review*, Vol. i., 1883, pp. 548-561. On *Jocoseria*, by W. J. Courthope.

(180.) *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1883, pp. 624-630. On *Jocoseria*, by R. H. Shepherd.

(181.) *The Athenæum*, March 24th, 1883, pp. 367-368. On *Jocoseria*.

(182.) *The Academy*, Vol. xxiii., 1883, pp. 213-214. On *Jocoseria*, by J. A. Symonds.

(183.) *The Spectator*, March 17th, 1883, pp. 351-353. On *Jocoseria*.

(184.) *The Leisure Hour*, July, 1883, pp. 396-404. On "The Brownings"—a review of their life and work.

(185.) *Revue politique et Littéraire*, June 23rd, 1883. A criticism of Mr. Browning's poetry, by M. Léo Quesnil. "Because he is highly spiritual, Mr. Browning belongs to the family of poets; and because he is more than any other man animated by the love of truth, he belongs to that exceptional class of writers who rise up from time to time to refresh the sources of thought."

(186.) *The Islington Gazette*, October 3rd, 9th, and 18th, 1883. "Half-hours with Robert Browning," by W.

Kingsland. A series of comments (with illustrative extracts) on Browning's poems.

(187.) *British Quarterly Review*, July 1st, 1884. Article on Browning, by C. J. Vaughan.

(188.) *The Athenæum*, December 6th, 1884, pp. 725-727. On *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

(189.) *The Saturday Review*, Vol. lviii. (1884), pp. 727-728. On *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

(190.) *The Spectator*, December 6th, 1884, pp. 1614-1616. On *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

(191.) *The Academy*, December 13th, 1884, pp. 385-386. On *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

(192.) *Obiter Dicta*, 1884, pp. 55-95. "On the Alleged Obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry" [by A. Birrell]. "It is plain truth to say that no other English poet living or dead, Shakespeare excepted, has so heaped up human interest for his readers as has Robert Browning . . . the Danton of modern poetry. He is so unmistakably and deliciously alive. A word about *Sordello*. We have all heard of the young architect who forgot to put a staircase in his house, which contained fine rooms but no way of getting into them. *Sordello* is a poem without a staircase. The author, still in his twenties, essayed a high thing. He partially failed; and the British public . . . has never ceased girding at him, because forty-two years ago, he published at his own charges, a little book of two hundred and fifty pages, which even such of them as were then able to read could not understand."

(193.) *Young England: A Magazine for Boys and Girls*, No. 48, September, 1885. On Browning's *Pied Piper of*

Hamelin and *The Boy and the Angel*, by William G. Kingsland.

(194.) *Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1887. Article on *Sordello*, by Dean Church.

(195.) *The Jewish Messenger*, March 4th, 1887. Review of *Jochanan Hakkadosh* [*Jocosexia*] from the Jewish point of view, by Miss Mary M. Cohen. "Surely there are not so many Christian poets who have wrought out with exquisite finish the highest Hebrew ideals that we, as Jews, can afford to neglect the study and appreciation of the work of a master-mind like Browning. . . . In *Jochanan*, he attests the spiritual triumph of the Jew, and in such a way as to send us from the fountain of truth laden with living waters to rejoice other souls."

(196.) *The Manchester Quarterly*, Vol. vi., 1887, pp. 148-159. On *Browning's Sonnets*, by B. Sagar.

(197.) *The Athenæum*, December 21st, 1889, pp. 856-860. On Robert Browning, by Joseph Jacobs. "No English poet has felt like Browning the pathos of the battle of life. Yet keenly as he felt it, he did not despair nor bid the world despair. His philosophy of life was eminently manly, and has brought cheer to many a despairing soul. His influence is of the very highest kind. . . . It acts as a moral tonic to be brought in contact with such a manly, cheery soul, that does not faintly trust the larger hope, but is confidently sure that in aiming at the highest we are doing the best for our best selves."

(198.) *Atalanta*, February, 1889, pp. 361-364. "On Robert Browning," by Edmund Gosse.

(199.) *The Woman's World*, November, 1889, pp. 47-50.

"On Types of Womanhood in Browning," by A. E. Ireland.

Poet Lore, Vol. i., 1889.

(200.) *January*, pp. 1-27. Paper on "Facettes of Love : from Browning," by Daniel G. Brinton.

(201.) *January*, pp. 39-45. "A Reference Index to *Pauline*."

(202.) *February*, pp. 57-63. "Remarks on some passages in *Rabbi Ben Ezra*," by H. L. Wayland. "The style seems to me sometimes careless and even negligent. I do not always see the nexus between a verse and that which follows it; the handfuls of pearls are grouped together almost by chance, rather than marshalled in order by the understanding; if the pearls are strung, the string is of the frailest."

(203.) *March*, pp. 118-127. Paper on "*Paracelsus* and the Data of Ethics," by Helen A. Clarke. "In the closing speech of *Paracelsus*, his language rises to a prophetic height; he seems to have been vouchsafed a vision of future thought which carries us immediately to the *Synthetic Philosophy* of Herbert Spencer, the final outcome of which is the *Data of Ethics*. That Browning should have so epitomised the modern philosophy of evolution seems the more remarkable when we consider that *Paracelsus* was published some twenty-five years before either Darwin or Spencer."

(204.) *March*, pp. 137-140. "A Reference Index to *Strafford*."

(205.) *May*, pp. 236-240. "A Reference Index to *Strafford*."

(206.) *June*, pp. 253-260. On *Pompilia*, by Alice Kent Robertson. "I look upon *Pompilia* as Browning's highest type of woman. Mildred and Pippa may be classed with her, making, as it were, a sort of trinity, in that they are all of the same womanly fibre."

(207.) *June*, pp. 269-273. On *Caponsacchi*, by Henry G. Spaulding. "In the entire literature that deals with a passionate mutual trust between man and woman I doubt if there is anything so transcendently beautiful as Browning's description in the *Caponsacchi* monologue of the priest's journey towards Rome with *Pompilia*."

(208.) *June*, pp. 283-286. "Historical allusions in *Strafford*."

(209.) *July*, pp. 309-314. On *The Pope*, by C. Chauncy Shackford.

(210.) *July*, pp. 314-320. "Some of the teachings of *The Ring and the Book*," by Frances B. Hornbrooke.

(211.) *July*, pp. 332-336. "Historical allusions in *Strafford*."

(212.) *August*, pp. 353-363. "Browning's Science," by Edward Berdoe.

(213.) *August*, pp. 372-375. "Historical allusions in *Strafford*."

(214.) *September*, pp. 408-421. On "Browning *versus* Browning," by Harrison S. Morris. "In Mr. Browning's tendency towards the psychological drama we may find a point of departure between his own artistic and inartistic methods. . . . In *Sludge* we have the argumentative method

unrelieved by the artistic. The author is constantly turning the mind of his lay figure towards us in new points of view, the better to bring out his own conceptions of spiritualism and its effects on the average human mind."

(215.) *September*, pp. 424-426. On *Sordello*.

(216.) *September*, pp. 426-430. "Historical allusions in *Strafford*."

(217.) *September*, pp. 430-431. "A List of Musical Settings to Browning's Words."

(218.) *October*, pp. 449-465. "Womanhood in Modern Poetry," by Vida D. Scudder. This article includes a clever analysis of Browning's women: "There is no other poet of our day who, with equal sympathetic power, has entered into the very heart of woman and thence spoken to the world. With amazing versatility he renders type after type, aspect after aspect, of the feminine nature. If we would gauge the genuineness of the new attitude assumed towards woman by modern thought, we cannot do better than to study the women of Browning."

(219.) *October*, pp. 470-479. "The true greatness of Browning," by Alice Groff. "To recognise Browning's true greatness we must cease to contemplate his powers from any one sole point of view."

(220.) *October*, pp. 491-492. "On the sixteen-volume edition of Browning's Poems," by W. G. Kingsland.

(221.) *November*, pp. 511-514. "Historical allusions in *Strafford*."

(222.) *November*, pp. 520-522. On Browning's revision of *Pauline*.

(223.) *November*, pp. 531-536. "A Browning Reference List."

(224.) *December*, pp. 553-560. "*Luria*: Its Story and its Motive," by Henry S. Pancoast.

(225.) *December*, pp. 562-565. "Historical allusions in *Strafford*."

(226.) *The Makers of Modern English*, by W. J. Dawson, 1890. Contains six chapters (pp. 270-327) on Browning's poems.

(227.) *The Argosy*, *February*, 1890, pp. 108-114. On Robert Browning, by E. F. Bridell-Fox.

(228.) *New Church Magazine*, *February*, 1890, pp. 49-58. On Robert Browning, by C. E. Rowe.

(229.) *The Month*, *February*, 1890, pp. 173-190. On Browning as a Religious Teacher, by Rev. J. Rickaby.

(230.) *Good Words*, *February*, 1890, pp. 87-93. On Robert Browning, by R. H. Hutton.

(231.) *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *February*, 1890, pp. 177-184. On Browning as a Teacher, by Mrs. Alexander Ireland.

(232.) *Time*, *January*, 1890, pp. 90-96. On Browning as a Theologian, by N. W. Massingham.

(233.) *The Fortnightly Review*, *January*, 1890, pp. 1-4. Sequence of Sonnets on the Death of Browning, by A. C. Swinburne.

(234.) *Macmillan's Magazine*, *February*, 1890, p. 258. To Robert Browning, by Aubrey de Vere.

(235.) *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, *January*, 1890, p. 112. To Robert Browning, by Sir Theodore Martin.

(236.) *Art Review*, January, 1890, pp. 28-32. Note on Robert Browning, by W. Mortimer.

(237.) *The Congregational Review*, January, 1890, pp. 56-57. On Robert Browning, by Ruth J. Pitt.

(238.) *Expository Times*, February, 1890, pp. 110-111. On Robert Browning, by Rev. Professor Salmond.

(239.) *The Speaker*, January 4th, 1890, pp. 16-17. On Robert Browning, by A. Birrell.

(240.) *The National Review*, January, 1890, pp. 592-597. On Robert Browning, by H. D. Traill.

(241.) *The Contemporary Review*, January, 1890, pp. 141-152. On Robert Browning, by Stopford A. Brooke.

(242.) *The Magazine of Art*, April, 1890, pp. 181-188; May, 1890, pp. 246-252. On the Portraits of Robert Browning, by W. M. Rossetti: "I have seen a small photograph of Browning and his French friend Milsand [taken by Mr. Barrett Browning presumably in the summer of 1887, and given by the Poet to Mr. W. G. Kingsland towards the close of that year], nearly full length, looking at the head of an old woman, painted by Mr. Barrett Browning. The photograph shows Browning and Milsand standing before the oil picture set on an easel; the former leans his left hand on the shoulder of the latter; while the fingers of the right hand, with arm akimbo, are spread out wide along his flank. The face is serious and observant in profile; the forehead coming noticeably tall. . . . One is pleased to know from this record what Milsand was like. He is hardly so tall as Browning, somewhat younger, with beard, and a good crop of hair partly grey, a strong compact forehead, a partially aquiline nose, and a reflective air."

(243.) *Lippincott's Magazine*, 1890, pp. 683-691. On Robert Browning, by C. J. B.-M. [Mrs. Bloomfield Moore].

(244.) *Merry England*, January, 1890. On Robert Browning.

(245.) *London Quarterly Review*, January, 1890. On Robert Browning.

(246.) *The Builder*, February, 1890. On Robert Browning.

(247.) *The Jewish Quarterly*, April, 1890. On Robert Browning.

(248.) *Modern Language Notes*, April, 1890. On "The Grammatical Forms in *The Ring and the Book*," by Oliver F. Emerson. "No poet of the present century presents so many peculiarities of diction as does Browning. He shows an intimate acquaintance with the forms and vocabulary of former periods. He uses deliberately and consistently, so that it cannot be considered mere affectation, a number of forms not common in nineteenth-century English. His language is a remarkable example of the flexibility of our tongue and of the freedom with which it incorporates additions from the most diverse sources. All these reasons may make Browning's poetry more difficult to the ordinary reader, but they add materially to the interest of the student of English. The grammatical peculiarities of Browning's verse are, in most cases, the result of a desire for greater compactness of expression, and include the omission of words usually considered necessary but such as are easily supplied from the context. Some constructions used with great frequency are those of English

in an earlier period, and may be attributed to Browning's exceptional familiarity with the Elizabethan writers. Examples of these are the old dative, the more frequent use of the subjunctive, and the common employment of one part of speech for another."

(249.) *The Quarterly Review*, April, 1890. On Robert Browning. "Browning is our greatest modern seer. He carried with him something of Byron's energy, Keats' artistic joy, Shelley's ideal passion, and Wordsworth's transcendentalism into the scientific age which succeeded the romantic period."

(250.) *The Manchester Quarterly Review*, April, 1890. On Robert Browning.

(251.) *Primitive Methodist Quarterly*, April, 1890. Essay on Robert Browning. "So original, so various, so virile, with such plastic gifts, we shall never see his like again."

(252.) *Journal des Débats*, September 20th and 21st, 1890. On Browning, by Paul Desjardins. "In literature he is great as a dramatist; for the gift of being best pleased, most interested in action—the gift of valour—is the characteristic of the drama, and, in that essential, none surpass him."

Poet Lore, Vol. ii., 1890:—

(253.) *January*, pp. 19-26. "Luria: Its Story and its Motive" (Part ii.), by Henry S. Pancoast.

(254.) *January*, pp. 28-29. "On the Musical Allusions in the twelfth stanza of *Abt Vogler*," by Helen A. Clarke.

(255.) *January*, pp. 37-38. "The Difference between *One Way of Love* and *Another Way of Love*," by Charlotte Porter.

(256.) *January*, pp. 39-49. Browning Society of the New Century Club—Memorial Meeting in honour of the memory of Robert Browning.

(257.) *February*, pp. 88-89. "Syllabus for Study of *The Flight of the Duchess*."

(258.) *February*, pp. 94-100. Review of *Asolando*, by Helen A. Clarke.

(259.) *February*, pp. 100-111. Browning Memorial Notes.

(260.) *March*, pp. 130-133. "Personal Recollections of Browning," by William G. Kingsland.

(261.) *March*, pp. 145-152. Proceedings of the Browning Society of the New Century Club of Philadelphia.

(262.) *March*, pp. 152-155. The Boston Browning Memorial Service.

(263.) *April*, pp. 193-195. "Divided"—poem on the burial places of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, by Ursula Tannenforst.

(264.) *April*, pp. 198-199. Suggestions for discussion of *King Victor and King Charles*.

(265.) *April*, pp. 212-221. On Browning's *Strafford*, &c.

(266.) *May*, pp. 234-246. "The New Poetic Form as shown in Browning," by Daniel G. Brinton. "Browning treats rhyme merely as a subordinate element of tone-colour . . . and we find in his work so many instances of profound insight into verbal harmonies, such singular

strength of poetic grouping, and such a marvellous grasp of the rhythmic properties of the English language, that we must assign him a rank second to no English poet of this century."

(267.) *May*, pp. 278-283. On the Musical Poems of Browning, &c.

(268.) *June*, pp. 300-305. On "Browning's Form," by Francis Howard Williams. "With regard to the purely technical part of verse-building, we are inevitably led to one conclusion concerning Browning's form and his theory of poetry as an art based upon rhythm and melody, namely, that in all his greatest themes he has held the matter of his philosophy so far above the manner of its expression, that his longest works fall outside the category of literary works of art. In his shorter lyrics, however, the form is true because it gives adequate expression to so true an inspiration."

(269.) *June*, pp. 310-314. "The Tragic Motive of *In a Balcony*," by Alice Kent Robertson. "The tragic motive of the poem is engendered by the juxtaposition of truth and worldly ambition, and the inevitable struggle between them for ascendancy. Truth, as it ever must be, is triumphant; but, in this case, at a tremendous cost."

(270.) *June*, pp. 332-336. On "Browning as a Teacher of Religion," by George Willis Cooke.

(271.) *July*, pp. 345-360. "The *Alkestis* of Euripides and of Browning," by C. A. Wurtzburg. "There is a close link between the poet who was conscious of the need for the eternal truths afterwards embodied in Christianity, and the poet who holds so firmly to those eternal truths, while

distinguishing so clearly between the essentials of the Christian religion and the accretions which time has laid upon it."

(272.) *July*, pp. 379-384. Programme of the Browning Society of the New Century Club.

(273.) *July*, pp. 390-392. "Is Browning a Theist?"

(274.) *August*, pp. 421-423. "The Humour of Carlyle and Browning."

(275.) *August*, pp. 480-486. "A Study of Rhymes in Browning," by Elizabeth M. Clark.

(276.) *November*, pp. 578-585. "The Journey of Childe Roland," by R. J. Gratz. "*Childe Roland* tells the story of a pilgrim who, disregarding his first keen intuitions, obeys the suggestions of the hoary deceiver at the stile, and turns aside into the malarial meadow of sophistry and pathless chaos, finding himself at last by the ugly heights of Doubting Castle."

(277.) *November*, pp. 604-607. "Browning's Standpoint," by L. Wright.

(278.) *December*, pp. 617-624. "Browning's Science as shown in *Numpholeptos*," by Edward Berdoe.

(279.) *December*, pp. 625-634. "The Lotus Symbolism in Homer, Theocritus, Moschus, Tennyson, and Browning," by Anna R. Brown.

Poet Lore, Vol. iii., 1891:—

(280.) *January*, pp. 45-47. On a criticism of Browning's *Numpholeptos*, by C. W. Duffield.

- (281.) *January*, pp. 53-56. On *Pietro of Abano*, &c.
- (282.) *February*, pp. 75-87. "Mr. Sludge and Modern Spiritualism," by Morris Jastrow, jun. "In explanation of Browning's view of modern spiritualism, it may properly be urged that he wrote *Mr. Sludge* at a time when spiritualism was simply pooh-pooed in intellectual circles, and when scientists were unwilling to undertake a serious examination of the phenomena connected with it. Were a Browning to-day to expound his views of spiritualism in a poem like the one we have been considering, he would select as his type of a medium not a great scoundrel like Sludge, but a hysterical hypnotized maiden from the hospital of Salpêtrière in Paris."
- (283.) *February*, pp. 87-93. "A Comparative Study of Wordsworth's *Michael*, Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, Browning's *Andrea del Sarto*," by Vida D. Scudder. "The three poems show the idea of development slowly dawning. Absent in Wordsworth, it appears in Tennyson as steadfastness under grievous conditions, though character is not yet won through internal struggle. In Browning the development-idea is perfect and supreme."
- (284.) *February*, pp. 101-105. Browning "Notes," &c.
- (285.) *February*, pp. 107-111. On *The Patriot*, *Echetlos*, &c.
- (286.) *March*, pp. 154-155. Browning and the Shelley Society, by W. G. Kingsland. "Browning had been very warmly requested to become president of the Shelley Society at the time of its formation. There can be little doubt he would have accepted this office, but the 'Harriet question' stood in the way. Browning was honest to the

core, and as he considered that by becoming president of such a society he would be endorsing all Shelley's actions, he at once refused the request on the ground that he could not uphold Shelley with regard to his treatment of his first wife."

(287.) *March*, pp. 159-162. Browning Queries answered.

(288.) *March*, pp. 162-163. On *A Pretty Woman*, &c.

(289.) *April*, pp. 216-221. On "Browning's Tribute to Shakespeare," by Charlotte Porter.

(290.) *May*, pp. 250-254. "Browning's Hebraic Sympathies," by Mary M. Cohen. "The value of the Hebrew element in Browning's poems is that it does much to remove prejudice, and to place the philosophy of the Jew in its true place among the world's 'Credos.'"

(291.) *May*, pp. 254-257. "The Idea of God in *The Sun*" (see *Ferishtak's Fancies*), by Daniel G. Brinton.

(292.) *May*, pp. 260-269. "Musical Symbolism in Browning," by Helen A. Clarke. "Browning is so much a musician and so much a poet that he has seen the essential difference between the two arts. He has not allowed his poetical form to be hampered by the idea that its music could be made to correspond in any way with music's music, and his aim has been to differentiate poetical rhythm from musical rhythm, knowing that only by so doing could the unfettered progress of poesy be brought about."

(293.) *May*, pp. 284-287. "The Riccardi Palace of *The Statue and the Bust*," by W. J. Rolfe.

(294.) *May*, pp. 292-293. On *Caliban, Cleon*, &c.

(295.) *June—July*, pp. 350-353. "The Secret of *Pippa's* Power."

(296.) *June—July*, pp. 366-368. Notes on Browning Books.

(297.) *June—July*, pp. 329-382. On the poems in *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

(298.) *October*, pp. 521-522. "Browning Study Hints."

(299.) *October*, pp. 522-528. "New Browning Letters and Mrs. Orr's *Life of Browning*," by William G. Kingsland. "The Life of Robert Browning has yet to be written."

(300.) *October*, pp. 534-536. On Browning's use of the Pomegranate, and the symbolism attaching to it.

(301.) *October*, pp. 540-541. On *Numpholeptos*, by Mrs. Douglass.

(302.) *November*, pp. 577-588. "Variants of Browning's *Pietro of Abano*," by Charlotte Porter.

(303.) *November*, pp. 588-589. Browning Study Hints.

(304.) *November*, pp. 590-592. On various Browning societies.

(305.) *December*, pp. 637-639. Browning Study Hints.

Poet Lore, Vol. iv. 1892 :—

(306.) *January*, pp. 39-41. "Browning Study Hints: *Colombe's Birthday*."

(307.) *February*, pp. 57-64. "The Epilogues of Browning: Their Artistic Significance," by D. G. Brinton. "Browning uniformly treats the epilogue as an element

not of dramatic but of lyrical poetry. That with him it approaches the form of the soliloquy, and is intended to bring about a direct and personal relation between himself and his reader. That his epilogues are the only portions of his writings in which he avowedly drops the dramatic turn of his genius, and expresses his own sentiments as 'a man. That in this respect they constitute the most valuable material of all his writings for those who would seek the individuality of the poet in his productions."

(308.) *February*, pp. 109-110. "On the Relations of Magic and Science in Marlowe's *Festus*, Goethe's *Faust*, and Browning's *Fust and his Friends*," by Dr. Edward Brooks.

(309.) *March*, pp. 164-166. "On Certain Resemblances between Browning's *Pauline* and Balzac's *Louis Lambert*."

(310.) *May*, pp. 233-238. "Excerpts from a Sheaf of Browning Letters," by William G. Kingsland. Extracts, with comments, from various hitherto unpublished letters of Browning.

(311.) *May*, pp. 238-243. "The Relation of Nature to Man in Browning," by Francis Howard Williams. "The relation of Nature to Man in Browning is the relation which an inferior product bears to a superior product. A tree is the present embodiment of forces acting through countless evolutionary stages. So also is a man; but Browning believes that the man has been through many more stages—that he is much farther advanced. Hence he finds in human life and feeling a higher inspiration than he finds in external nature."

(312.) *May*, pp. 243-254. "A Study of Browning's *Ixion*," by George D. Latimer. "As a poem—on the artistic side certainly—*Ixion* is a failure. It lacks the qualities that have always been associated with verse—the clearness of thought, the melody of expression, the appeal to sentiment. *Ixion* is not emotional; it is didactic. That we feel is the real fault. The poet has been so intent on instruction that he has disregarded literary expression. *Ixion* is a great hulking creature—some Titan of strength and will that is trying to conceal himself in the diaphanous drapery of the Muses, but at whose approach the Graces flee away with startled cries."

(313.) *May*, pp. 261-266. "Browning's *Mesmerism* from a Scientific Point of View," by Frances Emily White. "Browning was no spiritualist in the common acceptation of this term; but that he could have given a logical reason for the want of faith that was in him does not appear in the records."

(314.) *May*, pp. 266-271. "Browning on Unconventional Relations," by Daniel G. Brinton. "The evidence submitted [*Too Late*, *Bifurcation*, *Respectability*, etc.] is ample to show that Browning repeatedly treats with disrespect and contempt the conventionally established relations between the sexes, and elevates above all such conventionalities the autocracy of romantic love and poetic passion."

(315.) *May*, pp. 271-274. "Love and Duty in Tennyson and Browning," by E. F. R. Stitt.

(316.) *May*, pp. 276-283. "Recent Browning Books."

(317.) *June-July*, pp. 378-380. "From Ghent to Aix:"

a description, by W. J. Rolfe, of the country through which the riders passed on their celebrated "gallop."

(318.) *August-September*, pp. 425-428. "Browning's *Childe Roland* and its Danish Source," by M. Sears Brooks.

(319.) *August-September*, pp. 471-474. On "A Packet of Browning Books."

(320.) *October*, pp. 481-490. "Robert Browning as the Poet of the Democracy," by Oscar L. Triggs. "Browning, whose message, in its emphasis given first to the self and secondly to love, is, I submit, the very creed of emancipation and democracy."

(321.) *October*, pp. 524-526. On Dr. Furnivall's theory that *Forster's Life of Strafford* was written by Browning, by William G. Kingsland.

(322.) *November*, pp. 567-568. "The Source of Browning's Optimism," by Mary M. Cohen. "Why does Browning dive into the depths of human sin and emerge still smiling, hopeful, even triumphant? Wherefore does he choose to dwell upon vileness and treachery, upon licentiousness and cruelty, with such daring, such frankness and fulness as few English poets have ever displayed? It was this—Browning was filled from head to foot with a philosophic conviction of the ultimate established purity of men and women. He derived this from his religious, reverent faith in a righteous Heavenly Father and a law-abiding, self-controlling community."

(323.) *November*, pp. 612-616. "The Poetic Limitations of *Sordello*," by George Willis Cooke. "Browning has not been true to history; his facts are not the facts of the age

he describes. He has projected himself into a past age; he has thrown into that age the thoughts, sentiments and convictions of his own. He makes an age of feeling to be an age of metaphysical introspection and subjectivity. He makes an age of immense activity to be an age of metaphysical questioning and doubt. He makes an age of sentiment to be an age of intellectual seriousness. In fact, the age of Sordello was rarely serious, and did not give itself to earnest questioning of any kind. His metaphysics have led Browning into obscurity. The literary method of the poem is false, its metaphysics pernicious, and its theory of life vicious."

(324.) *Browning and Whitman: A Study in Democracy*, by Oscar L. Triggs, 1893.

Poet Lore, Vol. v. 1893:—

(325.) *January*, pp. 27-34. "The Democracy of *Aprile*," by Charles G. Ames. "The burning interest which *Aprile* feels in humanity—the democratic interest which makes him look out on the world of men as a product and reflection of the love of God—is in sharp contrast with the cold grandeur and proud isolation of spirit which have made Paracelsus contemptuous towards history, unwilling to avail himself of other men's learning, unsympathetic towards the struggles of mankind, and indifferent even to their applause."

(326.) *January*, pp. 48-49. "A Browning Musical Query," by Dr. Rolfe. The query raised is whether "*Radaminta*," in the *Parleying with Charles Avison*, should not be

“Radamisto”—Handel having written an opera with this latter name (first performed in 1720), and “Rinaldo” also being his work. Further on in the same parleying “Hudl” is mentioned: it is suggested that this is a corruption of “Handel,” as “Radaminta” probably is of “Radamisto.”

(327.) *May*, pp. 229-236. “Robert Browning—the Man: some further Reminiscences,” by William G. Kingsland.

(328.) *May*, pp. 237-247. “Aristophanes’ Philosophy of Poetry according to Browning,” by Helen Leah Reed. “Browning, with a poet’s insight, reaches and brings into full light the deep philosophy underlying the sparkling surface of Aristophanes’ comedies.”

(329.) *May*, pp. 247-253. “Ideals of Beauty in Keats and Browning,” by Alice Groff. “In Keats’ hands the gods are seen as ideal human beings; in Browning’s, men are revealed as potential gods.”

(330.) *May*, pp. 258-266. “Browning’s Mastery of Rhyme,” by W. J. Rolfe. “This mastery is shown by the fact that he rarely, if ever, violates the law which forbids the least intrusion of the rhyme as rhyme—that is, as anything less than the best word in the language for the idea in hand. His mastery in rhyme is also shown in the remarkable variety of his stanza forms; and by the frequency and facility of rhyming in what the recent Shakespeare critics call ‘run-on lines,’ in distinction from ‘end-stopt’ lines, the former having no natural break or pause at the end as the latter have.”

(331.) *May*, pp. 266-272. “Browning’s Mildred,” by

J. J. Britton. "It seems to me that *The Blot in the Scutcheon* must be held to be the finest acting-tragedy of modern days. It equals in force and pathos, and in the sense of cumulative doom, the wonderful 'Broken Heart' of John Ford. But the verse of Ford cannot be compared to the fervour and fire of Browning's."

(332.) *May*, pp. 277-283. "Browning Books of the Year."

(333.) *May*, pp. 286-288. "Recollections of Browning," by Moncure D. Conway.

(334.) *May*, p. 288. "Browning," a sonnet, by C. E. D. Phelps.

(335.) *August-September*, pp. 436-442. "The Poetic Structure of Browning's Shorter Lyrics," by Ethel Davis.

(336.) *August-September*, pp. 453-455. "Browning Study-hints: Three Poems relating to Married Life."

(337.) *October*, pp. 515-526. "A Dramatic Motive in Browning's *Strafford*," by Charlotte Porter.

(338.) *November*, pp. 562-564. "An Objection to Browning's *Caliban* considered," by Maude Wilkinson.

(339.) *December*, pp. 626-635. "An Interpretation of Browning's *Ixion*," by Helen A. Clarke. "*Ixion* is not merely an argument against eternal punishment, nor a picture of heroic suffering, though he who will may draw these lessons from it, but it is a tremendous symbol of the spiritual development of man. Pure in its essence, the spirit learns through the obstructions of sense to yearn for ever for higher attainment, and this constitutes the especial blessedness of man as contrasted with Zeus. He, like the

Pythagorean Father of Number, is the conditioned one ; but man is privileged through all æons of time to break through conditions."

Poet Lore, Vol. vi., 1894 :—

(340.) *January*, pp. 13-28. "Browning as a Dramatic Poet," by Henry Jones. "Browning's dramas are never placed, like Shakespeare's, frankly in the outer world, but in the world of emotions and passions, and volitions and thoughts. His dramas are in his characters, and his characters are not in the world, but in some section cut out of it. . . . The demands which the drama makes, poised as it is on the point of interaction between the outer and inner worlds, cannot be met by one whose soul ever dwells amidst the fundamental elements of life, delighting in the great principles constitutive of man and the world. The greatest works of Browning are neither narrative nor dramatic nor reflective, because they are all three. The ordinary distinctions fail in his case ; he breaks through our limitations and definitions just because he is a great poet, adding a new quality to our literature."

(341.) *March*, pp. 133-150. "On *Pippa Passes*," by Isabel Frances Bellows. "It can be found to contain, in one form or another, the germs of nearly every one of Browning's feelings and beliefs about religion, philosophy, humanity, art and nature, elaborated and made luminous elsewhere by his great lyric and dramatic poems and monologues."

(342.) *May*, pp. 225-237. "On Browning's Interpretation of Romantic Love as compared with that of Plato, Dante, and Petrarch," by George Willis Cooke. "Dante and Petrarch attributed all that was pure and noble in them to the influence of the women they loved. We cannot read *Evelyn Hope*, *Cristina*, or other of Browning's poems, without feeling that he has lived with Plato or Petrarch. He writes as a modern poet, reverencing woman, finding in her an eternal charm; because of her equality with himself she is other, weaker and yet nobler. Though a modern, the spirit of chivalry remains with him; and the very heart of romantic love he has reproduced in some of the finest of his lyrical poems."

(343.) *May*, pp. 238-243. "On Browning's *Sordello*: a Study in the Psychology of Childhood," by A. Tolman Smith.

(344.) *May*, pp. 244-248. "Browning: the Poet of the People," by W. H. Anderson. "Browning—who belongs more truly to *all* than any other of our modern poets; who comes nearer than any of them to our ideal of greatness—universality."

(345.) *May*, pp. 251-264. "Browning's *Luria*," by John White Chadwick.

(346.) *May*, pp. 264-268. "Browning Rarities," by William G. Kingsland. An account of "rare editions" of separate poems of Robert and Elizabeth Browning.

(347.) *June-July*, pp. 373-374. Note by Hiram Corson on "Browning's 'Sagacious Swede,'" mentioned in the Pope's monologue in *The Ring and the Book*. In his *Browning Cyclopædia*, Dr. Berdoe says this was Sweden-

borg ; but Mr. Corson points out that if this was so, Browning committed an anachronism—for at the date of the Pope's monologue (Jan. 21, 1698), Swedenborg was "but ten years, three weeks, and two days' old."

(348.) *November*, pp. 555-559. "Forster's *Life of Straf-ford*: Is it Forster's or Browning's?" by William G. Kingsland. An article strongly negating the idea that this "Life" is, in substance, the work of Browning, and quoting various authorities in proof of his contention. "To my own mind—and to the minds of others far more competent to judge than I am—there can be no doubt whatever that the work, in substance and as a whole, was written by John Forster ; that owing to his illness Browning kindly took away his manuscript, correcting, and supervising it for the printer (possibly altering or interpolating a passage here or there) ; that he subsequently corrected the proof-sheets : but there his kindness ended."

(349.) *December*, pp. 585-592. "*Luria* and *Othello* : Types and art compared," by L. A. Sherman. "There is no sublimer type in literature than Hermione of *The Winter's Tale* ; and what Shakespeare has done with her, Browning has done with *Luria*."

Poet Lore, Vol. vii., 1895 :—

(350.) *January*, pp. 18-28. "Shelley's Influence on Browning," by Florence Converse. "A Shelley had to dream of gods before a Browning could know what men might be ; a Shelley had to see a vision of the liberty of mankind before a Browning could labour to aid the freedom of individual man. The Shelley vision is dim, obscure,

unsatisfactory ; the Browning labour, appearing at first sight to be along so different a line, so far away from the vision, leaves us at times ethically confused and baffled. But through this labour, this vigorous thinking, Browning has grasped a truth that Shelley groped after : ' All's love, yet all's law.' ”

(351.) *January*, pp. 32-34. “ *Colombe's Birthday* as a one-act play.”

(352.) *January*, pp. 55-56. On the Narrative Poems of Browning, etc.

(353.) *April*, pp. 223-224. “ *Meeting at Night and Parting at Morning*,” by C. R. Corson. “ In these few lines, all landscape seemingly, I read the whole secret of humanity,—its mysterious *raison d'être* ; no different philosophy, however, from that which the poet teaches in the rest of his works.”

(354.) *May*, pp. 225-240. “ Annals of a Quiet Browning Club,” by “ I. N. Cog, Historian.”

(355.) *May*, pp. 240-254. On “ *Mr. Sludge, the Medium*,” by Francis B. Hornbrooke.

(356.) *June-July*, pp. 356-366. “ Annals of a Quiet Browning Club ” (II.), by “ I. N. Cog.”

(357.) *June-July*, pp. 374-376. On “ *Meeting at Night and Parting at Morning*,” by Bliss Carman. “ In lieu of finding in these lines a ‘ whole system of philosophy,’ I have to confess I only find a very pretty little story of how a man rowed across a bay one night to see his sweetheart, and how he felt the next morning.”

(358.) *The Bible Christian Magazine, February, 1895*, pp. 83-91. The first of a series of articles on Robert Brown-

ing, by T. Ruddle, B.A. "Extraordinary as it may appear I have found the average readers of our own Magazine will listen to the story of Browning's life and an examination of some of his plays and poems with close and intelligent interest; and it is certainly worth an effort to bring a few of our friends into sympathetic contact with the most powerful and most helpful mind of the nineteenth century."

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